

How Does It Feel

Z-Ro

How does it feel, when they don't believe anything you say
Always, got to show and prove yourself every single day
Man this ain't living, nothing but drama all through the week
And if they don't respect my words, why they want me to speak
I'm feeling worse, even though I put my family first
I'm shedding tears cause I feel as if I'm headed to the dirt
Ghetto on me, stressed out my mama buried ain't dead
Ain't got no partners cause my partners put a price on my head
Have you ever told a lie to make the drama stop
Watch the world you love turn against you no more family problems
How does it feel to be the black sheep, how does it feel to
Victimized yourself for one time and evermore after the g
And focus on the dresser bad, liquor approaching fast
Sitting around, waiting on death to come, watching time pass
My life, my life, falls under the wicked and shife
I wonder where I got to sleep tonight, my nigga, how does it feel

When you can't make the pain stop
Walking in the rain so your tears can blend in with the rain drops
When your kin people done turned they back
Every family that I know is just like that, my nigga how does it feel

I could of sworn I wasn't the only person on this earth
But it seems, that I've been one deep ever since the day of my birth
I'm sick and tired of being lonely in this crooked land, people think
I'm tripping cause of my facial expressions but they don't understand
24 years old and use to frowning daily, trying to figure out
Who was the friend, who was the foes, you know it's bout to drive me crazy
Mama, tell Jesus I can't handle the pressure, look at
The way they do me down here, my vision is Z-Ro on the stretcher
Can't I breed in peace, won't y'all leave me alone
Like Makavelli I close my eyes and picture home
Bout a Mo City block, a place that ain't no glocks, and it ain't no sin
No longer watching my back for the retaliation
How does it feel to wish that you was dead, I can
Answer that cause many of nights my pistol's to my head
But I'm so scared, my life, my life, 360 degrees
Of being neglected stressing enemies, my nigga, how does it feel

How does it feel, when these busters try to take your life
Lord knows I don't want to pull my 45
But see I'ma survive, nigga don't make me use my tool
Get some of that bomb green from Tom 'fore I lose my cool
How can I make to it to the top I'm like a crab in a bucket
It got me hostile, I see my pistol grab it and bust it
Nigga get off me, I don't love nan one of y'all
I'm coming forward you pen and killing every one of y'all
Call me ceaser, get em while they sleeping, I'm grim reaping
Bust and never saw me coming left him with his blood seeping
I'm a soldier, recognize the signs of the time
It seems it's kill or be killed up in this stony life of mine
Can you feel it, when it's hard to rub against a real nigga
How does it feel, to see my blood spill my nigga
My life, my life, feel like I'm running out of time

Till it's over catch me running with my nine, how does it feel