

## Z-Ro "Wonder If I'm Blessed"

Visit "[Wonder If I'm Blessed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(\*talking\*)

Dear Lord, this is your boy Bam  
Can't nobody do what you done done God  
One of the ghetto graduates, three men in here  
Ready to deliver, number one, all they internal sins  
On pen and paper, and right now, they fin to let  
You know how it is, it's a chance, God bless us  
Allah, you number one

[Wood]

Well it's my return, and I've been gone for too long  
I'm in a different state of mind, yeah Wood is in the  
zone  
Demonstrate the arsenal head shots, with red dots and  
wet spots  
Soaking shirts up, till my churf up with red spots  
Bag of leaves and the chronic trees, South Texas ki's  
and let you weed  
They jacking leaves for cake and cheese, I make the  
G's and you may believe  
Shouldn't wish up on your clover leaf, wishing up on a  
star  
Losing my memory behind a bar, all I want is drank out  
the jar  
Locked in the Penn talking back to the guards, shooting  
the kite  
Taking the back of my broad, pulling a candy Lac in my  
yard  
Strapped up talking back to you boys, I'm armed  
alarmed and informed  
And I'm hollin' on my own, for the rings to the pawn  
Gotta pass up the coin, to the Tre where I was born  
Wood, and I'm hot as a fire place, in a eskimo's house  
You get the, you get the, you get the splinters in your  
mouth  
Quinbrown my hardest hood close to downtown, round  
for round  
And pound for pound, I'm making you bitch boys bow  
down

[Chorus]

I've been waiting patiently

I wonder if a nigga's really blessed, cause I'm still here  
Niggas steady, hating me  
I wonder if a nigga's really blessed, cause I'm still here  
I've been waiting patiently  
I wonder if a nigga's really blessed, cause I'm still here  
Why does he forsaken me  
I wonder if a nigga's really blessed

[Chill]

It ain't my fault, my Lord please forgive me for static  
But I had that line in my T.V., and being broke and don't  
have it  
I'm playing a deadly game of chess, over rugers and  
vests  
Ride on hollow tips when I'm spitting, still into the flesh  
Thug wounds got me paranoid, tattooed and scarred  
Running away from the fraud, hiding behind tint in the  
car  
I'm blowing sweet after sweet, real niggas in her feel  
me  
Surrand wrapping the duffle bag, swang bitching to  
bust me  
I'm bout my paper, my Lord please don't let it be in vein  
I got a son two little girls, and they got hustle in they  
vein  
Kamikaze with an infrared, scoping my mind  
Puffing on lime swinging on 20's, bumping low on the  
ground  
Satellite shaking bitches, putting cameras on cords  
Puff the yay and pass the weed, cause everybody love  
marijuana  
I'ma slap for you nigga, two hundred fifty on concrete  
Moved patiently and silently, you dialing nigga

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

I watch my life pass me by, in the blink of an eye  
Another stick of fry, cause the regular weed no longer  
get me high  
Popping extasy like Aspirin, come down a nigga block  
blasting  
You don't wanna meet that reaper nigga, you hoes  
come off my cash man  
I'm trying to keep it holy, this thug life keep calling my  
name  
Every now and then I take a loss, but see that's all in  
the game  
Look at what you did to me, I'm free but I'm still living  
on lie  
Everyday it's one mo' murder, one mo' partna that drop

I wonder if the sun shines on the other side  
Cause I bet my mama ain't seen a rainy day, since she  
died  
I'm a living legend still in the flesh, automatic assault  
rifle and a vest  
Cause my partnas try to put me to rest  
So I treat my pistol like a queen, as I fiend for the green  
And I never put anyone before my bitch, I'm jealous as I  
service my beam  
A murdering team, forgive me for my sins O'Lord  
But I'm trying to make it, cause this ghetto life is so  
hard

[Chorus]

(\*talking\*)

Visit [Z-Ro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.