

# Man Cry

Z-Ro

I greet the Father, on my knees  
With a bowed head and a humbled heart, my conversation is have mercy on me please

I just wanna be happy, will it come to bad  
Fresh out of my mind been 27 years, and every day I've seen is sad  
Even though I've tried till I've cried, I can't even stand  
Feels like I've died a thousand times, but just can't make it man  
Ain't nothing different about me, doing dirt  
Except I've never crept up on a come up, maybe that's why the hustling hurts

I remember just like it was yesterday, I'm 16  
Can't find no love can't find no peace, I wonder what it means  
Could it be because, I didn't choose the devil all the time  
I became an outcast to the hood, restricted to my rhyme  
Why couldn't I just live my life, without my talent making danger  
Jealousy is now state jail, from friends that turned to strangers  
They hate me, I don't understand why  
I swear I never seen a man cry, till it was my own eye

I'm 21, and think I finally got a grip on life  
And all bills paid apartment, a step-son and a step-wife  
But without a vehicle, it's kinda hard to get around  
If I got weed I ride for free, if not my partners let me down  
So now I'm loving to be one deep so much, I'm hating people  
Lookin at everybody, even babies like they Satan people  
Nobody understand me, everybody's tripping with me  
Wonder why when I gotta ride, were none of my people flipping with me  
Too many haters, trying to take a player off his game  
Not trying to be ballerific, I'm just trying to have some thangs  
They're just like crabs in a bucket, these people pull me down  
If I didn't have so many obstacles, think where I could be now  
On MTV or BET, or in some magazine  
Instead I'm stressing, hooked on codeine headed to tragedy  
Sometimes I think, it's better just to die  
Because I never seen a man cry, till it was my own eye

(what's happening now) in the year 2006, ain't nothing changed for Ro  
12 albums strong looking for do', but yet I'm still po'  
Now I done had and I done lost, and I done had again  
On the verge of suicide, I deeply wish I had a friend  
But even still a good samaritan, is Z-Ro's way  
And with that Christian attitude, I caught a homeboy case  
I done took too many blows, a punching bag is how I feel  
The deep depression starts to set, sanity's outta here  
I start my mission, trying to find my faith  
CDC number four in name, I'm feeling oh so helpless in this place  
I want revenge, it's heavy on my mind  
But Aunt Sandra say don't fight evil with evil, try to relax and do your time  
I heard a voice, and felt there wasn't no need in acting up  
Realized I wasn't at peace with God, and had to patch it up  
Hopin that blessings, fall out of the sky  
Z-Ro ain't never seen a man cry, until it was his own eye