

Time

Z-Ro

Uhhh thank the Lord for my fans 'cause they love Z-Ro
I get mail but ain't no letters from nobody I know
it's like I've been forgotton-every since I got locked
down
but when my feet hit the ground, that's when phony
homies come back around
I'm talkin fair weather friends
that kick it with you when the sun shines on you, but
when the fair weather ends
It's over....nobody screamin free Z-Ro like Bun B was
screamin' Free Pimp C
accept Flipperachi and Pimp C
but I'm still livin' and still pimpin' my pen
I swear I'm surrounded by women-most offenders ain't
men
they gossip like they sittin in the beauty shop
can't own nothin-too busy criticizin what the next man
got
and all I hear is I ain't gon' sack no groceries or
work at fast food
I would sweep the floor at MacDonalds if I had to
fuck ridin' homie I'm tryna raise my daughter
hopin' I make parole so I can work on bein' a father
Another birthday came and went-still wearin' white
I try to sleep all day long, so I can ride all night
no visits or rec-the only time I get to leave my cell
is at chow times and showers
minutes feel as if there hours
I read books, tryna put some fat on my head
dreamin' about when I get back on my bread
So many people want me to fall-I know they'd love to
see me on lock
but in a minute-I'll be back on top-in due time.....

Time waits for no one
last year was a hard one but life goes on
I bump my head against the wall, learnin' right from
wrong
I fall off every ten minutes on this mission I'm on
Time waits for no one
last year was a hard one but life goes on
I never said I was perfect, man I come from the block
if it wasn't for time, I'd be stuck in the same spot

I can breathe again-pass my a blunt that's fat
plus my strap, so I can face my enemies again
July 9th, ain't no more conversary-catch me at
Pappadeux
time to get tapped by free world clippers and choppa
clothes
plus I gotta leave some people alone
that could determine if I go back to prison or stay at
home
bottom line-you ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time
It ain't like it's hard to tell-I've reentered the game
ain't nothin changed-accept the year
when I left people dyin' and death is still here

as if we fear nothin' man enough to kill somethin
but too coward to come together and build somethin
violent crimes, the caskets are smaller in size
how the hell a ten year old get shot-eleven times
prison ain't changed me, I'm the same nigga
not a trouble maker but ya'll know I'll never hesitate
to pull-a-trigger
they say my ghetto instrumental is influential to black
I just confess how far I go, not to get put on my back
I never made a man kill a man
even if he was bumpin' my song at the time-murder is an
original plan
I understand it's a time to be born and a time to die
time to laugh and a time to cry
A time to look for somethin' and a time to consider it
lost
Time for sadness and a time for joy
a time to build and a time to destroy
a time for war and peace
a time for silence and a time to speak
And I think it's time we come together on these streets
fill up churches Sunday mornin' like clubs-Saturday
night
and have a good worship service-just like we have a
good fight
'cause when the trumpet blows it's over, time is at
it's end
if you don't wanna burn, forever repent for all of
you're sins
and homie I don't give a fuck, if you blood or cuz
get you're relationship right with the one above
'cause it's almost time.....

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