

Z-Ro "Sometimes I Ride"

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[Lyrical 187]

I'm having a hard time, getting a grasp on reality
Without that weed or mad at me, for shit I did before I
reached my 20's
If I knew then what I'm feeling now, how much shit I go
through by
Living my life so recklessly, surprised they didn't kill
me
Don't think I didn't try it a couple times, but I surround
by
Living even more cautious, and them cats we lost in
drive by's
Sitting beside your car at night, at odds I'm able to
shoot first
But just pull it out and show it to you, and smack you
with it first
Reduced to a comic book, somebody need to throw the
book at him
Hit your crib steal your ride, with talons we could shoot
at
Look at that, boy use to be in the church choir
What's wrong with him now, he just out there running
wild
Can't tell him nothing, boy why you pop up with all that
stuff
Why them people, keep knocking at the door at night
so much
Adolescent thug nation, been up in me from the start
Eyes bloody red from hydro, and now it's getting dark]

[Hook]

Sometimes I ride
(sometimes I ride, all alone I need to get away)
Trying to clear my mind
(trying to clear my mind, from all the stress and the
drama in my life)
I'm so high
(I'm so high I'm so thoed, rolling cruise control)
And I'm so tired
(I'm so tired, of motherfuckers trying to take over my
life)

[Z-Ro]

If you could see what I see, you'd prolly close your eyes
tight

I witnessed motherfuckers get murdered, in broad
daylight

My life is a movie rated R, for really fucked up

Blowing my feddy on do-do, I'm down to my last buck

Losing my mind, looking at everybody like they evil

I stay solo, don't even go kick it with my people

I ain't capping, but I'm slapped up and I'm ready ro
click

I'm not trying to have a good time, nothing but feddy
that's it

Cause nigga, cash rules everything around me

Without it in my pocket, motherfuckers try to down me

Whenever I try to go get it, the laws surround me

Take away my name give me a number, and take me to
the County

A soldier with them party packs, I'm coming out to
leave

'Fore I get started, I caught you cause I'm running out
of weed

Now I can relax, cause I got a sack of that shit

Flipping and tripping, fifteens beating in the back of
that bitch

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

I gotta ride sometimes, and I cry sometimes

Cause for no reason at all, partnas die sometimes

It's fucking with my brain, so heavy I can't stand up

I screaming Lord have mercy Jesus, and throwing my
hands up

I'm all alone, ain't nobody been ringing my phone

No socializing with them bitches, never bringing em
home

It could be a set up, I get wet up and become a memory

Fuck the whole wide world, it's either them or me

I'm one of them boys with a gun, on the cut late at night

Everybody bring me they soft, because I bake it right

At a playa price, I'm on a money making mission

Never gave no Expedition, side panels full of chickens

Riding high, make sure to do the speed limit

Ain't no flying by, cause I don't wanna give em a
reason

Car full of dope, don't wanna get pulled over for
speeding

I'd get sent to the Penitentiary, and wouldn't be leaving

[Hook]

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