

# Z-RO, Where Is The Love

[Chorus]

Where is the love - 2x

[Z-Ro]

Nobody loves me, but I prefer to keep it like that  
Cause most friends are falsified trying to steal out your stack  
So I keep my partnas to a minimum even though I know half can't be trusted  
The only feeling in the world might steal your girl if I know flesh was lusted  
Nigga now who was to blame for the pain cause fucking with me nigga you get sprayed  
Hardheaded that's like fucking a bitch with no condom  
And knowing that hoe got aids, better be smart, better keep your distance  
Ain't got elements from loose leaf pages  
When I'm going off in the rage of furious chambers of twin gauges  
My calico murders offending my mind and my mind is so ready to click  
Better freeze, better not breathe all I want is the money  
Remember you dead if you twitch, cause I'm a killa that's killing for cash  
I show no car crash when I'm stealing your stash  
Don't fill in the streets because I'm too fast  
But never revealing what's under my mask  
I'm making a dash, I jump in the Hoover and I smash  
With a foot on the gas and then I'm off in the night  
A nigga was buried alive  
but he really should of died dig him up his coffin too tight  
A nigga was showing a busta love, but now it's hunting for a busta season  
And he can't be the reason, to run in your crib and leave you bleeding

[Chorus - 4x]

(talking)

The question at hand is  
Where's your motherfucking love  
I'ma do like that boy Al D said  
I'm showing love to the ones that showed love back  
Fuck friends, so Mexican D, Grady  
You know where your love at

[Z-Ro]

I was raised to never let em see me sweat  
And how to dodge bullets never let em hit my chest  
I saw the ways of the wise and how to live in peace  
But fate said we got to stand and fight the beast with open eyes  
Which means I got to keep my glock, on a day to day basis  
Always protect myself and no more catching murder cases  
Niggas will try to erase me and that's a fact, but if I got to go  
Nigga I be damned if my trigga finger isn't pulling back  
I had niggas I was real with and use to chill with  
Now they coming to me with the drama that I can't deal with  
I think they out to get me but I can't let em, just like Pac and Spice 1  
The jealous got me strapped, so when I go to spraying I'ma wet him  
I had love for y'all, I use to cut for y'all  
Nigga we was family I shed blood for y'all  
But now you hate me cause of my progress, you want me dead  
I'm waiting on you niggas you know my address  
But if my name is on the bullet and I die, you got to  
Lay it down one day guess who gone be waiting on the other side  
Go on and pull your pistol from your belt, but no man  
Can take my life away from me until I lay it down my damn self  
Tried to kill me once and paralyze my mobility  
Now that I can walk again don't even think about getting me  
Not saying I won't die, you hoes can try to murder me and get me  
And if I kick the fuck it nigga, fuck it you kicking it with me  
Cause I'ma be drama best to put to the rest cause you don't understand  
That I ain't down with dying at the hands of another man

[Chorus - 3x]