

## Jimmy Cliff

### "It's a Shame"

Visit "[It's a Shame](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(\*talking\*)

Gotta make sure these words are understandable  
Cause it's a motherfucking shame, all these short  
Comings in the game, hoe ass niggas, hoe ass bitches  
Know I'm saying

[Z-Ro]

I'm still King of the Ghetto, ain't a damn thang changed  
Still sip out the prescription bottle, with hydro on my  
brain  
It help a nigga make it through the drama, swear to  
God  
I be feeling like busting heads, and relocate to the  
Bahamas  
But I don't wanna be a runaway, I love my block  
But I can't seem to put my gun away, friends be killing  
friends  
So I don't make no ends, with nobody I know  
Cause if nobody gets nervous, then nobody's gotta go  
That's the G-Code, and I will busting simply, then I will  
reload  
Sick of all of this gun bumping, from you people  
Turning a Christian into someone who is evil, Z-Ro  
Motherfuckers all up in my business, broadcasting my  
life  
Presidential Records suing Z-Ro, and his pockets ain't  
right  
Why they wanna spread rumors, bout Ro Dog  
Turn me to a menace to society like O-Dog

[Chorus]

It's a shaa-aa-ame, the way they fuck around with my  
mind  
It's a shaa-aa-ame, the way they try to hurt me  
It's a shaa-aa-ame, the way they got me walking round  
with my nine  
Raised on game, a soldier that's showing no mercy

[Z-Ro]

When I wake up, I be wishing to find another way to  
make a living

Baking a cake, back in the kitchen got my palms itching  
Scratch that with a fat stack, of Benjamin Franklin, y'all  
better

Back back trying to get my stack, I got a black mack in  
a black backpack

I know you jealous niggas, hate me cause I shine  
They know I be rolling one deep, trying to follow behind  
I gotta handle my business, by myself cause I'm alone  
Really nothing to live fo', no more wife no more kids at  
home

Ain't that a shame, I'm losing everything I love  
When they fuck up its okay, but when it's me they hold  
a grudge

You think I ain't know, you was fucking over Z-Ro  
With Lil' Shannon around the time, your vehicle was  
repoed

My love for you was that of a mother, one I never had  
I know we could never be again, I'm forever sad  
But a hustler, gotta keep hustling  
Until then, I-10 drug smuggling

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Sometimes I be wondering, if I'm ever gon make it  
Ducking and dodging poverty, am I ever gon shake it  
Every nigga I deal with, keeps saying they down  
Why my money be funny, everytime it be coming round  
I told him tell em 25 hundred, he told em three  
thousand

Making me miss out on money, Sam gon witness me  
clowning

When you give a nigga a inch, they try to take the  
whole ruler

After my inches, nothing but the forty-four ruger  
Who am I, Z-Ro the Crooked I'm not a hoe  
But instead of busting your head, I'ma go on and let  
you go

I'ma receive my blessing, better believe my weapon  
Is a first, from the basic instructions before leaving  
earth

The bible, and if we follow it properly its survival  
We gotta listen sometimes, even though we wanna all  
shine

And glisten sometimes, remember we on a heavenly  
mission sometimes

[Chorus]

(\*talking\*)

One love to my motherfucking soldier niggas

J-Pimp, my nigga Rice aka sliding up under something  
When they get outta line

Visit [Jimmy Cliff](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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