

# Z-RO, Why?

[Hook]

Why, do they worry me  
Because the game, ain't what it use to be  
Where did all the G's go, uh-huh

[Z-Ro]

I be beeping niggaz with cell phones  
So why the fuck, the call back take so long  
If I depended on my niggaz, I'd stay stranded at home  
But everytime I got a show, my telephone ring  
They wanna fuck with me when, I'm in the spotlight  
Trying to get in friends, smoke and lean  
Feel me when a nigga say that, I don't love nobody  
The same person you call a partna, might try to slug your body  
Never ever underestimate, the next man's greed  
And it ain't no love if it come down to it, second and first cousins even bleed  
Losing love for my partnas, because they treat me like a stranger  
Plus my nigga for life, is headed straight for the gas chamber  
I took an oath, and said you didn't do it  
But when the judge winked at the prosecutor, we knew we blew it

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

And it ain't no such thang, as a faithful broad  
But I've been blessed to peep the game, that's why I'm thankful Lord  
So all the love letters and roses that you send her, she won't even much feel  
Cause all the while, the bitch be phonier than a fo' dolla bill  
Some niggaz got mo' bitch in em than bitches, always pulling a strap  
Sending mo' chicks up out they boxing game, but hiding behind a gat  
If you pull the thang on me, I might provoke you to use it  
Cause my life-my life is painful, and I ain't scared to lose it  
Even though it's brightly lit I live in darkness, keep a pistol  
With an extra cartridge, they mistake my paranoia for being heartless  
I wanna live in peace, but drama won't allow me  
That's why my mind is gone, I'm seeing X's and ounces to tree  
I know I've called up on your name in vein, but I'm humble when I bow  
If there was ever a time I needed you God, I need you now  
Lord have mercy too many suicidal thoughts, so I sold my piece  
But what's worse, knowing you live in hell or being a lost soul in the streets

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

And I will never understand why, the Governor  
Know innocent people living on death row and all he do is stand by  
No evidence on Dinkie, so we feeling the stress  
But you gotta satisfy public, when in arrest  
Whatever happened, to innocent until proven otherwise  
I promised I been dramatized, ever since the day that my mama died  
I'm running away from righteousness, and learning to sin  
But the same niggaz I kicked the do' with, facing five to ten  
So I've been blessed to a certain extent, and given a privilage  
Where if a sentenced committed, I'm forgiven when I repent  
When the police pull us over, they wonder why we're nervous  
Too many jobs defy with homicides, and funeral services  
And if I die please make it quick, no pain  
At least I know, I left a stain in they brain  
If it's time to die I won't cry, just make it quick with no pain  
At least I know, I left a motherfucking stain

[Hook]

(\*singing\*)

