

# Zorro

A.CHAL

Ooh-ooh, ooh  
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Ooh, ooh

Tell me who to trust when I'm always out and leaving?  
I just do it for the rush, I don't even need it  
If you back-stab me I will always see it coming  
Busting through this bag  
hundred miles and I'm running, my man  
All this shit on my conscience  
Driving down to Tijuana  
got the plug out in Juarez  
I been laying low in London  
Got too much I don't wanna lose

These days I never know  
Tinted all black, move like Zorro  
Preying on me, I pray for their soul  
Seeing through the blindfolds like Zorro

Close my eyes when I fuck around, I see the vision  
I'm so locked in, I don't know what I'm missing  
No tengo sentimientos, ma I got no more feelings  
Had to vent, so now I'm chopping off the ceiling  
Peeling Cartiers while I'm grieving  
See myself in my demons  
Designer cover my Achilles  
Took a drag while I'm peaking  
Looking at life with no rear-view

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