

## So Much

Z-Ro

Lately I've been going through more bullshit, than a bull fighter  
So when I say my praises to God, one verse is like a full choir  
My every thought is pain, strain and stressing me to death  
Everyday is like a rehearsal, that's prepping me for death  
I think I'm ready, because this world ain't no friend of mine  
Only thing I qualify for, is murder and Penitentiary time  
Y'all should of shot me, in the jimmy instead  
But I guess they was feeling eachother, to get head in the bed  
Here I am, first born torn between heaven and hell  
I tell my people so no to dope, but I let it sell  
Need to practice my preaching, calling the kettle black  
I know I'm on pot before or not, I gotta peddle crack  
Ain't nobody got my back, except the laws when they on it  
So I be going for broke, demolishing my opponents  
Leaving no traces just blood on faces, believe that  
HK I'ma squeeze that, you won't even want be back

I got through so much, so I try to stay fucked up  
Because, when I'm sober I can't maintain  
Even though I do my best, the only thing I earn is stress  
So I, spend most of my days chilling with Mary Jane

I can't focus, I'm losing my mind real fast  
Dreaming and fiending for the day, I could make some real cash  
Dropping album after album, platinum song after song  
But it's like I ain't did nothing, cause the lights ain't on  
How can I win, it's like everything I do is a motherfucking sin  
It got a nigga, fiending to see my end  
All of my friends are fake, they come around when I'm spending cash  
But when I'm broke they out the do', with wheels spinning fast  
Lonely, daily dodging the devil but he on me  
Telling my people fuck him, cause he be working through my homies  
Burning bridges, and I don't give a fuck  
Remember y'all laughing at me, when I couldn't get a buck  
It's all gravy baby, I got bigger hurdles I'm trying to jump over my residen  
ce  
And my vehicle, is something I dump over  
And it might not be much, but it's all I got  
So when I paint it, promethazyne is all I pop

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I'm on pre-trial now, and I can't smoke no weed  
Cause if I catch a dirty, I'm facing T-I-M-E  
My first time ever sober, it's fucking with my brain  
Got a nigga with an attitude, I can't maintain  
If you cross me I'll bring it to you hard, not softly  
Living like I'm invincible, one day it's gonna cost me  
When it's time to pay up, and I lay up in a grave  
Bury me with a fifty sack, and a motherfucking 12 gauge  
Hey, no love in my heart  
Cause my homies was phony, straight from the motherfucking start  
Why couldn't I get a ride, if I ain't have no weed, these motherfuckers  
Ain't my people, they gotta be strangers up a reverend breed

So I bless the streets, with my smith-n-wesson  
And if you beefing with me nigga, better get your weapon  
You better pray that I'm codeine, and I'm just tripping  
But I won't let you add up to my problems, I will leave you tripping

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