

# Z-RO, Time And Time Again

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, let me count that up right there  
Real shit, know I mean, you know I mean, what's up Z-Ro  
Yeah, this a real one, inhale that shit nigga

[Hook]

Time and time again  
I get caught up, trying to make those ends  
In my liiiiiife, cause everything I do  
Is a criiiitime, what else could I do  
I would like, to make a change  
But being broke, will make a nigga stay the same  
In my liiiiiife, tell me what to do  
At least I grind, what else could I do

[Daz]

I never ever ever ever, did nobody ever wrong  
Will I live, with a nigga be bumping my song  
Will my soul live, forever or will it be gone  
Will I journey on, will I journey on  
My journey was swift and thick  
Came up in the game, slanging these rhymes to get rich  
Fifty thousand, to a hundred thousand  
I perfected my housing, now me and my niggas is cold cold lounging  
Roll a Five Hundred Wagon, we blasting the morgue  
Cause body bagging, back to the hood cause we sagging  
I ain't asking for no handout, see my demands bout  
That's when I planned out, see I just cash out  
Make sure it's all there, Dat Nigga Daz out  
Now I'm swerving and swerving nigga, without a doubt  
It's just another day, just for the D-A-Z  
Or it just another day, got me just being a G  
Be so easily spoken, my minds are open  
My eyes are open, I keep smoking  
And spilling that mud leaning, me and my niggas we super thugs  
Bitch, who the fuck that you thought it was

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

I'ma pledge allegiance, to this crooked ass game  
Walking backwards through this rhythm this nation, without a name  
I don't need to be known, I just to be living like it  
Cause I come from Holiday, there's no other prison like it  
I fuck with niggas like Chill, and the Don Keke  
Cause not only are they killas, they be about they currency  
Somebody told me Z-Ro, get your ass up and go  
Get a job but my job, got to be filling out applications it's hard  
For a young black male, to stack male  
But do it legal, without the help of a crack sale  
That's asking too much, cause my people having it rough  
That's just your ghetto, everyday average stuff  
From California to Texas, people are restless and they starving  
Like predators after the prey, they gon come barging  
Just like the police, you might as well call us the Fed  
Because we running shit undercover, but making our bread

[Hook]

[Thug Dirt]

I'm trying to make it, but the world want me to take it  
Sticky sticky I'm getting stuck, in a crazy situation  
Should I get a job a car and a wife, or chrome with cookies  
On the corner, this is my life

I often wish it was easy, but the road so cold  
I make one and pay three, I gots to make two mo'  
And coming short don't add up, niggas wanna agg' up  
Uncock the gun lil' nigga, put the mask up  
I ain't killing no mo', I gots to find another way  
I got people locked down, ain't seen the light of day  
I'm struggling right now, I still gots to get paid  
God please help me, men my wicked ways  
I'm trudging through the mud, trying to make it to the concrete  
But I'm sinking, can't see my feet  
Thug Dirt guilty or acquitted, I'ma push it to the limit  
In the dark, hit the lights so I could finish, yeah

[Hook]