

## **Brotha Lynch Hung "I Tried to Commit Suicide"**

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I tried to commit suicide  
I had a gun in my mouth, and a tear in my eye  
Where's my mothafuccin' daughter at  
Thinkin' about the next place I can slaughter at  
I know she wonder's where her father's at (X2)  
I Tried to Commit.....

(Verse 1)

Suicide I had alot on my mind  
I couldn't figure nothin' out  
And my momma just died it's just like  
Damn everything was blowin' up in my mind  
I couldn't determine what was wrong or right  
I'm goin Madesicc(foe life)  
I ain't the type to bitch, whine or moan  
But now I'm in a werid place and I'm really missin'  
home  
Naw metaphorically I'm really missin' home  
I couldn't explain how much I'm really missin' home(I  
ain't gone)  
I'm on some shit that'o get you locced up  
Put in the trunk nigga let's life shits fucced up  
I remember when I use to sit at home all alone in my  
room thinkin'  
I'm hungry for food my momma screamin' in the front  
room  
Drivin' me crazy I feel like jumpin' out the window  
I'm itchin' like scabies cuz my minds tryin' to play me  
And nobody cares, I might as well take this nine mili  
and die right here

(Hook)

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(Verse 2)

Life keep a gun  
I'm always on the watch-out

Niggaz think i'm dumb  
'Til I pull that glocc out  
Leave a nigga numb  
Somebody bring the cops out  
Cuz his work day is done  
Yeah, he had to clocc out  
Yeah, I could be the blocc out  
Niggaz really don't want that  
Send'em on the plane wit that thang in his dark blacc  
Plastic and as if I asked it, it came out  
Couldn't trust a nigga so I mantain the same route

Why should I trust a nigga they think wit they penis  
Then they wonder why theres fiction between us  
I'm tryin' to get to Venus succ and ducc you  
mothafuccas  
I could just of leave it and treat it like another supper  
I could just eat it take it how it comes  
When it's all said and done we ain't got to wait for  
reruns  
I can't even see cuz in the rear view mirror  
Hey, let me just get to this nine

(hook)  
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(Verse 3)  
Hey my life been so fucc'd up  
It's all on a bitch  
Ever since i was 13 I wanted to be rich  
Tried sellin' dope (Naw that didn't work out)  
I was juccin' in the creek  
I couldn't get my work-out  
Too many niggaz was juccin' that brought the cops out  
Yeah I went bacc to the Gardens and mom kept me  
locc'd out  
Livin' in the regal think' sumthin' illegal  
We know how it is when you workin' wit them eagles  
Dope money pay for my EP  
Tower Records put it out on ca-sign  
And I had a sample of Knee Deep  
Those days were good days these days are no good  
Niggaz think I got a million probalby cuz I probably  
should  
Sittin in this thigh-ass studio 'bout to change it  
Reverse and rearrange it now I'm wit Strange bitch

This better work-out I'm tired of the same shit  
So I put it in my mouth yeah, I'm goin' out

(Hook)

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