

Material Issue

"Make It"

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[Z-Ro]

Forgive me for my sins, cause I'm not perfect
Just trying to get it like I live, but is it really worth it
Niggas done fell to my heater, never to rise up
Didn't really wanna hurt nobody, please open your eyes
up
Don't need no more blood on my conscious
Cause even though I'm a soldier, I feel pain
Got a nigga paranoid around partnas, I feel strange
Watching my back, cocking my gat, strapped at all
times
Punishing motherfuckers, just for crossing that line
My only company is lonely mess, cause most of
These niggas be fake, and I can't stand phoniness
Can't even look me in my eye, before they burn me up
Two to the head, but it ain't that simple y'all can't turn
me up dead
Best believe retaliation is a must, I'ma bust with fury
Look at me laugh at my competition, flashing my
jewelry
Death ain't around the corner no more, he up in my
face
Its only natural to try to steal him, and put him back in
his place

[Chorus - 2x]

In case I don't make it, I wanna tell my people I love em
Wish I could jump up out my casket, and hug em
Just in case I don't make it, I hope they keep on
jamming my songs
A military minded motherfucker gone

In case I don't make it, I wanna tell my people I love em
Wish I could jump up out my casket, and hug em
Just in case I don't make it, don't cry now, I'm still in
your hearts
I hope I get to go to heaven, my Lord

[Z-Ro]

In case I don't make it, I want niggas to know I never
gave up

Z-Ro Vs. the World, and King of Da Ghetto is when I
came up
People showing me love, people showing me hate
But I put the street with my business, and put mo'
change in my safe
Special thanks to Eugene Brooks, it ain't another realer
Save me from being a drug dealer, but still a guerilla
Death ain't around the corner no more, he up in my
face
Only natural to try to steal him, and put him back in his
place

[Mexican D]

A young mexican brought up, in the wrong way of life
I had to do what I had to do, just to make it through the
night
Hustling and robbing and killing, running the streets
with no feelings
An aggravated motherfucker, that is ready as willing
So leave me alone, before I touch your dome
Or sending automatic 4-5's, to hit your home
Cause ain't no playing with me, I'm a down ass G
Showing no pity, from that Mo City

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

I've been going insane lately
Rolling with my gun off safety
Thinking everybody's out, to do me
Can't even relax, Mac 11 by the jacuzzi
Gangstafied, ever since then showing me love
And it don't matter where they at, nigga they gon hit
you with the dub
But every night I pray to see, another fu-fu day
Even though sometime I fall off track, tricking with
Mary J
Can't I get a piece of mind, everybody wanna attack me
In the beginning they was strays, but now they busting
right at me
Get up out my ride homie, don't wanna ride with me
now
If we rolling and I'm beefing, you can die with me now
Niggas around me dropping like flies, it got a nigga
scared
Bullet proof and a automatic, come with making blood
shed
So just in case I don't make it, tell my enemies fuck em
Wish I could jump up out my casket, and bust em

[Chorus]

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