

Life Story

Z-Ro

Nobody seems to understand that my brain ain't stable
They got me out on the ledge
feel like I'm falling off the edge it ain't no fable
It's reality, feel like I'm on the offensive, they trying to tackle me
That's why I keep popping fists
So rather relative or stranger, better keep your distance
I can't determine friend or foe so you in danger
Chemical imbalances of the weed and cocaine, but it really
Don't matter to society, a nigga that got no face and no name
Deserving more, but I'ma mob until I ain't got nothing left
And the only thing that's promised to me is more problems and death
Cause there's some niggas looking for me and they might be near
And if they kill me don't shed a tear, remember I'm not happy here
Even still, got to keep my eyes on the prize
Although my vision is blurry I'm losing life in a hurry
Even my girlfriend don't understand, didn't want to
Witness the wicked so please find yourself another man, haters feel me

This is my liiiiiiiiife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife

This is my liiiiiiiiife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife

My opposition and proposition is scheming for cash
And if you bitches is scandalous, I get in that ass
So let's reliviate the pressure
Don't try to run it's guaranteed these slugs'll catch you
Oh yeah, I keeps a problem solver
A pistol grip, a automatic and revolver
Check it, and I'ma handle up baby
It's in my nature it's a must it ain't a maybe, peep game
The feds taking pictures, and tapping my phones
But if I catch you bitches snitching best believe me it's on
I analyze of this realize and open fire on bitches
And if I catch you bastards slipping I'm leaving bodies in ditches, huh
I bet that ass can pass it
Your life span it ain't long, you in a casket, check it
Niggas rushing your ass, mob deep with ski masks
Busting shots on the road trying to make your car crash, this is my life

This is my liiiiiiiiife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife

This is my liiiiiiiiife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife

These boys be telling me they got love, giving me false-i-fied tapping, but
I know they wouldn't give a fuck about me if there wasn't no money in rappin
g
See I know they want to get rich off me understand, even if I was
To die I still can talk they still put a mic in my hand
For trying to copy my style of life, pretending like they from my block
While I survive on willing to live while they depend on mom and pops
Before you make your move, check yourself and giving me for the millions
For the love of the struggle and just can't take it cause you not real
You want to be dead, there's gone be a dentist to see

When a nigga be scream and hollering I'm godfather
But I guess it's just the menace in me, plus
The only nigga that's skipping me from clicking is Herman Fisher
Relocated the killers and gats and drinking and if and burning swishers
Why they want to play with my life, they got families, nigga I don't
The only thing between me and them hoes
Is I'ma keep thugging they timid ass won't
Will they mind they own god damn business and keep they self out of mine
Because of a thin line, between handling business
and boo yeah coward a nine baby

This is my lllllllllllife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife

This is my lllllllllllife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife

This is my lllllllllllife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife

This is my lllllllllllife
Surviving in the struggle, living so shife