

Do You See?

Z-Ro

Do you see, what I see
All I do, is wanna be
Somebody, can you feel what I feel
I try my best, to keep it real
And pay dues

Extra extra read all about it, I'm going crazy
Ro raging with motherfuckers smoking, going eighty
Miles per hour, pass up the city gel on my collar
Trying to locate and half of it, that will give a nigga some power
Not saying that I'm weak, bullets gon hang when I speak
I bust a brain if I reach, and get that thang off my seat
I'm in love with selling, that's why I ain't winning that much
Gas money looking funny, wheels ain't spinning that much
But I'ma make it the way of the other, cause I can't stop
People trying to trick me of my mission, but I can't drop
Cause I can't fall, run up I'ma keep bumping my lead
Before the game over I know, I'ma be dumping my lead
Because I'm nervous by nature, the slightest move will get you shot
I've been known to help niggas make it, to they burial plot
Not my lifestyle, I love the way the feddy stack
Record labels stealing Z-Ro, to CEO gon get it back

Sometimes, I feel like doing myself
Sixty percent of my body is drank, I ruin myself
But I'm addicted, eyes fucked leaning and look inflicted
With my facing revelations, tripping on what it predicted
Cause it's happening, when the trumpet blow
Ain't gon be no mo' laughing and, it's to the left or the right
I hope I get to go to heaven, I hear heaven is tight
Plus they tell me that hell is hot, and they won't give you no ice
I need a cool wrist, most of these bitches be the devil trying to fool me
Taking my kindness for weakness, and trying to use me
Bitch fuck your hair and your nails, you bout to lose me
I sleep with my uzi, cause she ain't gon steal from me if I nod off
The only place I don't let her go, is in God house
I'm a gangsta fa sho, you better believe me
I bet I'll be on that doja, every time you see me

I done made up my mind
Hustle all alone, I'm trying to get up some mo' shine
Every time I turn around, someone bringing me down
Got tired of em pulling on me, started slanging them rounds
And now they thinking I'm a crazy
Scarred and stabbed and shot, I'm still a baby, I want my mama
Cause I'm having bad dreams, and I die in em all
Got me ain't friendly when you see me, ain't no smiling at all
I live the thug life, heartless and hopeless
Laying low ducking the law, with long you lusting and acting douches
I'm connected, my best friend use to be I-10
Until my out of town connect, put out your chest and took my ends
Got me throwed off in the mind, retaliation's what I take
Fears get blowed off with my nine, incarceration's what I face
Feel me, I done lost my mind, but it's all gravy baby

I get tipped for knocking bustas off daily