It's A Shame

Z-Ro

[20 seconds of instrumental to open][Z-Ro]
Who else but me, can see the state of emergency that we face
Cause wearin of certain clothin can get a brother a case
Talkin pants, Air Force Ones, and a baseball cap
It's casual, but to authorities it mean you sellin crack
It's a shame I can't ride on the rich side of town
Without bein pulled over, thrown on the hood and patted down
Searchin my person for weapons and drug paraphenalia
It's rough on a thug that's what I'm tellin ya
When I say thug, I don't mean I'm 'sposed to be locked behind bars
Cause my acronym for thug is True Hero Under God
But still I'm a criminal cause I got gold teeth
Ain't no justice for blacks, just-us with no sleep
And they wonder why I keep a Glock 40 on my hip
Cause Houston police department love to empty full clips
Accidental death? Bullshit! They murdered all my eses
Chinga tu madre de policina {?} puente
If they get out of line, I get out of line
I'll be damned if I don't fight for my freedom and don't mind dyin
Already got one foot in the grave, ain't shit for me to jump in
Almost overdosin on codeine, heart barely pumpin
I'm high all the time, straight addicted
Paranoid, my dog might be a detective, so I don't wanna kick it
Even though I don't rob banks or sell street rocks
I still be callin collect to Trae to say, come bail me out
This crooked-ass America, I swear they got some game
Every city I travel to, the situation the same
I can't even say it's racial cause I got some white friends
Then again, they get patted cause I'm not a white friend
It's a shame[Chorus: Z-Ro]
Bad enough they wanna follow me around the sto'
Like I'ma steal somethin, thinkin I ain't got no dough
And if I died tonight, they'll think I did a crime for it
Offer me 25, insistin that I sign for it
Why I can't drive a fancy ride and rock diamonds and gold
Why every time I shine you wanna crucify my soul
Under investigation cause the ghetto on parole
Something's wrong, if I'm not flowin it's a shame[Z-Ro]
27 years of struggle is all I saw

I done lost homies to homies, and homies to the law
Everywhere I lay my head, dere been homicides
I done seen so many murders since the day my momma died
I ain't lyin, will I remit, will I survive, can I breathe?
Cause I don't see too many Christians as murderers and thieves
And I never seen a man cry, until I seen a man die
But he was tryin to do me so I had to make that man fly
Will the authorities understand self-defense
All they give a damn about is who did it and evidence
Screamin guilty to take another thug off the street
Prejudiced prosecutors can't keep no blood off the street
I'm one deep, if I gotta use my burner, I'm safe
I ain't gotta go "Rollin' on the River" like Tina Turner
Cause this crooked-ass America, I swear they got some game
Innocent until never found guilty, but still in chains
It's a shame[Chorus]

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