

Z-Ro "Ghetto Crisis"

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(talking)

Brass knuckle knife, Mafia me and my family
Jail, hell or paradise, am I my brother's keeper
Forever twice, what's none of the dark will
Come to the street life, zero tolerance
Taking no shorts, it's a ghetto crisis out here

[Z-Ro]

Who's that peeking in my window, who's that peeking in
my window
Me drop a miss crop, and vome-vomer, they better
recognize
Me just uh sit back rolling up me indo
I'ma not the guillotine warrior and the ghetto must
survive

(Chorus)

Stop playa hating, I am the murder you don't know me
Another life I'm taking, evil boy when me ra-ta-ta-ta
Stop playa hating, I am the murder you don't know me
Another life I'm taking, me give em a left, me give em
a right
Me start to boxing up their ass

[Z-Ro]

Serve in me cut, me straight balling, me balling me
balling now
Me run up they cut with me gun and drugs, nigga come
to test me now
Me pull the trigger back, look at the boy that's falling
him
Another day another death, I'll have to murder one,
one more grave I am done

(Chorus)

Stop playa hating, I am the murder you don't know me
Another life I'm taking, evil boy when me ra-ta-ta-ta
I am the son of satan, the easy lies are non killing a
man slowly
Cruising man I'm Jamaican, or American contest and
gonna feel my wrath

[Verse 3]

Is this the way it's suppose to be
The lord to hear my prayers are you listening
Forgive me for saying I'm trapped in a world
That's got a grudge against me living
What happened to the good old days when unity was a
must, when you
Could put trust in your own people, without our own
people trying to get us
And I could see the rules of the game
Are still the same, cause days are shorter
And times are harder, I'm fighting to keep my head
above water
Cause I got to protect myself from the evil of my own
people
The only person I fear is God
And through his eyes we're all created equal
And I can't understand how black on black crime hitting
as hard as it did
Cause the half the niggas that you did you use to roll
with as kids
Father forgive me for being favorless and hopeless
But in this cruel world, it's hard to stay focused if you
haven't noticed
No one seems to want to follow the rules
If we can't live as brothers and sisters than we'll parish
as fools
And to the youngsters coming up never sell your soul,
cause
Life is priceless, stay strong and try to make it through
this ghetto crisis

[Z-Ro]

Don't violate me stressed don't cross the knife
Now I promote no argument me conversate when I
won't come nice
Paranoid, paranoid, when I be coming on down fawn
Ever ball, approach me swinging make a man fall
Me serious with the fists one touch could make a fool
die
Them turned heads and one could see the devil in me
eye
But I'm off and, and rub the coffin, that's one
interrogation
Scream heartless when I violate me rule and regulation
Me get the sawed off buckshot from the killing
Who plex me or plex cause me ready and me willing
Me ready for the battle, drink a gallon wanting the
sexual healing
Ghetto life is nothing nice we have the cap peeling
We are the true jumping and you moving over

The ghettos I live cross the line, far from moving over
And eye of light, when me get the pistol and me
brighter
Tell me this, who shall save the white man's idol

(outro)

Who shall save the white man's idol (president)
Who shall save the white man's idol (national guard)
Who shall save the white man's idol (police)
Who shall save the white man's idol (priest)
Who shall save the white man's idol (dope)
Who shall save the white man's idol (tank dogs)
Who shall save the white man's idol (your soul)
Who shall save the white man's idol (God)

(talking)

Who gone save your ass when we blast
Who gone get the last laugh, coming up out of this
ghetto crisis
Coming up out of this ghetto gas, uh ha, yeah
It's wicked in the mushroom cloud, nuclear niggas
It's a ghetto crisis

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