

1-800 Suicide

Gravediggaz

So you wanna die, commit suicide
Dial 1-800-Cyanide line
Far as life, yo it ain't worth it
Put a rope around your neck and jerk it
The trick didn't work
Your life was fucked up from the first day of birth
After watching Jackie Gleason walk into a precinct
Gun down the captain for no fucking reason
And get some LSD or a drink from the bar
Get behind your wheel and crash the car
Like Desert Storm, got bombs for the war
confront an alligator, let it eat ya raw
Back to the function, riding the caboose to hell
BZZZZZZT touched the third rail.
You fucked up chicken, now you just got fried
Cause it's a suicide

Chorus

Verse Two: Too Poetic/Grym Reaper

Hey you little rich kid, what's your beef?
Come and tell the Grym Reaper all of your grief
You asked for a Benz and you only got a Jeep
Your pop's got endz, but yo he's mad cheap
Maybe you're a bastard child you think
Mom and dad are white and you're dark as ink
Maybe you're Sicilian with a tan
But you hate lasagna and the pizza man
Now you stand on the grave digga locked and
You're singing the blues about the rough life you've got
Not
You don't wanna live no more
I guess you're really ready for the grave yard tour
When you get home just fill up your windows and you doors
Turn your oven on high for about four hours
Light you a blunt, kiss your ass goodbye
You gassed yourself 'cause it's a suicide

Chorus

Interlude: Scott (the Moleman) Harding:

Yep

I've said it before and I'll say it again
Life moves pretty fast
If you don't stop and look around every once in a while
you could miss it

Verse Three: Prince Rakeem/Ryzarector

Six fucking devils stepped up playing brave God
Had the fucking nerve to try and enta my grave yard
I'm the Ryzarector, be my sacrafice
Commit suicide and I'll bring you back to life
The first was convinced
Stuck a water hose in his mouth at full blast so his head can explode

Second said hmmmm that's good but I can top it
Put an ax up to his head and then he chopped it
Blood shot out in every direction
The rest didn't know what to do, I made suggestions
Put a slug in your mug, overdose on a drug
Wet your hair stick a knife in the plug
Or be like Richard Pryor set your balls on fire
Better yet go hang yourself with a barbed wire
Three and Four fell deep into spell and
Ran to the zoo, locked themselves in a lion's den
Number Five said it ain't worth being alive
Smoked a dust suede, mixed it with cynaide
The only one to escape was number Six
He went home
Sat in the tub and slit his wrists
Yeah, more graves to dig. Goodbye
There's no need to cry...
... cause we all die