

# Z-RO, Still In My Life

[Z-Ro]

Niggas be screaming Z-Ro, how does it feel to be a ceo  
But I don't know, cause I can't get a set of keys to the studio  
And I know my fanbase is probably tired of me talking about the struggle  
But since I resurrected time all the niggas don't want to see me bubble  
Should I be mad at my friends, that's what Pac said  
Although I clear my ruga ripping till they drop dead  
I could a give a fuck about a buddy, he don't really love me  
So there ain't no love for these niggas, there's only love for money  
Paranoid like a defendant at a murder trial  
Plus I seen it everyday, but signatred in cursive style  
Motherfuckers be tattle tailing like they taking names  
So when they take a son they drive by I'll be taking aim  
Pressure to pian, are you able to maintain, where the sun don't shine  
On a daily basis I hear shots but H.P.D. don't mind  
Cause they figure we'll kill eachother by 2000 and 2  
But fuck the streets jesus our praises due to you  
only if they knew, this is my life

[Chorus]

This is my lllllllllife  
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife  
This is my lllllllllife  
When will I get to bubble, living so shife

[Z-Ro]

Ain't no waking up in the morning because I'm still awake  
Previous past tense events got a nigga ready to kill folks  
But I can't lose focus, got my heart set on heaven  
But I was a problem child running wild, for a nigga with a mac 11  
I keep my friends and enemies closer than a mother and daughter  
They'll sacrifice you like a lamb that gets slaughtered, weaker than water  
With they woman ass ways that's why it pays to do drivebys  
Niggas be horizontal as I slide by  
All night long, I'm paronoid voice mail beeping for days  
Everytime I creep you know I creep with aks and hks  
The motherfucking killing field is where I lay my head  
And the place that I make my bed is where I spread my led  
Motherfuckers be coming to get me in the middle of the night  
But I'ma wreck his face when I put a infrared beam in the middle of his life  
When will it ever stop, until they drop I can't get no rest  
Cause those that also feel me feel well to the flesh, in my life

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Can I get a little rest, cause I can't take another test  
Haven't I proven myself, so why do I feel like I'm that victim  
I'm just praying for nothing and do the lord even hear me  
Could it be that I was too inoxicated in the words for coming out early  
Cause I've lost most of my partners, I'm losing family members  
I remember when it was love, but I'll be lonely by the end of Decemeber  
I'm feeling bad, but I can't talk to my dad, cause he don't care  
Plus I'm missing my sister but she don't want to treat me fare  
All this sleeping from house to house, fucking with my dome  
Got two album of my own, but no home  
So picture the park bench in blood, is the night time bed  
Ripping the whereabouts to murderers and many nights I fled  
Practically assed out, lord for being somebody pull some cash out  
The reaction is the rawest, but I dash out  
Fuck everybody, it's all about me and my woman and child  
Because my 9 millimeter because he helped to rob, this is my life

[Chorus - 2x]

