

Suicide Note

Brotha Lynch Hung

Hey, Yeah
Come here, Wussup
Let me tell you something, Humm?
Do me this favor, What favor?
I want you to take care of my kids for me
I'll be right back, Why you doing this?
When they ask you about me
Just tell them he didn't give a fuck about shit
That's what I want them to know
Cuz that's what they think anyways, alright
Will you be my voice? Okay
Will you be my feelings?
Finally let them know

You tell me this
How do you tell your kids that you addicted to drugs
And that your love ain't nothing to spark with to a dub
And even though it's just weed it got me spending up G's
Buying up keys and smoking my weed amongst thieves
I rather jack off then fuck bitches
I'll make it crack off
I hit switches
Use to get crack off quick
Do the snitches
I use to bang up the block
The homie cooked up the rock
While I use to look up the block
For the po po's
I know my do knows
And my don't knows
Moved out the Deuce Fo to do rap shows
And lost a couple of homies (fuck)
Big Zo he still with me
He a OG
29th street Crip
That nigga know me
You know E it goes deep
Q-Ball resting in peace
Spent years trying to fight the tears
And I got new problems resting in me
Still crying over joyce memories
Still wish Sicx and X was out wit me
So here's my suicide note (come on)

Take care of my kids
Cuz I ain't coming back for years
Here's my suicide note
My life is a joke
Baby please read the letter I wrote
Here's my suicide note
Hold back the tears I'll be back in a couple of years
Here's my suicide note
Cuz my life is a joke
So please homie read the letter I wrote