

# Z-RO, Let Me Live My Life

[Z-Ro]

My life is like a mercy game, ducking and dodging crooked cops  
On a mission fishing for feddy, ready to make a knot  
I'm use to having less, and I just can't deal with the stress  
And it seems like everywhere I go, another nigga wanna test  
Brother don't disrespect yourself and get yourself up in a, vine  
Cause I'm a maniac with a mac, and a black back-pack  
Smoking up on the urban fat sack, I'm trying to keep from going off  
But niggas be trying to make me starve, when I need groceries in my house  
Wicked niggas say they be friends, but end up trying to kill your friends  
Always turn to foes, that's saying it's over millions  
Dealing with dirty niggas on a daily basis  
Don't really wanna fuck with em, but see they baby faces  
I gotta survive

[Chorus - 2x]

Let me live my life, nigga don't fuck with me  
To deal out these deeds, then you die  
And when it's my time hope I don't, cry

[Z-Ro]

Living in the ghetto, day by day  
I'm bumping trying to make a profit, cause I gotta get my pay  
You better, keep watching me and  
Pretty soon, you'll see man  
That I'm a real rich nigga from the Houston streets  
Fried out licking, looking for something to eat  
I'm on a mission, whipping birds like they stole something  
Pain, it make me wanna roll something  
I'm a soldier, and I'm outta my mind  
Voice mail beeping for days, cause I'm out on the grind  
Guess my daddy didn't love me, cause he turned his back  
Therefor the streets is my people, a nigga learned like that  
And I haaaad to get up, and bleed the block  
And it don't stop

[Chorus - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

My nigga Herman Fisher doing fed time  
I remember like it was yesterday, it made the headlines, damn  
I had to start all over, but it didn't matter cause I was a soldier  
Walking around with a king size chip on my shoulder  
Missing my mama while I lay down, on benches to sleep  
Snatching purses and hopping fences just to eat  
Still I maintain, I'm still in the same game chasing paper  
Bitch niggas be up in my business, like oops I'm erasing haters  
I'm S.U.C. for life, KMJ until I'm finished  
Like Popeye from the ghetto, but a nigga don't need no spinach  
All I need is my Nina when I be flipping birds  
Cause all I have in this world, is my balls and my word

[Chorus 4x]