

## Maurane

### "My Sermon"

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Z-Ro, Z-Ro...

[Z-Ro]

24 up in this game, and I don't own a damn thang  
Just a bunch of bags receiving blows, trying to maintain  
Dealing with insanity, probably dumping demanding  
me

Started out at a slow pace, now I'm losing it rapidly  
Trying to keep my faith in God, but my spirit is scarred  
I wanna do it but if I do it, I won't wake up to the Lord  
I'm living hard, ain't nobody giving me no handouts  
Since I'm one deep I get all the attention, therefor I  
stand out

Now everybody know, I don't socialize keeping  
To myself, cause partnas might be bad to my health  
Coming around, when I got a few ends when a nigga  
broke

They chunk the deuce, that's what they grooving  
Mr. Z-Ro staying home alone, kicking it with my plastic  
or chrome

Until I find peace, I continue to roam  
I just wanna be left alone, let me make it 'fore I snap  
this is my sermon

I'm a preacher, bitch this is deeper than rap

[Hook: Jennifer Taylor]

Sinning tripping, on this ghetto life  
No one understands the life of the fast  
Ain't no sense in, trying to close my eyes  
Cause out this ghetto, I know that I must rise

[Z-Ro]

Let me clear throat, so I can tell you about this life of  
sin

I hope that you can cope, we killing eachother to make  
some divid-ends

I don't wanna sound crazy, but I'll make you push up  
daisies

You better give it up give it up, give it to me  
Let me clear throat, even though I don't want to I'm  
hustling all night long

I had to learn the ropes, I got nickels and dimes  
And 20's and halves, and even whole zones  
I won't sell to no undercover, I'm gonna let my mack 10  
stutter  
You better give it up give it up, I gotta stay free

[Hook: Jennifer Taylor]

[Z-Ro]

I done lost all of my old school fools, to the bullet  
Trigga happy motherfuckers, catch a beatdown grip  
the trigger and pull it  
Staying high, elevated above the stress  
Hoping God blessed a familiar face, might slug my  
vest  
And ever since the days, of a little child  
Sported a frown, like it was going out of style  
Adolescence to juvenile, to a grown man  
Innocent Christian, till I woke up with the blood on my  
on hand  
God please forgive me for sinning, I'm on a mission  
Gotta do something about it, fuck bitching with a vivid  
vision of prison  
I'm paranoid, walking through the graveyard  
On my knees screaming, release me from the demon  
Mighty savior, the pain is major I've been hurting so  
long  
I'd rather be wet when I'm depressed, cause I don't  
even know what's wrong  
I just wanna be left alone, let me make it 'fore I snap  
this is my sermon  
I'm a preacher, bitch it's deeper than rap

[Hook: Jennifer Taylor - 2x]

(Jennifer Taylor)  
Sinning tripping, sinning tripping  
Z-Ro, Z-Ro - 2x  
Sinning tripping, sinning tripping  
Yeeeeeah  
Cause out this ghetto, I know that I must rise  
No one understands the life of the fast  
Z-Ro, Z-Ro, Z-Ro

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