## Z-RO, It's A Shame

[20 seconds of instrumental to open]

[Z-Ro]

Who else but me, can see the state of emergency that we face Cause wearin of certain clothin can get a brother a case Talkin pants, Air Force Ones, and a baseball cap It's casual, but to authorities it mean you sellin crack It's a shame I can't ride on the rich side of town Without bein pulled over, thrown on the hood and patted down Searchin my person for weapons and drug paraphenalia It's rough on a thug that's what I'm tellin ya When I say thug, I don't mean I'm 'sposed to be locked behind bars Cause my acronym for thug is True Hero Under God But still I'm a criminal cause I got gold teeth Ain't no justice for blacks, just-us with no sleep And they wonder why I keep a Glock 40 on my hip Cause Houston police department love to empty full clips Accidental death? Bullshit! They murdered all my eses Chinga tu madre de policina {?} puente If they get out of line, I get out of line I'll be damned if I don't fight for my freedom and don't mind dyin Already got one foot in the grave, ain't shit for me to jump in Almost overdosin on codeine, heart barely pumpin I'm high all the time, straight addicted Paranoid, my dog might be a detective, so I don't wanna kick it Even though I don't rob banks or sell street rocks I still be callin collect to Trae to say, come bail me out This crooked-ass America, I swear they got some game Every city I travel to, the situation the same I can't even say it's racial cause I got some white friends Then again, they get patted cause I'm not a white friend It's a shame

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Bad enough they wanna follow me around the sto'
Like I'ma steal somethin, thinkin I ain't got no dough
And if I died tonight, they'll think I did a crime for it
Offer me 25, insistin that I sign for it
Why I can't drive a fancy ride and rock diamonds and gold
Why every time I shine you wanna crucify my soul
Under investigation cause the ghetto on parole
Something's wrong, if I'm not flowin it's a shame

## [Z-Ro]

27 years of struggle is all I saw I done lost homies to homies, and homies to the law Everywhere I lay my head, dere been homicides I done seen so many murders since the day my momma died I ain't lyin, will I remit, will I survive, can I breathe? Cause I don't see too many Christians as murderers and thieves And I never seen a man cry, until I seen a man die But he was tryin to do me so I had to make that man fly Will the authorities understand self-defense All they give a damn about is who did it and evidence Screamin guilty to take another thug off the street Prejudiced prosecutors can't keep no blood off the street I'm one deep, if I gotta use my burner, I'm safe I ain't gotta go "Rollin' on the River" like Tina Turner Cause this crooked-ass America, I swear they got some game Innocent until never found guilty, but still in chains It's a shame

[Chorus]