

# Suicide

Lil Wyte

suicide suicide  
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homicide homicide  
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runnin outta time losin my mind  
hate this place feel like diein  
brains steady flyin all over the place  
dont wanna live written on my face  
gotta get up outta here gotta go  
yes i know where im gonna go  
hot ice cold where they take souls  
satan rule the land been a long road  
i bet you wonder why im sayin these things  
lost my job got no change  
car got stolen bills backin up  
kids hungry and im startin to feel the pain  
tired of the world tired of groupie girls  
brains startin to scream thoughts in this world  
if i have to face another hater ima pull out the motherfuckin Mossber  
g pump  
to your dome yea da boy gone  
off of the map cap been blown  
how ya like me now hatin asshole?  
my lifes fucked thats fo sho  
if you wanna know yes i tell ya  
how it goes yes i tell ya  
but you gotta stay tuned to the zone  
too hear what happened to the big failure

its the last straw for me to fall  
i cant sleep cant see at all  
done smoke a pound drank a pint of syrup  
mixed 30 rolls with tylonal  
bout to fly away out this bitch  
have dreams but i cant get rich  
too many problems in my life now to be worried bout stackin chips  
moms sick as fuck dad goin crazy girlfriend sayin we havin another ba  
by  
i cant afford the 2 that i got but you know i love them 2 little ladi  
es  
thats why it hurt to say goodbye  
i cant save it dont know why  
people say well you have to try  
let the mothersuckers live this lie  
popped a hundred pills eyes are closed  
heart is pumpin body gettin cold  
no cell phone noone knows where im at thats what i want  
breathin gettin hard death gettin close  
creepin up on the devils back bone  
times ran out so has my liquor  
holla at you motherfuckas im gone