

# The Suicide Note

Scarface

You was playin when you was sayin you was ready,  
I'm knowin' you ain't mean it when you told me you was tired of life  
and just wanted to leave it you were drinkin,  
so I ain't really pay it no attention,  
took you back to your crib and dropped you off  
with the intention of gettin with this Asian chick  
I've been offerin (this chick) somethin exquisite,  
I had to spit that game cuz she was vicious,  
I'm hoppin back on 6-10 punchin the drop  
On my way out to her house I started noticing cops,  
Somethin tellin me to turn around and follow these dudes,  
Normally I wouldn't consider but out of the blue I'm bustin a U  
I get off where they get off at  
Well-familiar with these streets, this where I came up at  
Roadblocks, yellow tape, "a crime scene" they say,  
What the f\*\*k just happened? I just left this place...  
I get out and started walkin askin Frog, "What's up?"  
Lookin at me dazed like, "Face, it's all f\*\*ked up..."  
I move a little closer tryin to see who it is  
and I saw his baby mama in tears holdin his kids...

And it was then it finally hit me  
I'm standing here nervous as I can be  
It was nothing that can prepare me for what i'm finna see  
I'm praying this is a dream and i'm bout to awake  
But the closer I got the more I realize fate  
Wasn't fair to change for me  
And why would I think so  
My homie had a date with death  
He had to make though  
I'm feelin eerie, I'm liftin up the yellow tape  
By the time I get to the scene  
they rollin this away  
I wonder whats under this sheet, my knees get weak  
To the point i had to take me a seat  
This shits deep  
When they put a nigga down that you was raised around  
What was once a minor statement's turnin' major now  
Never woulda thought in years that my homie was suicidal  
Had it all money and kids and a wife that read the bible  
They say its life and death in the slum  
He had his reasons I shoulda believed him  
Anotha soul no longer breathin'  
Hate to say it but this one been heavy on my conscience  
My nonchalantness just took a life over some nonsense

And everybody thinkin' its murder, but homicide sayin self-inflicted  
By the way the body was sitting, brains in the kitchen  
Who coulda predicted  
But the detectives who was fishin'  
Fucked up that the family had to see dad in his position  
All i remember was us doin what we did  
To survive in these streets where we lived  
We was kids growin up in this environment

Nothing but trouble  
You either struggled or you hustled  
Folded the bubble  
Grade school til we dropped out, we had a plan  
We was either finna be rich or die like a man  
We did it all for the love of the hood, every journey  
Imagine seein' your dawg lifeless across a gurney  
I wonder what was goin on  
You shoulda said that you was feelin' mad  
I coulda talked you outta that  
But never will i see you again  
Nor will your kids  
Nor will your family or your friends  
Its the end  
Not even words I write in this song  
Can right that wrong  
My nigga is gone and life goes on