Another Song

Z-ro

Hold up let me hit my Hypnotic Record, aight you rollin'?
I'd just like to take a minute to apologize to my listeners
I just wanna say I'm sorry for not havin' any songs about
Happiness or bein' in peace and shit like that
See I can only display my personal feelings and experiences
And so far I ain't felt what happiness feels like
Or experienced anything but hard times and heartache
So I apologize for not makin' you dance
I apologize for not havin' any sarcastical songs
You know that good feelin' with 'em that put a smile on your face
I ain't had nothin' to offer accept for frowns
So for that I'm sorry I promise if I could sing another song, I would
I wish I could tell you my life is good but it's not
I wish Missouri city runners were cold but they're hot
So many situations to deal with
I can't concentrate a hundred homies and everyone is fake
How can I make it out the ghetto it won't let me go
Seems like every time I do a good deed, good deeds never return to 'Ro
I gave up my last so somebody could have a start
Then somebody got me locked behind bars
What a way to show ya love back, homie you a friend for life
For your crime I'm doin' time in the Penn tonight
It's bad enough I lost a family, my luck ain't live
Mama died when I was 6 and Daddy ain't have enough time
To kick it with me like I wanted him to kick it with me
Now that I'm incarcerated you wanna come and visit with me
But I ain't holdin' no grudges Daddy, I love you that's my word
Even though you had me sleepin' on a curb
I wish I had another song
These are the days, these are the days
We cherish them because soon they'll be gone away
Soon they'll be gone away, on to another place
Pretty soon I'll be gone
Twenty sum odd years of calling God on this mobile phone
If it wasn't for my life style, I'd sing another song
I wish that I was ridin' around in a Bentley
But maybe Z-Ro livin' lavish just ain't meant to be
'Cause I'm the type of fella that'll give a bum a hundred dollars
I'd rather help out my people instead of poppin' my collar

I wish that I could get a million copies sold
If I'm broke I'd rather die, I don't want no more poverty growing old
Sometimes I wish that I was somebody else
'Cause I can't even pay bills even though my CD's won't stay on the shelf
Strugglin' and I'm strivin' and just barely survivin'
Bobbin' and weavin' my last breathe time after time
And it seems that I won't ever get no rest, I'm exhausted
Tryna make it compare the price and pain is what the cost is
Maybe if I was evil I'd be rolling in bread
Until somebody with a pistol come and opened my head
But my mission is keepin' ambition
I'm trying so hard even though my soul is scarred
Oh Lord, I wish I had another song
These are the days, these are the days
We cherish them because soon they'll be gone away
Soon they'll be gone away, on to another place
Pretty soon I'll be gone
Twenty sum odd years of calling God on this mobile phone
If it wasn't for my life style, I'd sing another song
I wish that I could sing another song but my rhythm is too much pain
Sunshine is the level that I think I'm on, so tell me why it's so much rain?
Day to day, it's a struggle in my lifetime
To keep from trippin' I be stayin' in the trees
No crimes committed, so tell me why I'm doin' time?
And won't nobody come and set a nigga free
Sometimes at night I smoke a cig and sit back
And wonder why the whole world hate me
So much [Incomprehensible] I just gotta pull my wig back
Wishin' murder would come on and take me
I wish that I could sing another song
I'm tired of sleepin' in rivers of tears all night long
No point in wonderin' why my people choose to do me wrong
Stuck in this reality until my life is over and gone
These are the days, these are the days
We cherish them because soon they'll be gone away
Soon they'll be gone away on to another place
Pretty soon I'll be gone
Twenty sum odd years of calling God on this mobile phone
If it wasn't for my life style, I'd sing another song

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