

# I'd Rather Be Dead

Esham

In order to make that trip to the future  
As efficiently as possible  
There's certain things in the past  
You'll have to leave in the past  
I'd rather be dead  
Than living in a world like this  
With nothing to eat  
No shoes on my feet  
Can't get a job 'cause my skin color  
Can't get a cab 'cause I'm a brother  
My back's against the wall  
In fear I might fall  
My last words when I die  
Will be fuck yall hoes  
Nobody knows me  
Nobody owes me shit  
So suck my dick  
I'd rather be dead 'cause I'm sick  
Of all this racism KKK shit  
All brothers aint bad  
But see you treat us like animals  
So we tend to get mad  
This is for the suicidalists  
I'd rather be dead  
Grab a nine and I might just  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
Pull the trigger  
And kiss the whole world good bye  
This is for my dead homies  
Dead bodies found layin' in my pocket  
But ya don't know me  
You still creamin' on my old shit  
But I aint said nothing new  
It's just that you don't know shit  
I'm still knockin' 'em out  
Knockin' 'em dead  
Did what I said  
'Cause I'd rather be dead  
I'd rather be dead  
I'd rather be dead no jokin'  
No use prayin'  
With the preacher for money  
It ain't workin'  
No use gettin' me a nine to five  
'Cause either way you look at it  
I'm breakin' my back to be alive  
It goes something like that  
Then something like this  
Next thing you know I get pissed  
My life is up an down  
How you think that sound  
I'd rather be dead  
I can't fuck around  
Time is wastin'  
Lost the rat racin'  
I just found out  
My dad's free basin'

Problems fall on my head like a ton of bricks  
And all I wanna do is get my gun quick  
Bad news  
Bad signs  
And everytime I wanna talk  
Somebody tell me it's a bad time  
Another victim of circumstance  
Mislead  
That's why I'd rather be dead  
For those of you who had trauma in the past  
(I'd rather be dead)  
Experienced set backs  
Love didn't work out for ya  
I'd rather be dead 'cause I'm pissed off  
And I'm mad at the world  
I ain't got to girl or no money  
Everything's sad but funny  
Everybody seems to think I'm a dummy  
But I'm gonna show 'em all  
I won't miss none of yall  
Try to figure out why I did it  
You think you know it  
I'm gonna hold my breath  
And wish my death  
And when I open my eyes  
I wish that there's no more life left in my body  
So I can party with the devil  
'Cause I'm goin' to hell  
Might aswell  
Soul and body  
Embedded in a wooden box  
When they put me in the ground  
People just couldn't stop cryin'  
'Cause they heard my soul is dyin'  
I'm going to hell  
So you can stop tryin' to pray for me  
You Should've talked to me  
Now I'm gonna haunt your ass  
Every night you sleep  
You better heed the word  
That the dead man said  
'Cause one day  
You'll rather be dead  
There's present tense  
There are problems  
There are solutions  
When we dwell too much on the problems  
Your not spending enough time  
Quality time  
On the solutions  
The solutions are the only thing that will delete the problems