

Esham

"Be-4"

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Mirror mirror on the wall
A suicidal brotha must take a fall
Can I talk for a second to myself
Can I talk for a second to myself
Can I look into my eyes for a second
Take a second look into my eyes
Im not suprised at what I see
I see you starin right back at me
So I can take a chance, take a razor to my wrist, take a
rest
Take me a razor from the medicine chest
But I hesitate to take myself out my misery
I gotta get my head together, oh whatever
Ima do, i gotta do it right now
'cause im a suicidalist and i know how
Life aint nothin but bitches and money
So Elizabeth, im comin to join ya honey

Can I get wicked, get wicked can I get
Im losin my mind I cant take this shit
I think im gonna do it, gonna do it man I think
I bet by tomorrow dead bodies might stink
13 ways how to do it man I know
But if I gotta go I guess I gotta go
Im still dreamin about death and everyday is like dead
I got a screw loose and a hole in my head
Tick tock and you dont stop
Fuck the muthafuckin cops
Man im thinkin all this crazy shit
I grip my dick.....

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