

Z-RO, World Wide

(Z-Ro talking)

Uh, seem like they got my life on the big screen
Z-Ro versus the world, feel me round one

[Z-Ro]

Is it reality or just a fable

The most powerful lyricists in the world was on a low budget label
Even if I don't clear me in I just want to be living well
Not saying that heaven is promised to me but I don't want to believe in hell
Feeling on coming also cause problems worry me
If it ain't the stress somebody's always trying to bury me
So thinking I'm undercover and the dope they try to deal me
Jealousy and envy make my niggas want to kill me
Everybody want to pick up a gun and bust thinking artillery fin to be
drilling me nigga
But I' sick of this pistol play bumping ain't no more killing me nigga
Cause I'm a soldier, trying to keep his mind at ease
And if I squeeze then we all bleed

[Chorus - 2x]

Feel a nigga worldwide, not just in Texas
I think I'm bout to lose my mind, aggravated and restless
I don't want to die

[Z-Ro]

Look at how they made me, traditon systems raised me
The drama that they give me never ceases to amaze me
They tell me that my mind's gone, coming up is what my mind's on
I guess there's nothing left to do but get my grind on
Thinking about my family but knowing they neglect me
I'm not gonna give up, I'm gonna make my family respect me
I'm talking to my father now, daddy I'm a grown up
Depending on you is false-a-fied because you haven't shown up
Caught up in these streets I'm taking penitentiary chances
I done forgived and I done forget plus I'm not giving you anymore chances
Quick to run out of the house for nothing now your son is feeling anger
Remember the times you couldn't come around because your life has been in danger
I'm a leader to follow is not my destiny
But I guess it was written for me to fall victim to jealousy
It's killing me to stay alive, but there ain't no use in me crying
No matter what I guess it's what is right, on southside

[Chorus - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Whoever would of thought that I would be this fam-ous
Put in work until it hurt but keep pretending it's pain it's
Affiliated with killers when we fight us to the death
Picture your partner cocked and aim and headed straight for your chest
It's hard to focus cause my homies keep on killing eachother
Everybody stressing cause ain't nobody feeling eachother
I often conversate with god but who's to say if he's listening
Even though I died as a sinner but resurrected as a christian
At 11 years old I was told that most friends turn to foes
From velicos to calicoes it helps when our battle folds
If it ain't true, if it ain't crew, it's a mexican deed
I'ma catch an attitude instntly bitch you plexing with me
And ain't no begging for mercy because you shot my nigga
And I swear to god everywhere you go it's gone be hot my nigga
And maybe god can forgive you but see the streets seeing different
They want you dead you might not make it to prison, bitch

[Chorus - 4x]

(Z-Ro talking)
Ha ha, new millenium music, shouts out
Dirty D, Anonymous, Heavy Rotation
My nigga Pop Belly I love you boy