

Fats Waller

"Suicidal Thoughts"

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(RING, RING)

(Hello? Aw shit, nigga. What the fuck time is it, man?
Oh god damn. Nigga do you know what time it is?
Aw shit, what the fuck's goin' on? You alright?
Aw, nigga what the fuck is wrong wit you?)

When I die, fuck it I wanna go to hell
Cause I'm a piece of shit, it ain't hard to fuckin' tell
It don't make sense, goin' to heaven wit the goodie-
goodies
Dressed in white, I like black Tims and black hoodies
God will probably have me on some real strict shit
No sleepin' all day, no gettin my dick licked
Hangin' with the goodie-goodies loungin' in paradise
Fuck that shit, I wanna tote guns and shoot dice
All my life I been considered as the worst
Lysin' to my mother, even stealin' out her purse
Crime after crime, from drugs to extortion
I know my mother wished she got a fuckin' abortion
She don't even love me like she did when I was
younger
Suckin' on her chest just to stop my fuckin' hunger
I wonder if I died, would tears come to her eyes?
Forgive me for my disrespect, forgive me for my lies
My babies' mothers 8 months, her little sister's 2
Who's to blame for both of them (naw nigga, not you)
I swear to God I just want to slit my wrists and end this
bullshit
Throw the Magnum to my head, threaten to pull shit
And squeeze, until the bed's, completely red
I'm glad I'm dead, a worthless fuckin' buddah head
The stress is buildin' up, I can't,
I can't believe suicide's on my fuckin' mind
I want to leave, I swear to God I feel like death is fuckin'
callin' me
Naw you wouldn't understand (nigga, talk to me
please)
You see its kinda like the crack did to Pookie, in New
Jack
Except when I cross over, there ain't no comin' back

Should I die on the train track, like Remo in Beatstreet
People at the funeral frontin' like they miss me
My baby mamma kissed me but she glad I'm gone
She knew me and her sista had somethin' goin' on
I reach my peak, I can't speak,
call my nigga Chic, tell him that my will is weak.
I'm sick of niggas lyin', I'm sick of bitches hawkin',
matter of fact, I'm sick of talkin'.
(BANG)
(hey yo big...hey yo big)

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