

Tried To Shoot

Brotha Lynch Hung

I be havin' bad dreams about doin' bad things
No money, my momma is gone, it's a sad thing
And the devil is laughin, if there was such a thing
You couldn't weigh my problems out with a human triple beam
I'm all fucked up, you might find me in the dump truck
Gin in my cup, hundred and fifty on the rough
I'm a tough act to follow, leave your chest hollow
See it ain't that tough, heat that ass up with the ralo
And hit the road, explode niggas with old vendettas
I talk alot of shit so my click pack berettas to rip back your leather
The world is cold, you could find me inside the bottle at 15 years old
I was tired of all the arguin', fussin', and fightin'
Ten years later I'm borrowin, adjusting the mic and
Try'na make it through these hard times, tellin' my problems
But who cares, everybody I know got 'em
I'm upstairs, starin' out the window drinkin O.E
I know this bottle really love me, I love you too
You be helpin' me through my problems, killin' my fears
And you understand when I break down you bring out the tears
And you give me heart, but I just can't take it
Shit's hella fucked up, bad luck, just can't shake it
Half way to the grave, half way from birth
Try'na wonder what my life is worth
I think I'm cursed

I put the gun to my head, tried to shoot
I think I'm better off dead, where's my kids?
Make sure they ain't around, tell 'em I love um
Tell 'em bend down on the ground, plug ya ears
What you hear ain't nothin' but a cartoon
A bad dream, your daddy, he comin' back soon
In another form, re-born, with some great expectations
I'ma miss you too, believe it

Got dealt some bad punches, but I'ma roll with it
Got served some bad lunches, so who can I trust?
Got love and I don't want it, who's teachin' me hate?
Got hate when I don't need it, I believe in my faith
Diagnosed manic depressive, only learned one lesson
And that's fuck it, forget it, and let it die like the rest of 'em
Battled with the best of 'em, they can't touch me
Then shadowed out the rest of 'em, you can't fuck me
Might as well go 'head and let me murder myself
Niggas got hate for me anyway, take it, it's hell
And if I see you at the funeral, I'ma reach out for you
That one up in the corner, give his ass to the coroner
He just another foreigner, all in my mix
Don't have the slightest idea how I'm feelin 'bout shit
Cuz I maintain my composure, never tellin' the plan
My brain stained in dosia, I'm tellin' you man