

## Sometimes I Ride

Z-Ro

I'm having a hard time, getting a grasp on reality  
Without that weed or mad at me, for shit I did before I reached my 20's  
If I knew then what I'm feeling now, how much shit I go through by  
Living my life so recklessly, surprised they didn't kill me  
Don't think I didn't try it a couple times, but I surround by  
Living even more cautious, and them cats we lost in drive by's  
Sitting beside your car at night, at odds I'm able to shoot first  
But just pull it out and show it to you, and smack you with it first  
Reduced to a comic book, somebody need to throw the book at him  
Hit your crib steal your ride, with talons we could shoot at  
Look at that, boy use to be in the church choir  
What's wrong with him now, he just out there running wild  
Can't tell him nothing, boy why you pop up with all that stuff  
Why them people, keep knocking at the door at night so much  
Adolescent thug nation, been up in me from the start  
Eyes bloody red from hydro, and now it's getting dark]

Sometimes I ride  
(sometimes I ride, all alone I need to get away)  
Trying to clear my mind  
(trying to clear my mind, from all the stress and the drama in my life)  
I'm so high  
(I'm so high I'm so thoed, rolling cruise control)  
And I'm so tired  
(I'm so tired, of motherfuckers trying to take over my life)

If you could see what I see, you'd prolly close your eyes tight  
I witnessed motherfuckers get murdered, in broad daylight  
My life is a movie rated R, for really fucked up  
Blowing my feddy on do-do, I'm down to my last buck  
Losing my mind, looking at everybody like they evil  
I stay solo, don't even go kick it with my people  
I ain't capping, but I'm slapped up and I'm ready ro click  
I'm not trying to have a good time, nothing but feddy that's it  
Cause nigga, cash rules everything around me  
Without it in my pocket, motherfuckers try to down me  
Whenever I try to go get it, the laws surround me  
Take away my name give me a number, and take me to the County  
A soldier with them party packs, I'm coming out to leave  
'Fore I get started, I caught you cause I'm running out of weed  
Now I can relax, cause I got a sack of that shit  
Flipping and tripping, fifteens beating in the back of that bitch

I gotta ride sometimes, and I cry sometimes  
Cause for no reason at all, partnas die sometimes  
It's fucking with my brain, so heavy I can't stand up  
I screaming Lord have mercy Jesus, and throwing my hands up  
I'm all alone, ain't nobody been ringing my phone  
No socializing with them bitches, never bringing em home  
It could be a set up, I get wet up and become a memory  
Fuck the whole wide world, it's either them or me  
I'm one of them boys with a gun, on the cut late at night  
Everybody bring me they soft, because I bake it right  
At a playa price, I'm on a money making mission

Never gave no Expedition, side panels full of chickens  
Riding high, make sure to do the speed limit  
Ain't no flying by, cause I don't wanna give em a reason  
Car full of dope, don't wanna get pulled over for speeding  
I'd get sent to the Penitentiary, and wouldn't be leaving