

Z-Ro "My Sermon"

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F/ Jennifer Taylor

Z-Ro, Z-Ro...

[Z-Ro]

24 up in this game, and I don't own a damn thang
Just a bunch of bags receiving blows, trying to maintain
Dealing with insanity, probably dumping demanding
me

Started out at a slow pace, now I'm losing it rapidly
Trying to keep my faith in God, but my spirit is scarred
I wanna do it but if I do it, I won't wake up to the Lord
I'm living hard, ain't nobody giving me no handouts
Since I'm one deep I get all the attention, therefor I
stand out

Now everybody know, I don't socialize keeping
To myself, cause partnas might be bad to my health
Coming around, when I got a few ends when a nigga
broke

They chunk the deuce, that's what they grooving
Mr. Z-Ro staying home alone, kicking it with my plastic
or chrome

Until I find peace, I continue to roam
I just wanna be left alone, let me make it 'fore I snap
this is my sermon

I'm a preacher, bitch this is deeper than rap

[Hook: Jennifer Taylor]

Sinning tripping, on this ghetto life
No one understands the life of the fast
Ain't no sense in, trying to close my eyes
Cause out this ghetto, I know that I must rise

[Z-Ro]

Let me clear throat, so I can tell you about this life of
sin

I hope that you can cope, we killing eachother to make
some divid-ends

I don't wanna sound crazy, but I'll make you push up
daisies

You better give it up give it up, give it to me

Let me clear throat, even though I don't want to I'm

hustling all night long
I had to learn the ropes, I got nickels and dimes
And 20's and halves, and even whole zones
I won't sell to no undercover, I'm gonna let my mack 10
stutter
You better give it up give it up, I gotta stay free

[Hook: Jennifer Taylor]

[Z-Ro]

I done lost all of my old school fools, to the bullet
Trigga happy motherfuckers, catch a beatdown grip
the trigger and pull it
Staying high, elevated above the stress
Hoping God blessed a familiar face, might slug my
vest
And ever since the days, of a little child
Sported a frown, like it was going out of style
Adolescence to juvenile, to a grown man
Innocent Christian, till I woke up with the blood on my
on hand
God please forgive me for sinning, I'm on a mission
Gotta do something about it, fuck bitching with a vivid
vision of prison
I'm paranoid, walking through the graveyard
On my knees screaming, release me from the demon
Mighty savior, the pain is major I've been hurting so
long
I'd rather be wet when I'm depressed, cause I don't
even know what's wrong
I just wanna be left alone, let me make it 'fore I snap
this is my sermon
I'm a preacher, bitch it's deeper than rap

[Hook: Jennifer Taylor - 2x]

(Jennifer Taylor)
Sinning tripping, sinning tripping
Z-Ro, Z-Ro - 2x
Sinning tripping, sinning tripping
Yeeeeeah
Cause out this ghetto, I know that I must rise
No one understands the life of the fast
Z-Ro, Z-Ro, Z-Ro

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