

Z-Ro "Struggling To Change"

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(feat. Point Blank)

[Z-Ro:]

Keeping crack out my pocket, a pistol but I don't cock it
All I wanna do is get paid, but the legal way
I use to be selling drugs, running up and down the
boulevard
Better respect, whatever the desert eagle say
5-2 due for Z-Ro, with a mad super ego
Couldn't nobody, tell a nigga nothing about life
Till I started tripping too hard, smoking them sherms in
the dark
And was a witness to my people, being shot twice
I had to get my mind right, stop gripping that iron tight
Everybody, ain't out to get a nigga for bread
But I promise it wasn't nothing, but niggaz be gum
bumping
My pistol'll come jumping, nothing but infrared
32 grams up, and this killer could be a veteran not a
rookie
Z-Ro is that nigga, that'll see thoed 'fore it's over with
Dealing with haters and perpetrators, trying to fade us
But I'm cooking up something major, wait till they get a
load of it

[Hook:]

Struggling, to change
Trying to find, an exit out of the game
Looking for a better way, to make change
Daily decisions, bout to make a brother break mayn
All I ever did, was wanna shine
Make enough money, just so I could support mine
All the days of my life, I been on my grind
Laws trying to lock me down, for a lifetime

[Z-Ro:]

We use to be pimping broads, Mo City to Clinton Park
They tell us we went too hard, trying to make us a
million
But look what we living in, gotta get us some dividends
Rolling over ridiculous niggaz, that be screaming out
many men

Wishing death on you, when they pull or take on you
Tell me, what you gon do now
I'm really trying to change, don't make me get up and
get that thang mayn
Close range, I will blow you down
Everyday, I'm banging Screw
Your slab just ain't no slab, if Robert Davis ain't in it
Everyday, I'm banging Screw
Your slab just ain't no slab, if Robert Davis ain't in it-in
it-in it

[Hook]

[Point Blank:]

Listen it's hard to think, when your mind goes blank
Leaning on these cake ass niggaz, like a pint
I write what I feel, and I feel what I write
Fuck if a nigga don't like it, and bitch wanna fight
The struggle ingrade in my skin, by the tip of a dull
knife
One verse from Jay-Z, got me doing a hard knock life
Listen I try to stay focused, sometime my vision get
blurry
And distracted, why all these people keep on fucking
with me
I move swiftly through the vultures, rats and roaches
Playing chess, with these toy soldiers
But you can't complain, when you carrying the whole
world on your shoulders
Cause people depending on you, niggaz gotta eat
Now how you gon look, big pimping and big living
And all the click that run with you, sleeping on the
streets
I do the best I can, I bust my ass
If the next man can't do the same, I wash my hands I'm
struggling to change

[Hook]

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