

Z-Ro**"Tell Me What You See"**

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[Chorus]

Tell me what you see, when you look at me

A G that's me, I don't know why

I live my life, like I don't care, I don't care

Nothing but good intentions, when I started out as a
kid

Living my life but when it happened, I couldn't
understand what mama did

Leave me, it wasn't easy, it was hard

Everybody was looking unhappy, but I was looking for
God

Receiving beatings on a daily basis, for C's and D's
If it wasn't the honor roll, my father wasn't fucking
with me

Herm Clark to South Park, to Ridgemont 4

That's where the devil developed, the Christian killa
called 'Ro

An adduction to dro and drank, heavy on the sherm
And you don't wanna get fronted by Joseph, cause his
turns burn

Nigga fuck you pay me, but its been slow round here
'Ro

Nigga fuck you pay me, before you become part of the
flo'

And I ain't playing no games, cause ain't nobody ever
played with me

Trusted nobody, even my people that done stayed with
me

Out to get me, that's how I feel about y'all

Just give me my ten, or you fin to see what my steel
about dog

Five fingers on my right, and that's how many niggas I
trust

Eugene, Jordan, Mexican D and D.P., D-Los sipping
purple stuff

A drug addict, that's how I'm feeling right now

Another numb nigga, cause I ain't got no feelings right
now

Don't give a fuck about nothing, its like I'm living to
die

I let a woman through in my mind, now I'm unable to
cry
Your feelings is your feelings, but my feelings is gone
Cause when a nigga needed your feelings, your
feelings
wasn't shown
Now I smoke weed rolling around, aimlessly
Take pride in whooping niggas, beat they ass
shamelessly
Dorothy Marie send me a sign, are you proud of your
boy
Ain't got no mansion or no Bentley, just a crib and a
car
I wish I had a million dollas, but I got me some cash
I might not be from River Oaks, but I still got me some
class
And when I say I'm dying I'm dying, you ain't gotta try
to do me
I guess dentist was nervous, and tried to help
somebody
sue me
Who that thug nigga, moving units state to state
I-10 connected with weight, but now replaced by tapes
And C.D.'s, I'm S.U.C till I D-I-E
Affiliated with C-R-I-P's, and B-L double O-D's
I'm not a gangsta, I just lean like that
Able to unload, and flee the murder scene like that
Call me what you wanna, call me crazy baby
But you ain't been paying no bills, where I lay my head
lately baby
Don't know nothing about me, just know that I be
rapping
Just know that you see me, everytime another murder
happen
My grand finale, that's when I lay me down to sleep
Until then I rest, and so I creep
To and fro, seeking who I may devour
I ain't a devil, but a God in search of his power
So when you look at me, tell me what you think about
Crackers killing they self, over shit I smoke and drink
about

[Chorus x2]

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