

# Z-RO, Guerilla Till I Die

[Hook - 2x]

Guerilla till I die, mama don't cry  
When they come for me, when I blast  
We gon see how many of em run from me  
Guerilla till I die, but I never shed a tear  
Cause they don't love a nigga here

[Z-Ro]

American me, could it be my own  
War is out to murder me  
I'm ready to kill, and I'm ready to die  
But have these cowards heard of me  
The rumors are real, better keep your glock cocked  
Leaving em stiffer than a statue  
Ready to defend, like a guerilla, by any  
Means that I'd murder if I have to  
Heard my homie's working as an undercover  
Ready to kiss my cheek, and earn your silver pieces  
Could it be that I've seen my last supper  
Mighty Jahova, please protect my spirit from the danger  
And I know you said you would strike down upon the  
With great vengeance and curious anger  
But don't attempt to poison your brother  
Was it nothing but the word of God  
That kept a nigga, from taking the lives of so many others  
And I'm trying to keep ways right, brothers and mothers  
I'm falling around a grave sight, pu-punk I hate you to death  
But yet I loved you so, wanted you to feel my pain since 91  
So brother come with me, and die slow  
I hate you to death, but yet I loved you so  
Wanted you to feel my pain since 91  
So brother come with me, and die slow

[Hook - 2x]

[Verse 2]

As my life flashes before my eyes  
Visions of wicked ways, keep me puzzled  
Wondering why I was introduced to a life  
Filled with drama and trouble  
And everyone's always got something to say  
When I come around, when I clown  
Armed a deal, smile in my face  
And stab me in my back, when I turn around  
And I can feel hateful eyes, watching plotting to get me  
They under estimate me, hate me  
But never approach, cause they can't fade me  
And I'll be damned if I go softly, shouldn't of crossed me  
Guerilla till I die, and I'ma blast when they come for me  
Please tell me is there a place, where my guerillas could see refuge  
Cause it seems this time we gain one, as one more elite  
Whatever the rules, whatever you choose, whatever you give, I accept  
Just let me twist up, let me smoke one for the world before my last breath  
How can I go on, how can I take away my anguish  
I put a frown on my face, cause now guerillas are strangers  
And nobody knows my soul, so I show no fear  
Mobbing till I die, cause they don't love a nigga here

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Could it be I'm too good for hell  
Heaven don't want me, because I keep slippin'  
Even though I got two clips, I still preach

Motherfuckers around had to be Christians  
And I got a problem I suppose, but I know  
I'm gon solve it with a 4-4, ten-six on fry  
And I got 25's, hollin' I roll  
But they tell me to keep my head up and finish my tape  
Because its gon jam but I'm losing respect, my music can't hang  
Around Z-Ro, just till we praying, I really don't know  
All I can say, that I don't trust nobody on this earth  
Been that away, ever since my birth  
But its gotta stay that-a-away till I'm dying  
Innocent niggas, risen up out of my business  
Is something they better do, I'ma hit the I cut  
When a fucker rolling rocks, sold em up even  
Till I got rest, gotta put it down to the bullets  
Dump a lot of bullets, till the job done  
Till a nigga really wanna, kill myself  
Nigga shut the fuck up, my record is spinning  
I'm really trying to feel myself  
Gotta get em all, gotta get em dead  
When I'm filling the bed, put a infrared to the head  
Everybody come up dead, better get on or get stole on  
Nigga better get on, but I just can't hold on  
Cause I'm ready to kill and I'm ready to die  
But next to steal, living on the motherfucking edge  
Nigga don't run up, because its real  
Nigga can you feel me

[Hook - 4x]