

The Wall

Scarface

So Brad, tell me what's going on in your world?

Its fucked up, I'm looking at myself in the mirror
I'm seein' something scary, its slowly coming clearer
I had a funny feeling that today will be the day
that someone tries to blow my motherfucking ass away, but hey
I'm running out of time to be blunt
I never had the nuts to make the motherfucking final cut
I've been depressed for no fucking reason
but every problem's got a reason; I'm kinda havin' trouble breathin'
somebody help me, hear my plead, my battle cry
my psychic told me that its gonna be hard for Brad to die
she told a lie, I think I oughtta shank the bitch
I got my pistol, thinking if I should shoot the shit
click, bang, I jammed it, I slammed it
aw shit, goddammit
I'm havin' a fucked day to begin with
I lost a bitch, a bird, and then this
my homies tend to think I get too high
I'm doing fine, now pass me the formaldehyde
the only thing that seems to help me cope
is when i'm drunker than a motherfucker puffin' on the chronic smoke
and then I'm able to deal with the woes
the friends, the foes, the bitches, the hoes
I gotta gang of niggers, but none of them I'd fuck
I gotta gang of bitches, but none of them I'd trust
trust a bitch, nope, uh-uh, never
I'm havin' too much trouble tryin' to keep my damn self together
they got me by the balls
so please, help me break these motherfucking...
[pause]
these motherfucking walls

I scream, there's no one there to hear me cry
I guess its hard to scream to motherfuckers when you scream inside
I see my future and its coming in in plain view
I blame myself, but mommy dear I blame you
cause the world was fucked from the first
and havin' me only made the matters worse
now look at what they did to me
that's some fucked up shit for a kid to see
motherfuckin' dealin' after dealin', killin' after killin'
I'm tryin' to check a million
the world's going straight to fuckin satan
a fucking shank's about to blow my fuckin' brain

Shit, damn I'm dead
I'm finally through hearing all these voices in my head
somebody finally got me
I'm looking at my self outside of my fucking body
so now I'm standing face to face
Mr. Scarface, versus Mr. Scarface
we were two different people from the start
one nigga's too smart the other too fucking hard
we both refused to be outsmarted
dearly departed, the battle's already started
fuck it, its on, I duck, I weave, connect, oh shit, I'm struck

caught me with the peircing lead
and realized to myself I shot my own fucking self
damn, suicide is quicker
I try to break the wall the wall keeps getting thicker
I really start to miss my mother
I try to climb the wall, its higher than a motherfucker
I wondering what that sound is
I'm having major trouble trying to walk around it
there ain't no getting up I'm trapped
I really should've dropped my motherfucking strap
cause when I think about it now
I shouldn't have tried to climb the motherfucker

I should've broke the motherfucker down