

I Tried To Commit Suicide

Brotha Lynch Hung

I tried to commit suicide
I had a gun in my mouth, and a tear in my eye
Where's my mothafuccin' daughter at
Thinkin' about the next place I can slaughter at
I know she wonder's where her father's at [X2]
I Tried to Commit.....

Suicide I had alot on my mind
I couldn't figure nothin' out
And my momma just died it's just like
Damn everything was blowin' up in my mind
I couldn't determine what was wrong or right
I'm goin Madesicc (foe life)
I ain't the type to bitch, whine or moan
But now I'm in a werid place and I'm really missin' home
Naw metaphorically I'm really missin' home
I couldn't explain how much I'm really missin' home (I ain't gone)
I'm on some shit that'o get you locced up
Put in the trunk nigga let's life shits fucked up
I remember when I use to sit at home all alone in my room thinkin'
I'm hungry for food my momma screamin' in the front room
Drivin' me crazy I feel like jumpin' out the window
I'm itchin' like scabies cuz my minds tryin' to play me
And nobody cares, I might as well take this nine mili and die right here

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Life keep a gun
I'm always on the watch-out
Niggaz think I'm dumb
'Til I pull that glocc out
Leave a nigga numb
Somebody bring the cops out
Cuz his work day is done
Yeah, he had to clocc out
Yeah, I could be the blocc out
Niggaz really don't want that
Send'em on the plane wit that thang in his dark blacc
Plastic and as if I asked it, it came out
Couldn't trust a nigga so I mantain the same route
Why should I trust a nigga they think wit they penis
Then they wonder why there's friction between us
I'm tryin' to get to Venus suck and duck you mothafuckas
I could just of leave it and treat it like another supper
I could just eat it take it how it comes
When it's all said and done we ain't got to wait for reruns
I can't even see cuz in the rear view mirror
Hey, let me just get to this nine

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Hey my life been so fucc'd up
It's all on a bitch
Ever since i was 13 I wanted to be rich
Tried sellin' dope (Naw that didn't work out)
I was juccin' in the creek
I couldn't get my work-out
Too many niggaz was juccin' that brought the cops out
Yeah I went bacc to the Gardens and mom kept me locc'd out
Livin' in the regal think' sumthin' illegal
We know how it is when you workin' wit them eagles
Dope money pay for my EP
Tower Records put it out on ca-sign
And I had a sample of Knee Deep
Those days were good days these days are no good
Niggaz think I got a million probalby cuz I probably should
Sittin in this thigh-ass studio 'bout to change it
Reverse and rearrange it now I'm wit Strange bitch
This better work-out I'm tired of the same shit
So I put it in my mouth yeah, I'm goin' out

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