

# Lord Knows

Z-Ro

Lord knows I try to make a better way, better way  
But I'm trapped by the pain, I just can't get away  
Lord knows I try, real talk, like, every day, every day  
I feel good sometimes, but that feeling never stays, Lord knows I'm tryin'  
Hell yeah, I know it's hard out here (I know it's hard out here)  
But you know you gotta keep your faith in God out here (Lord knows I'm tryin'  
)  
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First off, I gotta say thank you, Lord  
'Cause I know I'm blessed, what am I doin' all this drinkin' for?  
Lisin' money and stressin' the body like I ain't gon' make some more  
Awesomeness some shit I know I deserve, I can't get it right now 'cause I ca  
n't afford  
Yeah, I got it, but I got a lot of shit I gotta do with that  
Stop askin' me about ABN, already told you, I'm through with that  
Until they pay me for the first one, ain't got nothin' to do with that  
If y'all knew what was goin' on, y'all would say, "It's a blessing," I'm not  
doin' bad  
I'm blessed, tired of this shit, but I'm not finished yet  
All of the shit I do, they'll just forget  
But I really don't care  
Roll that shit, light that shit, put it in the air

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Uh, can you believe a nigga say I fell off just 'cause I'm well-off?  
They must be smokin' that new kind of crack, I'm still funky than a bitch, I  
can't get the smell off  
I'm just happy I can eat a real meal, I ain't gotta fuck with no Kelloggs  
I got my own now, can't nobody tell me to pack up shit my and get the hell o  
ut  
I done kept it a hunnid with people that wouldn't even keep it twenty-  
seven with me back  
I don't loan money, rather give it to you, you know niggas will forget to hi  
t you back  
'Cause they hate you when you doin' better than them, that ain't my opinion,  
homie, it's a fact  
You break bread with your people, they always around, you go broke like, "Wo  
nder where my niggas at"  
Why do baby mamas use the child as a weapon? Like, fuck a father, you can't  
see the child  
Then go tell the white man he a deadbeat, now it's a monthly payment just to  
see the child  
Watchin' Mommy and Daddy go at each other's neck, I wonder how it feel to be  
the child  
She like, "Mommy and Daddy act like people I go to school with," so I guess  
we the child, Lord knows

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