

Sad Circus

Tech N9ne

Ladies and gentlemen
Hurry hurry hurry
Step right up and witness the sad circus
Come one, come all, to the sad circus
Step right up and see the lonely poor bastard
Witness the man with no hope
Stories guaranteed to be tear jerkers
Now without further ado the sad circus

I had so many plans, cause I got plenty fans
I thought that I was never gonna be alone to spend these grands
But it seems that every girl that I dated somehow hated the way I loved
And I made it with so many, now the ones that with it, its not any; they all
ran
I thought that I was gonna be Hugh Hef, 6 women to go 2-step but not one of
my crews left
Kids are growing up and they got lives now nobody arise now
Used to be married but narcissism let my bride down
I used to be a playa, I used to be afraid of bein' alone
But they all eventually said "I'll see ya lata'"; much lata'
Sittin' in this plush lair must say I'm stuck in a rut
I guess not enough prayer
Cause ain't nobody came back, I bust the same raps
But ain't no dame pack wish I could change that
They say that I'm extra I'm messed up and I murk the deals
That I have with them in the past and I miss 'em and it hurts for real

See the man with the broken heart (He's just right over there)
All alone he stands so lonely in this world so cold
He's been hopeless from the start (He feels like no one cares)
All alone he'll die so lonely saddest story ever told

Sooner or later rumors will tear me up in pieces
And he's just bad luck everywhere I go I'm sick of this steepness
More money more problems, no money problems gettin' worse
He don't have to get bloody but he didn't have to get hurt
Fuck I'm so tired of all this cryin' it don't work
Its affectin' my work, not even carin' about my worth
Thin line between love and raps, Strange got the fans comin' back
Bad plus bad run in packs, startin' to think is a curse
I can't you do it without you nigga'
Can't be done without me nigga'
Well, yes it can, wait, please don't do it without me nigga'
Strange move on without these lyrics, makin' it to where these fans can hear
it
I'mma have to get done I'm near it, Brotha Lynch Hung you can't be serious
I'm starin' at these pills, in the back of the Cadillac, and matta' fact
I got it I grip my steel, I'm always on this suicide thinkin' that's how I f
eel
I figure if I get rid of these pills nobody would care if I'm killed
My label's on the road, me just sittin' at home, see
Spittin' that chrome, me gettin' that gold
We get that call and then we run in they house, gun up in they mouth
Just know this Madesicc Strange, that's what I'm talkin' 'bout

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Thank you for coming to the sad circus
Come again or not

I'm falling I'm crawling
I'm yellin' but no one can hear me calling
I'm cryin' profusely
Sometimes I wish somebody would just come and noose me