

Happy Ending

Tech N9ne

I didnt wanna fucking do this song, for real
But I wouldnt be real if I didnt

I be sittin by myself and i be thinkin, mamma what have
I become
All I wanted was a family, but when I look I be the
only one
Losing everything but money, everybody left and I dont
even get to see my young
Only happiness I get is in the studio or when I get to
do another run
On the road, doin shows, get the woes, when it slows
gettin cold, getting old, but the flows, gettin sold
I've been doin this a minute but I think I wanna end it
cause I'm on a higher level when I go
But the music I be doin it, be losin, im makin it
really tough for me to grow
All I wanted is a family portrait, see my babys on a
ranch with horses
But I was fucking devil bitches in corsets. I was livin
really good then I torched it
I'm sorry ms jackson, I'm speakin for real and I never
meant to make your daughter cry
But I guess I'm a failure with women and I'm lost and I
feel like I ought to die
Feel like that I'm rotting away, my life is just off in
the grey
How much does it cost I will pay, to lay, and be off in
a coffin today
I mean off in ashes, this life ain't after it clashes,
If I get blasted
This is Suicide Letters all over again, I thought that
I passed it
But I guess that I didnt, cause this one is written and
there is no mending
When I'm broke I'm a joke, when I croke I just hope
that I wont be descending
But this ain't a joke, I want you to know that Tech
ninna is never pretending
Alone in my bed, a gun to my head, asking WHERE IS MY
HAPPY ENDING? Ya

Tell me how it ends?

What about me? Where is my happy ending?
What about me? Is this a life worth living?
You know how it begins, but how does it end for me?
Will I ever win, or does he have it in for me?
Will this stop before I stop breathing?
Is their lighty, in this dark I'm seein?

yea, I put my life in this music, nina is inside out
I set my heart out for people, they know what the
inside bout
Will they keep feelin ninna forever, this I doubt
Can never cry for help, if you listenin this my SHOUT
I'm searching for the passage way to happiness

But i'm wordly So I have to lay in nastiness
Yes, this is Strange year, worldwide fames near, but
the games queer
Sometime I feel like I'm rudolph, the reindeer
But instead of a red nose, I stay in my red clothes
And the music they said blows, is on top and the cred
grows
Can you ressurect a mother fucker that feel like he
pose as a dead soul
Deteriorate to an inferior state almost equal to bread
mold
Now as my head goes, wish I could shed those
Because all of the times the ninna was shorted, what I
bled froze
So now that I'm cold blooded, and hella sick is what
the med shows
The tread slows, and dont even think you reviving a
dead rose. yea

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listen, I'm on the verge of insanity, but I'm competant
I'm breakin so I pick this one to vent
The reason I look away when you talk to me my brain is
producin evilness
I'm drownin in 151 and rumble ments. Thats how I feel
I sit in the mirror with this gun and practice how to
kill
But I know damn well that the people like me really
wanna know how to chill
This life is bout a check, bout a number bout a bill
Think about all the love I lost cause my quest is bout
a mill
I feel like your stupid, dont talk to me I'm crackin up
And I dont mean laughter I'm full of bitterness and its
backing up
And I live with angles, but lately demons been shakin
up
Tug of war with my spirit, you see the blood I'm
hacking up?
I love my kids and my fans inside I sob harder
Cause you pay the price for my life and its right like
Bob Barker
And I wont pretend its ok I'm no facade starter
So I guess my only happy ending is in a massage parlor
yea

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