

Z-Ro f/ Tanya Herron

"Continue 2 Roll"

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[Z-Ro]

My hand grabs the wheel, and foot mashes the pedal
Block to block corner to corner, looking at the devil
Making my brothers think, they got nine lives
They was so gangsta, until Lucifer got 'em caught up in
a drive by
Lil' kids, witness father and uncles pass on
Then they grow up, to get they blast on
Everybody saying, that the black community is out
control
Even in the suburbs, brains get blown
They blame rap, for the murder rate
But people go to the movies, and see murder for seven
dollars then they imitate
What they done seen, on Terminator 1 through 3
Swarchengger's the Governor, we get L-I-F-E
Innocent victims, get a free ride to the grave
People that work hard get robbed, for every penny they
save
It's like it ain't gon ever change, this world we live in
cold
I hit my Hypnotic, then I continue to roll

[Hook: Tanya Herron - 2x]

La-la-la-la-la-la-la, as we con-tinue to roll

[Z-Ro]

Can't even ride, through the hood no mo'
Without police pulling us over, looking for ounces of
do'
Just cause I'm black, and got diamonds on my gold
teeth
Ain't enough evidence, to say I sold a quarter ki
But even still, that's the way it is
And the main reason homes are broken, and baby
mamas shed tears
And have to raise, they kids one deep
In and out of relationships, looking for a man so people
pardon creeps
But what I see, is just a soul trying to survive
The main reason why d-boys, hustle with twenties and

dimes
Lil' mama I feel your pain, trying to get ahead
Don't let that be the reason, with 24 hour open legs
I know life, is hard nosed
Will we ever get our forty acres and our mule, only God
knows
Ain't no love seem like it ain't gon ever change, this
world we live in is cold
Hit my gin and juice, and then I continue to roll

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]
Ain't no love in the sex no mo', I see Bloods killing
Bloods
And cuz killing cuz, I remember when it was
La familia, when we threw the sign
But brothers don't keep it gangsta, when brothers be
doing time I ain't lying
That's why everybody, be on they own
Talking to they partna baby mama, on they mobile
phone
Hood ain't hood, it don't matter where you living
Somebody from your hood, will try to make you take
their place in prison
Ask my partna Griffin, why they be snitching and telling
Watching your pocket getting jealous, cause they mail
ain't swelling
Before you know it you a felon, waiting on a release
Thinking revenge, cause a friend got you took off the
streets
And then they wonder, why I roll solo
When I'm in the hood, don't consider Z-Ro as your
homie no mo'
Let Ro go loc seem like it ain't gon ever change, this
world we live in is cold
Hit my Mississippi Mud, and continue to roll

[Hook - 4x]

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