

## Z-Ro "Final Curtain Call"

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F/ Bettye Sterling, Pup

(talking)

I could feel it, ain't no more thinking bout  
The sun gone shine

[Z-Ro]

Dj Screw, Fat Mafio, and Gator are gone  
I want to be strong but lately the pain won't leave me  
alone  
For myself, crawl down and get away from this drama  
No understanding by my father can't even talk to my  
mama  
Got the world on my shoulders and it's too heavy to  
hold  
Thinking suicide, but that won't be too good for my soul  
Started out as a christian but sinning took over my  
mind  
Time after time just for show that I resort to the crime  
Where my real niggas at, the ones I helped in the past  
Now that I'm doing bad and I ain't got no cash to make  
me laugh  
I done got you where I want but holler if I roll  
They want to know how many big faces a Mo City don  
fold  
Want to jack me when I'm through and do my niggas  
for life  
It's deja vue for me to be face to face with triggers  
tonight  
I know your bad movs are swift really soon I'll be gone  
Now try to cover up together just want some love  
before I'm gone  
Still thinking of best free, no better person on the  
planet  
Steady be driving away people I love and I can't  
understand it  
God damn it how can I love without loving myself  
Having visions of me pulling the trigger slugging  
myself  
I done went from rags to riches, riches to rags now I'm  
stuck  
Plus my boo is acting nautios because I'm bout to truck

And I ain't did nothing, when I grab something and  
start dumping  
Ain't got no time for pussy just pimping a pen and  
bumping  
On the hottest block, making sure the bills stay paid  
Pick it up and drop it now flossing until I'm down in the  
grave  
When it happen let it happen cause I won't bust back  
Retaliation from busters trying to get they nuts back  
I take it like a man, knowing I gave this life my all  
No more hooks, no more verses this is my final curtain  
call

(Chorus: Bettye Sterling)

After the rain, after the rain  
I still feel the pain, feel the pain  
My final curtain call, asking y'all  
Let me pray for my dogs, all of y'all

[Pup]

Living a thug life in blood it's like hell at home  
So many cops around my hood it's like jail at home  
But still I roam, on the block, with a pocket full of  
sweets  
So much sales, so much smoke I got to get lifted out  
my feet  
Cause if I wasn't some of y'all niggas would be dead  
round here  
And pull par, we give you hot lead round here  
And niggas scared round here, cause I'm a natural  
born killer  
Ridgemont gorilla give you more chills than thrillers  
I'm bone hard, you better open up your chest at will  
The only investment that I receive was a talented deal  
This life is real, and it ain't having no mercy man  
So you still struggle seem like a nigga be thirsty for  
pain  
I'm going insane, but to maintain it's really the key  
But it's hard to do that when these hoe niggas is  
pressuring me  
It ain't no lecture in me, I'm gone remain a g  
This for weed, come to port that's for P-U-P cause I'm a

(Chorus - 2x)

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