

## Z-Ro

# "Look What You Did To Me"

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[Z-Ro]

They tell me put the dope down, and it won't hurt no more  
But the only thing I really seem to understand, is murda mo'  
They tell me keep my trigga finger easy, I'll open up your body  
Too many casualties around here, dead bodies around here  
And I can't get caught up, preacher can you save me, save me

They said it was gonna get greater later  
But now I can't help to think that it ain't  
But a nigga was fed up with this life, thinking about running a razor blade  
Cross my wrist, every last drop till I faint  
Taken out that punishment for the thangs that I never did  
Coming up as a a young kid  
Trying to get rid of all the animosity towards me  
That was shown by the other kids, what do I do  
Why do everybody wanna see a nigga fall  
Mama dead and daddy can't be found  
So when I'm stressed out, who the fuck can I call  
All alone in my zone, with no friends  
So I chose to make friends with drugs  
Cause everyday, everybody around me  
Trying to clown me, so I got a friend and I got buzzed  
Out of frustration came aggravation  
Depression coming down in my mind  
Kept a nigga confused and straight crying  
Dying, for sweet sticks and lines  
Threwed off in my my mind  
Trying to wonder why do Jesus let this keep happening  
To a nigga that's steady being on his knees  
And I'm begging him please, have mercy on me  
Find a nigga a better way, right about now I'm to the point  
Somebody better take this infrared away  
Cause it was on too long, and I got a piece of chrome  
And I want to you to come and look and see

The monster that you've created, look at what you did  
to me

[Z-Ro]

They tell me how the liquor ain't good for me  
But it drowns out the vision of my casket  
It's either my life or your life, that's right  
I'm gon let you haaave it  
Everyday haters, can't understand  
The way I move my hands in ways, not known to man  
Cause I can't get caught up  
Preacher can you save me, save me

Could I be the invisible, individual nigga  
That got a bit mo bigger  
Baby, got ahead above one hitter quitter, knock out a  
bigger  
Motherfucking boss mo' skills with a trigga  
Shoots gun missiles, dropping a bomb  
Chucking hand grenades, C4's explode  
When I been sleeping on the same bench, for nine days  
Living off of hot water and cheerios  
Here it goes, my click might never grow  
Nigga mind with the thinking throwed  
Then puttin forth fists imposed to those  
That acting like nothing but bitches and hoes  
Suppose, all a nigga wanted was the good life  
Living upper class, laying back on my ass  
With a maid and a butler  
Sipping on a ice cold glass  
God damn it, I'ma do it but I had to start introducun  
To em, to the mac nine plus one that's ten  
And to think, many murders would of been avoided  
I just wanted a friend, feel me  
Better yet kill me, but I don't give a fuck  
If I bust when I duck, cause I don't give a damn no mo'  
You ain't dealing with the same motherfucker from  
three years ago  
When a nigga fight fair, knocking a patch out your hair  
With a quick lick, from a damn breaking, a nigga done  
went crazy  
Look at what civilization done made me  
This is my era of terror, I am the man with the gun  
That admit it to the fist, never will I miss  
When I be busting, a lot of your blood will be rushing  
Was a nigga born like this  
Innocent child with a smile with a dream of advanced  
To the top, but I got a gun in your mouth  
You want to respect me now, should of  
Respected a nigga when you had a chance  
Haters, been making me out of a punk trying to figure

me weak  
Better get ready, for them six foot put zip-locs  
And a whole of cops, and a whole lot of blood stained  
Sheets, drunk a lot of beers, she'd a bunch of tears  
When I reminisce on them years, when I see little boys  
and girls  
Living the life that I wanted to live  
Since I really couldn't live with it  
It's gonna be hard for the other motherfuckers to try  
Cause they dying, hey mama  
I want my Tonka toys right now  
Don't make me cry, I don't wanna have to kill again  
I kill em off, till the world is empty  
Look at the the album cover  
That's what you did to me

(\*talking\*)

If I done told you once  
I done told you a thousand times  
It's plain to see that you can't change me  
Nigga cause I'ma forever be a nigga for life  
A thug nigga, a Guerilla Maab nigga  
A Killa Klan nigga, a Mo City nigga  
Mo City mean mo killers, mo blood spillers  
Mo burglars, mo murderers  
Mo kick door burglars, mo niggas  
That'll slap a patch out your motherfucking ass  
For real, count on it, respect it  
Trust it and believe it, we ain't no  
Fake ass niggas we real, packing loaded steel  
Ready to bust at will, we don't love you  
Look at what you did to me

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