

Z-Ro

"Shelter From The Storm"

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[Z-Ro]

Of course I'm thankful for another day, my Lord I can't lie

But everytime I wake up, seem like one of my people gotta die

Anthrax poisoning, Hussein and them blew up the Trade Center

Summer, Fall, Spring, Winter, people in the projects getting thinner

Barely enough government cheese, left to feed the rats

But we gotta get it how we live, and how we live is selling crack

How we live is kicking doors, how we live is pimping whores

How we live is what we do, so we don't live like this no more

How we live is wrapping em up, sipping on my weight to receive

An overloaded Houston Texas, niggaz make they own bleed

Every night another murder scene, that could of been prevented

But the truth is we most def, and the last soul tormented

Every now and then I duck my head, up in the sunday service

That's the only place where 5-0, won't burst us bust us
Nigga they don't love us, they wanna relocate us to the Penn

We wanna do right, but all we see is sin

[Hook]

In this land, we need you Jesus

Lord have mercy, we need shelter in the time of storm

Uh-huh, well, well, well

[Z-Ro]

Yeah, Rosta fall right help me, help me

All the young picking them, living in a rush just to get wealthy (wealthy)

And in the ghetto, we struggle or we hustle til we

bubble
On top, eliminating competition when we buck shot
Don't press that new, but a new clear shot
Fire, fire, fire, fire (fire)
Too many sickness and disease, under attack from
overseas
Mighty job me and for God, please come save the day
If I should die before I wake, me leave a blessing for
the people today
Mighty job me and for God upon you, take this pain
away

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Now I lay me, down to sleep
I pray the Lord keep my body, as my enemies creep
Don't wanna be another statistic, living through c.d.'s
Either the graveyard or max. security, prison you'll see
G
Look at the homie's little girl, she ain't nothing but
sixteen
Trying to support three kids, so she stay coming out
her jeans
Getting pimped, by somebody that still live with they
mama
But that's the only way she know, to get away from all
the drama
As for books, the mind is a terrible thing to waste
As for crooks, the line is a terrible thing to taste
Ask them niggaz that don bit the bullet, but they still
here
My nigga we ain't seen God befo', but we still fear
I asked him for a plexing, and he sent me Eugene
Now I got two cars, a crib and everyday I dress clean
But it ain't no love, they wanna put a nigga in the Penn
I wanna do right, but all I see is sin

[Hook - 2x]

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