

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 each other, 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 fending 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, fending 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 residence
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, promethium is all I pop 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'm on pretrial 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 gageHey, 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 breedSo 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 trippingI 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>