

Z-Ro "City Streets"

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[talking:]

King of the Ghetto, Z-Ro the Crooked that's me
King of the Ghetto Entertainment, Rap-A-Lot
Dean's List know I'm saying, that's what I ride to
When I'm rolling, through these mo'fucking city streets
Corner to corner, block to block
Witnessing nothing but bullshit, first hand
Niggaz killing niggaz, know I'm saying
Everybody killing niggaz, you know I'm saying
But we the main mo'fuckers, killing us
Tripping out here, for these god damn streets
To look good in these streets, to have thangs
In these motherfucking streets, man fuck these streets

[Z-Ro:]

Damn these city streets, are deadly to a brother
Cause they're full of crooked cops, and killers and
undercovers
Everyday is the same thang, another fatal shooting
Somebody daddy done died, so they mama
prostituting
Just to make ends meet, and get the bills paid
Wonder why we bleed the corner dry, until the laws raid
Trying to make a dollar, out of nickel and a dime
KFC and McDonalds don't wanna hire me, because my
teeth shine
In constant danger, keep one in the chamber
Cause I could become a victim, of some starving
stranger
Thinking he can go through my pockets, and come up
with some bread
When he found out I'm broke, he still gon leave a nigga
for dead
So I hustle to breathe freely, and see another day
For the sake of my unborn babies, I keep a K
Trying to make sure the McVey name, repeat and
repeat
Before somebody knock me off my feet, damn these
city streets

[Hook x2:]

Damn these city streets, are hard to live in

Eighty percent of my partnas are dead, the rest in
prison
All I see is the struggle, my tears drown my vision
I never forget to mention, god damn these city streets

[Z-Ro:]

Damn, these city streets'll eat you alive
It's beginning to be a full time job, just to survive
Tell me why I get pulled over, when I'm standing still
Why my homies wanna rob me, for my big face bills
It ain't no love in our lifestyle, it's all about greed
Can't trust nobody, cause everybody got a trick up they
sleeve
I believe in struggling, cause that's all I've ever seen
Besides the county jail, and the light of an infrared
beam
I use to keep a pistol, by my side
But it don't matter if I'm strapped, I'm still gonna die
Whether I'm evil or good, in the suburbs or the hood
death is coming
Better be like Forest Gump, and just keep on running
Cause he'll be coming, like a thief in the night
Might be in the form of a jacker, trying to get you at the
light
Houston Texas is restless, better keep your heat under
your seat
'Fore somebody have your brains up under your feet,
damn these city streets

[Hook x2]

[Z-Ro:]

I'm 27, but I'm feeling 71
I pray so much, I feel like I'm kin to the heavenly son
I dodge bullets on the daily, if I don't duck I'm stuck
Then I'll be another murder case, in back of that black
truck
Damn these city streets, are full of yellow tape
I wish I could move around, but I feel I can't escape
Tell me where to go, tell me where to run to get away
from drama
Seem like everywhere I go, they wanna put me with my
mama
Does equality follow me, ain't nothing shaking
Justice and liberty for niggaz, is a house that's vacant
Therefor I'm stranded, where crimes are committed to
bread
Forced to watch my people fall off track, like a bad wig
I dropped a lot of records, but I'm still broke
Can't afford to stay in the Four Seasons, but there's still
hope

Lucifer is powerful, he ain't got no mercy on the weak
He got us suffering for nothing, motherfuck these city
streets

Living in the city, living in the city [x2]

Damn these city streets, are hard to live in
Eighty percent of my partnas are dead, the rest in
prison
All I see is the struggle, my tears drown my vision
I never forget to mention, god damn these city streets
[x2]

Living in the city, living in the city [x2]

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