

Diary Of A Mad Man

Tank

I am about to make shit clear
You are gonna need a shot to listen to this right here
Cause I am about to blow the roof off I don't give a fuck
I am about to spill the truth on this niggas and I know ima lose a fan
But I am just reading from the book that I barely understand

Diary of a mad man
Too much power in the words on the pages in my hands
A diary of a mad man
Too much power in the words on the pages in my hands
A diary of a man

I can see the pain in the first ten pages
Surrounded by a whole lot of hatred
Surrounded by a whole lot of killers
Better than friends cause at least they realer
The streets became a real good friend
That's how we got sex love and pain
And now we after now or never
Ima be fucking with the streets forever
Cause they pay when you wouldn't pay
Had to hustle but we made a way
We made it 50 call it taylor made
Straight from the pages of a diary of a mad man

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So don't shout me out now nigga
Don't quote my songs
Don't dap me up now killer
Don't write them wrong
Don't say you knew me then player
And then try to serve me my waiter
Cause I could use you better as a hater
Words from the diary of a mad man

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