

**Shevi****"How Could You Do This to Me"**

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(\*talking\*)

[Trae]

Remember me like I was FED time

The only thing that I knew, to live my life was doing  
crime

Even as a young nigga, all I ever wanted was to shine

The rude of people, kept guerillas living like we was  
blind

For the cash, for the shine, for the do' we was busting  
shots

And doing 85 in the hood, running from the cops

With Lil Shae and Big J, trying to bring the click to the  
top

And deep inside, I knew the streets would never let us  
out

I don't want no plex, but if you did then I would blast  
your mind

I don't want no cell, but if I get caught up I'm gon do my  
time

A real nigga forever for the good, for the bad never  
happy, forever sad

Now we doing twenty acts, so I'm on my pen and my  
pad

When I look at everything that I've done, trying to live  
lavage

I'm sick of living life broke on the edge, and trying to  
manage

You got my brother in the Penn, for three with a L

You happy thinking it was love, but a nigga could never  
tell, for the money

[Hook - 8x]

How could you, do this to me

[Dougie D]

This is the situation, and everything is looking so crazy

And I can't even take it, baby mama play candle my  
baby tripping

Acting shady, when she the one that fucked up the  
family

But since the fact I'm a playa, Dougie slide right  
through the plex  
And you know what it is, put this on everything I feel  
Everything that I love, and everything that I live  
Making my feddy want my money, and watching on  
whammies  
Can't be tripping with the bullshit, because the bullshit  
is plenty  
I'm rocking this steady, and I deal what I do working  
jelly  
Always on my P's and Q's, watching out for the  
federalies  
Mash for my funds, Dougie D gotta try to get done  
If it's hell or the highway fuck it, I'm cooking then bud  
Constantly on my grind, busting my ass to feed my kid  
Since them things, that I give my baby mama ain't like  
a bitch  
It's enough I'm dealing with the laws  
And it's enough I'm dealing with the niggaz  
Please don't create a mad me, fuck around and have  
all y'all singing

[Hook - 8x]

[Z-Ro]

I use to wonder how and why, my life was bad  
Wanted to be anything, except like my dad  
My apple fell far from the tree, straight out of the yard  
Raising myself among strangers, living on boulevards  
Gang related, nah just for fortune or fame  
Cause they know me by the Z-Ro, plus they know me by  
my first name  
Picture me rolling in my Dodge in traffic  
I got no love for these niggaz, so keep your groupie  
ass stepping  
I can determine the real and the fake, don't make me  
ball up a pause  
And punch a motherfucker's grill off his face  
Case after case but it ain't slowing me down, see y'all  
Ain't know me at first, I bet y'all knowing me now  
So when my trigga fly a nigga die, I ain't playing no  
games  
And fuck this North and South shit, cause I ain't stating  
no claim  
I ain't bring it with me, and I can't take it when I go  
To the world, listen at what you did to me when I flow

[Hook - 16x]

