

## Shevi

### "Nothin Left 2 Live 4"

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[Trae]

Reminiscing bout everything, that hurt me inside  
Gotta let my pride go the day, you left it felt like I died  
I wonder will it ever get better, through the stormy  
weather  
Try to get you to keep your head up, sending pictures  
and letters  
I'm shedding tears, cause I'm happy that you still living  
But when I look at mama stressing, I know that  
something's missing  
I hate you living in prison, with no free time for the ride  
So we gon keep it on track, and hit full speed for the  
drive  
You know your baby brother Trae, is going worldwide  
Behind the walls you a legend, and I'ma keep your  
pride  
Looking at your daughter, I can see that she is just like  
you  
And when her mama died, the only one she wanted  
was you  
I know its hard to try to maintain, when you all alone  
Then again you not alone, I'ma make it when you  
coming home  
Reunited, and I'ma die before I let you go  
Forever one, and always thinking of my bigger bro, you  
know I love ya

[Chorus: Trae & (Z-Ro) - 2x]

I've been thinking bout my big bro  
And I swear on my life, that we never gon let go  
(I've been thinking bout my kin folk  
Missing my T. Jones, thinking there ain't nothing left to  
live fo')

[Dougie D]

Everyone is having complications, but lately I've been  
Thinking about my kin folk, and all my niggas in they  
new locations  
These cemeteries and penitentiaries, got mo' from the  
hood  
Don't wanna be next, but if its my time then let me go

all good  
My nigga Ro done lost his T. Jones, at a tender age  
You can only imagine the agony, and stress and the  
pain  
In the mean while, my mama live a life of cancer and I  
know it  
I been trying to chill on the weed, but she love it so fuck  
it I blow it  
I'm sipping on drank and puffing Shedemiller, high life  
and puff it  
Trying to act like it ain't nothing, but fuck it I can't even  
try to bluff it  
But it hurts inside, but I'm knowing what they going  
time take your final ride  
My mama, my nigga, my partna never be another  
I'ma hold it down upon my rap, grind try to make it  
better  
Don't wanna lose my cool, gotta maintain and try to  
keep my focus  
Until then here go a dime bag and a twelve pack, get  
ya roll on and start  
smoking

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Death ain't around the corner no mo', he up in my face  
Its only natural to try to steal him, and put him back in  
his place  
I've been winning for a minute, but it ain't gon last  
forever  
Running outta time, me and my enemies might blast  
each other  
Niggas around me dropping like flies, murderers  
bumping niggas out  
Don't think that it ain't likewise, and try that running up  
in my house  
I'm a mad dude, no intentions on being rude  
Pardon my mood, but a nigga getting sued  
Got me feeling like Z-Ro Bin Loden, cause everybody  
out to get me  
God bless the dead, my nigga was only twenty  
Its a hard life, especially when you're alone  
Missing the Misses, ain't nobody gon miss me when I'm  
gone  
Showing T. Jones, my true love done left a nigga  
hanging  
Leaving nothing else to do, but hustle had a nigga  
slanging  
Caine or anything, I gotta grind to maintain  
Missing my mama, missing my partnas cheifing on

Mary Jane

[Chorus - 4x]

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