

Z-Ro "Shelter In 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, shipping em out wait 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, Rostafar-i 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 till 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
me 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's
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 nine 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 blessing, 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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