

## Z-Ro "Continue 2 Roll"

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(feat. Tanya Herron)

[Z-Ro:]

My hand grabs the wheel, and foot mashes the pedal  
Block to block corner to corner, looking at the devil  
Making my brothers think, they got nine lives  
They was so gangsta, until Lucifer got 'em caught up in  
a drive by  
Lil' kids, witness father and uncles pass on  
Then they grow up, to get they blast on  
Everybody saying, that the black community is out  
control  
Even in the suburbs, brains get blown  
They blame rap, for the murder rate  
But people go to the movies, and see murder for seven  
dollars then they imitate  
What they done seen, on Terminator 1 through 3  
Swarthengger's the Governor, we get L-I-F-E  
Innocent victims, get a free ride to the grave  
People that work hard get robbed, for every penny they  
save  
It's like it ain't gon ever change, this world we live in  
cold  
I hit my Hypnotic, then I continue to roll

[Hook x2: Tanya Herron]

La-la-la-la-la-la-la, as we con-tinue to roll

[Z-Ro:]

Can't even ride, through the hood no mo'  
Without police pulling us over, looking for ounces of  
do'  
Just cause I'm black, and got diamonds on my gold  
teeth  
Ain't enough evidence, to say I sold a quarter ki  
But even still, that's the way it is  
And the main reason homes are broken, and baby  
mamas shed tears  
And have to raise, they kids one deep  
In and out of relationships, looking for a man so people  
pardon creeps  
But what I see, is just a soul trying to survive

The main reason why d-boys, hustle with twenties and  
dimes  
Lil' mama I feel your pain, trying to get ahead  
Don't let that be the reason, with 24 hour open legs  
I know life, is hard nosed  
Will we ever get our forty acres and our mule, only God  
knows  
Ain't no love seem like it ain't gon ever change, this  
world we live in is cold  
Hit my gin and juice, and then I continue to roll

[Hook x2]

[Z-Ro:]

Ain't no love in the sex no mo', I see Bloods killing  
Bloods  
And cuz killing cuz, I remember when it was  
La familia, when we threw the sign  
But brothers don't keep it gangsta, when brothers be  
doing time I ain't lying  
That's why everybody, be on they own  
Talking to they partna baby mama, on they mobile  
phone  
Hood ain't hood, it don't matter where you living  
Somebody from your hood, will try to make you take  
their place in prison  
Ask my partna Griffin, why they be snitching and telling  
Watching your pocket getting jealous, cause they mail  
ain't swelling  
Before you know it you a felon, waiting on a release  
Thinking revenge, cause a friend got you took off the  
streets  
And then they wonder, why I roll solo  
When I'm in the hood, don't consider Z-Ro as your  
homie no mo'  
Let Ro go loc seem like it ain't gon ever change, this  
world we live in is cold  
Hit my Mississippi Mud, and continue to roll

[Hook x4]

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