

# Sorry For What?

Scarface

Is anybody out there...

I swear I feel so all alone, back down on my knees again  
Hopin you can keep me strong, cuz I can't hardly sleep tonight  
I took too many sleepin pills, I drunk too many Miller Lites  
And I can feel the Reaper near, so please forgive me for my sins  
I am just another man, sorry for the pain that I've caused  
I know that you'll understand, these demons'll drive me - insane  
I've been goin mad, rightly oughta blow out my brains  
Cuz I'm hurtin bad but I'm fightin... blast, on the other day  
These problems got me usin more drugs, along with the other things  
I'm slowly fading into my thoughts, (come against me, bring it on!)  
and I'm driftin in and outta space, and I don't believe I'm wakin up  
with the alcohol, them drinks, drift me to another world  
Where the sunshine stay shinin, I think I was finna url  
Mom, can ya look at me? This ain't what I used to be  
Tomorrow, I'll be somebody else, cuz I ain't been me  
I can't seem to shake these, I'll put that there on every day  
Boy tryna figure me out, is like Lamar changing  
But my childhood was fucked up - raised rowdy by a single moms  
She told me my daddy didn't give a fuck, she ain't let him do his job  
Seventh grade; failing, and I don't know my next of kin  
These days in these fucked up ways, who the fuck are them?  
My daddy had three other kids, but I ain't never seen 'em  
So, ain't no sense in coming around now, you ain't been here befo'  
It's sad but I ain't feelin nuttin, my whole life's been a fuckin maze  
and when I tried to locate my siblings, they were gone away  
Lost inside they other things, fucked me then, fucked me now  
Quick to tell me "Show you some love" nigga show you Hell  
Ain't no love I'm feelin here, I ain't never felt this vile  
Momma - did you really love me, or was I just a child?  
Said it, outside, I knew you seen it in my face  
I wasn't really happy here, but I was forced to lead the way  
Copped me a Cheverolet, drift away to the other side just to think  
If I get to see Heaven, I can thank you for the ride  
and thank you for my other kids and even though  
they mommas won't admit that they can't make it but bad,  
low on the child support - always been bad boo, tryna make me out to be  
the bad guy that I really ain't, bitch so quick to hassle me  
Cuz I don't see my kids enough, but I make the time to pick 'em up  
But you find somethin to stick in my face - it ain't me fuckin up  
It's bad enough, face to face, always wanna catch a case  
So bad, they'll try an get me they make me - and what takes the cake  
Is the whole world is fuckin up, daddy know where the weancess at  
and you spoke lies to ya old mans eyes, how could you sleep wit that?  
Jepordize everything, just for searchin for larger life  
Sacrificin the whole family, with no regards to Christ  
Funny how people can take this shit for granted, right?  
But then reality strikes, and changes things overnight  
I thank the Lord for watchin over me, though I'm prone to doin wrong  
I repent religiously, hopin that the weak get strong  
when the heat get's on Hopin that the weak get strong, when the heat get's o  
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Ya know... the street's different... stays as it likes...

Either, headin into a storm... ya in a storm...

or ya just got out of a storm... (yeah) think about it...