

Z-Ro "Bring My Mail"

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I'd Like to thank my fans, For all the love mail and the
hate mail
Everytime I was in jail and the judge didn't let me make
bail
The prosecutor gave me my time and laughed in my
face
Cuz he knows I'm goin from first to last place

So I'm making out another commissary list
Stamped envelopes, and soups, oatmeal, and tuna fish
Soda, candy, kool offs, coffee as close to codine as I
can get it
Hoping this weekend I get another visit

But I aint stressin, I'm just countin down weeks
Poppin muscle relaxers so I'm always sleep
The warden wants the co's to catch me slippin
But they aint trippin, so they bringin me burgers and
barbeque chicken

Some of them love me, some of them they can't stand
me
Probably cuz I'm rich and in the world I ride kandy
They think they put me through hell, But I can't tell
It don't matter what they do as long as they BRING MY
MAIL

[Chorus]
Bring my maaaaaaaaiiiiiii
Bring my mail
My mail (my mail)
You can bring my maaaaaaaiiiiiii
Bring my mail (my mail, my mail, my mail...)

Aint nothing on the tv but jerry springer, And a sexy
guard in the picket
But the windows are tinted so you can't barely see her
I really hope they call reck in a sec
Otherwise workout a little bit and try to get a channel
check

Certain officers try to give me a hard time

And the g.I.'s watching trying to catch me throwing up
gang signs
For no reason at all they constantly harass me
Trying to get me to lose my temper so they can gas me

It's funny, cuz I got so much pride they can't take none
of it from me
They just mad cuz they aint makin enough money
And still gotta work on holidays all day and night
Taking is out on me cuz I'm in all white

But it's alright I just lay back
When I get out I love to see their faces when I peel out
in my may back
Meanwhile I can't even tell I'm in jail
Cuz I'm doing swell
Yall can kiss my ass on the way to bring my mail

[Chorus]

I'm usually out eating for the holidays, But instead
I'll be sharing meat packs and noodles with my cellys
and we spread
The tattoo guns runnin, And homies getting hit up
Drinking hooch till we fall off and it's hard to get up

But there's always one that wanna ruin it
You know the one that's always pointing fingers, He the
one that be doin it
Running off at the mouth but aint man enough to
repeat it to the rank
So they taking both the tv's out the tank

No necessities either but we can wash our own clothes
But somebody gonna get shit if we don't get to watch
the superbowl
I don't even look at television in the world
So I'm good, I'll write a rap or write a couple of girls

Or read me a book and put some fat on my brain
Before I come back to prison they have to murder me
mayne
My in and out the jail house has to stop
But in the meantime I need to see how many new
pictures I got
BRING MY MAIL

[Chorus]

