

# Suicide Note

Brotha Lynch Hung

Hey, Yeah  
Come here, Wussup  
Let me tell you something, Humm?  
Do me this favor, What favor?  
I want you to take care of my kids for me  
I'll be right back, Why you doing this?  
When they ask you about me  
Just tell them he didn't give a fuck about shit  
That's what I want them to know  
Cuz that's what they think anyways, alright  
Will you be my voice? Okay  
Will you be my feelings?  
Finally let them know

You tell me this  
How do you tell your kids that you addicted to drugs  
And that your love ain't nothing to spark with to a dub  
And even though it's just weed it got me spending up G's  
Buying up keys and smoking my weed amongst thieves  
I rather jack off then fuck bitches  
I'll make it crack off  
I hit switches  
Use to get crack off quick  
Do the snitches  
I use to bang up the block  
The homie cooked up the rock  
While I use to look up the block  
For the po po's  
I know my do knows  
And my don't knows  
Moved out the Deuce Fo to do rap shows  
And lost a couple of homies (fuck)  
Big Zo he still with me  
He a OG  
29th street Crip  
That nigga know me  
You know E it goes deep  
Q-Ball resting in peace  
Spent years trying to fight the tears  
And I got new problems resting in me  
Still crying over joyce memories  
Still wish Sicx and X was out wit me  
So here's my suicide note (come on)

Take care of my kids  
Cuz I ain't coming back for years  
Here's my suicide note  
My life is a joke  
Baby please read the letter I wrote  
Here's my suicide note  
Hold back the tears I'll be back in a couple of years  
Here's my suicide note  
Cuz my life is a joke  
So please homie read the letter I wrote