

Baccara

"Frustrated"

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Hey doom niggaz
Come get drunk wit me
Is it alright?

[Verse 1]

See what you don't know is
I'm a 5150 a schizo in the mist
I keep my pistol in my grips
You disappear like extra clips
If you fuck wit me
Good luck wit me
I'm buck 50
Don't worry about trouble cuz
I brought the truck wit me
And I got the cowl 50
That's the only thing I trust lately
That and my babies
Cuz they aint old enough to turn on me
After it's ??
Like these paperplate ass niggaz
And these lyin ass bitches
All I need is me
The rest of you all can die in these ditches
I be a broke motherfucka
Trenchcoat motherfucka
Cut throat plus I'm motherless
Your stomach can't stomach this
My stomach is rumblin
Cuz I'm hungry
Confused and half dead and ???
Them dark broom niggaz
Spark the room niggaz
Start to finish niggaz
Then my heart diminish niggaz
So let's start it then finish it then back to the start
I used to sing to myself in the dark
Cry in the dark kill in the dark it's all the same

[Chorus]:

Sometimes I get so high
That's how I cope with life

When things aint goin right I'm frustrated
Fuck you for judging me
Mind yours and let me be
Why can't you niggaz see I'm frustrated

[Verse 2]

My attitude is shitty
When I aint got no motherfuckin money
When I'm hungry
And can't put a damn thang in my stomach
What's frustrating
I'm havin problems with my old lady
And lately she been against me and hatin
Sayin fuck it
I got to keep it ruggish and thuggish
Mean muggin kissin and huggin
I aint got time for that fuckin dumb shit
It's time to kick it and get it twisted
With my homies and some bitches
That's the deall
Everybody straight fuckin
It's fucked up when a big mouth slut
Fucks it up for the rest of us
She's a cousin to us
Nobody wants to fuck with her
She's the ugly one
I hate pussy and bitches
And I believe that pussy belong to dick
And you already know I hate the fuck out of faggots
Powderpuff, twinkletoes, catch blows to the nose
I don't think God meant for niggaz
to bump big heads and take it up the asshole
Got to keep it real
No longer debatin
This is how I feel
I'm upset and frustrated

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm fixin to knock shit out the box
And be a rabid dog
Bounce bitches off walls
Kill 'em all
Cuz I been strugglin like a tug of war
Since I was born in this wicked ass world
Now it's time to let loose and get the juice
Showin the steel toed boots
And flip the loops
Avoiding all obsticles
Well face 'em head up

Nigga man up
What the fuck
You scared or what
I hit the bottom when my pops died
What fucked me up most is when moms cried
Had to keep my composure (hold it in)
Don't let her be holder (emotionless)
Be a soldier
Now I been tryin to do this music thang
For years and big money aint came
But I'm tryin to be patient
I'm still waiting
Bout to break up and shake up shit
Cuz it's frustratin

[Playboy 7 Talking]

Shit man I'm tired of bein so motherfuckin broke
If I wasn't so broke
I could take care of my mama and my kinfolk
But I'm just stuck out here
By my damn self
Thought I had family out here
But they done fucked me
Didn't even use no vasoline, none
Ass still hurtin
Trust in motherfuckers
Rollin around with homies
You know what I'm sayin
Thinkin they hard thinkin they down
Flake out like some corn flakes
Kelloggs ass niggaz
Man a nigga like me just can't work at no motherfuckin
9-5 job
Got the motherfuckin boss fuckin off
And I'm doin most of the work gettin paid bullshit
I come in there on time and do my shit and I still get
paid shit
Don't even have enough money to pay my
motherfuckin rent
I gotta do a little hustle
Shit man, there's a black and a white side
Is there a gray area?
I'm lookin for it
Everytime it seems like I'm gonna come up
Somethin always slaps me in the face
Wether it be a Po-Po or a fuckin ho
Ho ass niggaz not these hoes
I trust no bitch
Done learned that a long time ago
Wish I had my motherfuckin pappy with me next time
And give a nigga some knowledge

Teach a nigga somethin
That nigga flaked off when I was 13
Ho ass motherfucka
And if I find you I'm a whup yo ass too nigga
Tired of bein broke
Worried about my momma and thangs
Thinkin about homies that's dead and gone up in the
pen
Motherfuckers that's fixin to go to the pen I just see it
Feels like I'm just wastin my breath for some of the
homies though
I just don't even know what to do no more man
Man fuck this shit
Fuck it, I'm through

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