

Z-Ro**"Still My Life"**

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[Z-Ro]

Niggas be screaming Z-Ro, how does it feel to be a ceo
But I don't know, cause I can't get a set of keys to the
studio

And I know my fanbase is probably tired of me talking
about the
struggle

But since I resurrected time all the niggas don't want to
see me
bubble

Should I be mad at my friends, that's what Pac said
Although I clear my ruga ripping till they drop dead
I could a give a f**k about a buddy, he don't really love
me

So there ain't no love for these niggas, there's only
love for
money

Paranoid like a defendant at a murder trial
Plus I seen it everyday, but signatred in cursive style
Motherf**kers be tattle taling like they taking names
So when they take a son they drive by I'll be taking aim
Pressure to pian, are you able to maintain, where the
sun don't
shine

On a daily basis I hear shots but H.P.D. don't mind
Cause they figure we'll kill eachother by 2000 and 2
But f**k the streets jesus our praises due to you
only if they knew, this is my life

[Chorus]

This is my lllllllllife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife
This is my lllllllllife
When will I get to bubble, living so shife

[Z-Ro]

Ain't no waking up in the morning because I'm still
awoke

Previous past tense events got a nigga ready to kill
folks

But I can't lose focus, got my heart set on heaven

But I was a problem child running wild, for a nigga with
a mac

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I keep my friends and enemies closer than a mother
and daughter
They'll sacrifice you like a lamb that gets slaughtered,
weaker
than water
With they woman ass ways that's why it pays to do
drivebys

Niggas be horizontal as I slide by
All night long, I'm paranoid voice mail beeping for days
Everytime I creep you know I creep with aks and hks
The motherf**king killing field is where I lay my head
And the place that I make my bed is where I spread my
led
Motherf**kers be coming to get me in the middle of
the night
But I'ma wreck his face when I put a infrared beam in
the middle
of his life
When will it ever stop, until they drop I can't get no rest
Cause those that also feel me feel well to the flesh, in
my life

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Can I get a little rest, cause I can't take another test
Haven't I proven myself, so why do I feel like I'm that
victim
I'm just praying for nothing and do the lord even hear
me
Could it be that I was too intoxicated in the words for
coming
out early
Cause I've lost most of my partners, I'm losing family
members
I remember when it was love, but I'll be lonely by the
end of
Decemeber
I'm feeling bad, but I can't talk to my dad, cause he
don't care
Plus I'm missing my sister but she don't want to treat
me fare
All this sleeping from house to house, f**king with my
dome
Got two album of my own, but no home
So picture the park bench in blood, is the night time
bed

Ripping the whereabouts to murderers and many
nights I fled
Practically assed out, lord for being somebody pull
some cash
out
The reaction is the rawest, but I dash out
F**k everybody, it's all about me and my woman and
child
Because my 9 millimeter because he helped to rob, this
is my
life

[Chorus - 2x]

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