

## Z-Ro "T.H.U.G."

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Twenty-four seven i'm in trouble for nothin',  
To the laws on the topic of the daily discussion  
Blood pumpin and rushin I gotta struggle to survive I be  
rappin but I cant do it a nine to five, long as it be legal I  
be willin' to try all I need is a pair of wings I be willin' to  
fly tryin to get a piece of the pie and they aint be thinkin  
I work for it I be doin' right but Im being punished on  
earth for it, what else can I do, to make an honest livin  
seem like whatever I do will get me up in prison, never  
seen me on the corner, never caught me with crack  
gotta dream of leavin the ghetto and aint comin back,  
homicide detective tryin to threaten me with some  
time, only thing I ever murdered was colla drew lines  
theres a patent in punishment in america's design,  
arrested and encarcirated for other peoples crimes its  
so amazing

[chorus]

Some times, one time, stereotyping, the jury aint guilty,  
they swear ive got to be runnin drugs, but I am, just a  
man, trying to stay satan free, to hell is where there  
taking me, I swear its so amazing to be a THUG, a True  
hero under gods sight from above.

[verse 2]

Everyday I see my people in poverty, and when I say  
my people I mean everybody I see, ain't no  
discrimination on Caucasians, or Asian or Mexicans,  
lesbians or the gay men, everybody gotta day to die  
and they wont miss it better be ready for company  
when death come visit, man I wish adam and eve  
wouldn't have been in the garden, got the devil  
swinging at me got me weavin and bobbin, homies are  
bein murdered by lieutenants and seargants, life's  
weeds were rooted just as soon as we harvest  
searchin' for sunshine, suffocated by darkness, lookin  
for protection in court tippin there fortress,  
they tell me when I make there'll be no more pain, aint  
gotta be nervous about someone knowin ya name,  
everybody is your family theres love around you, even  
on earth god is your upper people down you

[Hook]

Have my curse, while on this earth, cause I cant find better days, but still I give the lord prays, even though these pirates request my blood, but I am, Just a man, tryin to stay satan free, through hell is where there taking me, its so amazing to be a thug, a true hero under gods sight from above.

The weight of my stress is like a 50 ton boulder, making my head heavy cant be lifted by my shoulders, now wonder why my head down, ive been thinkin to hard I can I cant be smoking my pipe I been drinkin to hard, i decided to give up and give it to god, instead of livin in the world imma live in the lord, gave up cussin this time while im spittin my bars, with a vision of me in prison a vision is fraud, investigators cookin the case, they cookin to hard, I know they know I didnt do it cause they lookin for claude, nobody hollin at me got me feelin like an outlaw, had a case against a brother but I broke it apart, no weapon formed against me share prosperous, it was written, even though machetes be cuttin and guns be spittin, I got a satan proof vest on, stompin the devils head off, with jesus imma stop him thats something you can bet on..amazing..

Some times, one time, stereotyping, the jury aint guilty, they swear ive got to be runnin drugs, but I am, just a man, trying to stay satan free, to hell is where there taking me, I swear its so amazing to be a THUG, a True hero under gods sight from above

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