

Jimmy Cliff

"So Much"

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[Z-Ro]

Lately I've been going through more bullshit, than a
bull fighter

So when I say my praises to God, one verse is like a full
choir

My every thought is pain, strain and stressing me to
death

Everyday is like a rehearsal, that's prepping me for
death

I think I'm ready, because this world ain't no friend of
mine

Only thing I qualify for, is murder and Penitentiary time
Y'all should of shot me, in the jimmy instead

But I guess they was feeling eachother, to get head in
the bed

Here I am, first born torn between heaven and hell

I tell my people so no to dope, but I let it sell

Need to practice my preaching, calling the kettle black

I know I'm on pot before or not, I gotta peddle crack

Ain't nobody got my back, except the laws when they
on it

So I be going for broke, demolishing my opponents

Leaving no traces just blood on faces, believe that

HK I'ma squeeze that, you won't even want be back

[Hook]

I got through so much, so I try to stay fucked up

Because, when I'm sober I can't maintain

Even though I do my best, the only thing I earn is stress

So I, spend most of my days chilling with Mary Jane

[Z-Ro]

I can't focus, I'm losing my mind real fast

Dreaming and fiending for the day, I could make some
real cash

Dropping album after album, platinum song after song

But it's like I ain't did nothing, cause the lights ain't on

How can I win, it's like everything I do is a

motherfucking sin

It got a nigga, fiending to see my end

All of my friends are fake, they come around when I'm

spending cash
But when I'm broke they out the do', with wheels
spinning fast
Lonely, daily dodging the devil but he on me
Telling my people fuck him, cause he be working
through my homies
Burning bridges, and I don't give a fuck
Remember y'all laughing at me, when I couldn't get a
buck
It's all gravy baby, I got bigger hurdles I'm trying to
jump over my residence
And my vehicle, is something I dump over
And it might not be much, but it's all I got
So when I paint it, promethazyne is all I pop

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

I'm on pre-trial now, and I can't smoke no weed
Cause if I catch a dirty, I'm facing T-I-M-E
My first time ever sober, it's fucking with my brain
Got a nigga with an attitude, I can't maintain
If you cross me I'll bring it to you hard, not softly
Living like I'm invincible, one day it's gonna cost me
When it's time to pay up, and I lay up in a grave
Bury me with a fifty sack, and a motherfucking 12
gauge
Hey, no love in my heart
Cause my homies was phony, straight from the
motherfucking start
Why couldn't I get a ride, if I ain't have no weed, these
motherfuckers
Ain't my people, they gotta be strangers up a reverend
breed
So I bless the streets, with my smith-n-wesson
And if you beefing with me nigga, better get your
weapon
You better pray that I'm codeine, and I'm just tripping
But I won't let you add up to my problems, I will leave
you tripping

[Hook]

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