

Joy

Z-Ro

I think I done fell in love, with my damn self
I'm the only one I'm thinking of, nobody else
They say they love me but I don't give a fuck (My people just want my wealth)
Hell nah, cause when I was fucked up my people didn't give me no help
Now that a brother's balling hard, foes done turned to friends
I can see straight through that camouflage, still a hoe within
That's the reason I put my trust in God, I never put trust in men
If they fuck over you once they gone do it again and again and again
My biological father didn't teach me a lot I had to learn shit on my own
Thanks to the heavenly father I ain't worried about nothing got a lot of mon
ey on my phone
I'm just a thankful God fearing gangsta mane, thank you for easing a gangsta
s pain

I'm so thankful I've got joy joy joy joy joy
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I said I'm so thankful I've got joy joy joy joy joy
And I'm so thankful I've got joy joy joy joy joy
Cause it ain't no more pain pain pain pain pain
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Wing dinners and corduroys and turtle necks that's what I come from
No fancy clothes I couldn't talk to hoes that's the way it goes when you got
nothing
They was laughing at me but I still was happy trying to ask my daddy am I yo
ur son
If I am can I get a little love instead of ignoring me like I'm a scrub
All my haters was talking down, entertained by my misfortune
Same nigga they was laughing at the same nigga driving Bentleys and Porsches

Hallways and [?] elevators and shit ain't no more porches
Money by the ton I donate my haters all my 1's
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Everyday the attorney general be trying to serve me and shit
The queen will call [?], you gone need medical attention like emergency bitc
h
And fuck a manslaughter I want murder, on some first degree shit
What you try to get from me in one year, that's just a purse to me bitch
Mother fuckers try to steal my joy but they can't though, might as well try
to steal my bank roll

I'm a gangsta but I roll with God though, so when I say Church call me Saint
e Ro
I love my life I wouldn't trade it, even with these obstacles I still made it
Even gave a club DJ my new CD didn't even pay the nigga but he still played it (boss)
Hell nah I can't complain, too many problems to, too many diamonds mane
I've been counting money so long my hand got a cramp my people think I'm insane
Cause I'm smiling big for no reason even though it's raining outside
King of the Ghetto I could buy a pair of Jordan's for everybody on the South side

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