

Diary of a Madman

Scarface

Yo anybody seen my diary? Oh there it is.
I gotta write this shit down. Check it out.

Dear Diary, I'm having a little problem
I cant make it by myself maybe you can help me solve em
I'm confused and I dont know what to do
I'm hoping you can help me cause there's no one else to talk to
I want to die, but it ain't for me
I try to talk to my dad, but my old man ignores me
He says I'm delirious
And I drink too much, so he doesnt take me serious
But little does he know I'm really losing it
I got a head, but aint no screws in it
I be thinking deep
Thats one of the reasons at night I cant sleep
I thought it would change when I was older
But even now I'm still peeping over my shoulder
Theres your life after death too
And what about the man with the cane and the black suit?
And what about cancer?
Too many motherfucking questions, and not enough answers
Aint no use in trying
We might as all face it we were all born dying
Theres a black book in Brad's hands
And its the diary of a madman

Dear diary today I hit a nigga with a torch
Shot him on his face and watched him die on his front porch
Left his family heartbroken
Flashbacks of him laying there bleeding with his eyes open
I cant put the shit behind me
I'm know I'm here somewhere, but I cant find me
I used to be a drug dealer
On the for reala, now I'm a born killer
And it aint no changing me
It used to be hard, but now it aint no thing to me
To go up to a niggas house
Put a pistol in his mouth, and blow his fucking brains out
No doubt if you cross then I'ma take ya
Cause I'm a fucking killer by nature
You got an M11, bring your weapon
Huh, I got an AK-47
It's gonna be a bloody Sunday
Cause your fucking with a nigga like Bundy
And I was taught not to kill
Like a Vietnam vet with a thousand yard stare
So welcome to the slaughterhouse nigga
Redrum and I'ma be the grave digger
And if you want to cap, come cap me
I'm trigger happy like my great-grandpappy
Just watch for the chrome in my right hand
My second entry from the diary of a madman

Dear diary, help me cause I'm frantic
S-sometimes I think I'm going schizophrenic
The world's looking dark for instance
Maybe cause I'm looking from a distance

But then again I wear a blindfold
Staring at the motherfucking world with my eyes closed
To myself I'm a stranger
Walking in the foot steps of danger
It's a long path ahead of me
I gotta get somewhere cause everybody here is scared of me
I had a job but they fired me
My wife walked out now I'm living in my diary