

Z-Ro "Man Cry"

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[Talking:]

King of Da Ghetto, what's up 'Face big homie

[Z-Ro:]

I greet the Father, on my knees

With a bowed head and a humbled heart, my
conversation is have mercy on me please

I just wanna be happy, will it come to bad

Fresh out of my mind been 27 years, and every day I've
seen is sad

Even though I've tried till I've cried, I can't even stand

Feels like I've died a thousand times, but just can't
make it man

Ain't nothing different about me, doing dirt

Except I've never crept up on a come up, maybe that's
why the hustling hurts

I remember just like it was yesterday, I'm 16

Can't find no love can't find no peace, I wonder what it
means

Could it be because, I didn't choose the devil all the
time

I became an outcast to the hood, restricted to my
rhyme

Why couldn't I just live my life, without my talent
making danger

Jealousy is now state jail, from friends that turned to
strangers

They hate me, I don't understand why

I swear I never seen a man cry, till it was my own eye

[Z-Ro:]

I'm 21, and think I finally got a grip on life

And all bills paid apartment, a step-son and a step-wife

But without a vehicle, it's kinda hard to get around

If I got weed I ride for free, if not my partners let me
down

So now I'm loving to be one deep so much, I'm hating
people

Lookin at everybody, even babies like they Satan
people

Nobody understand me, everybody's tripping with me

Wonder why when I gotta ride, were none of my people

flipping with me
Too many haters, trying to take a player off his game
Not trying to be ballerific, I'm just trying to have some
things
They're just like crabs in a bucket, these people pull me
down
If I didn't have so many obstacles, think where I could
be now
On MTV or BET, or in some magazine
Instead I'm stressing, hooked on codeine headed to
tragedy
Sometimes I think, it's better just to die
Because I never seen a man cry, till it was my own eye

[Z-Ro:]

(what's happening now) in the year 2006, ain't nothing
changed for Ro
12 albums strong looking for do', but yet I'm still po'
Now I done had and I done lost, and I done had again
On the verge of suicide, I deeply wish I had a friend
But even still a good samaritan, is Z-Ro's way
And with that Christian attitude, I caught a homeboy
case
I done took too many blows, a punching bag is how I
feel
The deep depression starts to set, sanity's outta here
I start my mission, trying to find my faith
CDC number four in name, I'm feeling oh so helpless in
this place
I want revenge, it's heavy on my mind
But Aunt Sandra say don't fight evil with evil, try to
relax and do your time
I heard a voice, and felt there wasn't no need in acting
up
Realized I wasn't at peace with God, and had to patch it
up
Hopin that blessings, fall out of the sky
Z-Ro ain't never seen a man cry, until it was his own eye

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