

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Suicide Note"

Visit "[Suicide Note](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey, Yeah  
Come here, Wussup  
Let me tell you something, Humm?  
Do me this favor, What favor?  
I want you to take care of my kids for me  
I'll be right back, Why you doing this?  
When they ask you about me  
Just tell them he didn't give a fuck about shit  
That's what I want them to know  
Cuz that's what they think anyways, alright  
Will you be my voice? Okay  
Will you be my feelings?  
Finally let them know

[Verse 1]

You tell me this  
How do you tell your kids that you addicted to drugs  
And that your love ain't nothing to spark with to a dub  
And even though it's just weed it got me spending up  
G's  
Buying up keys and smoking my weed amongst thieves  
I rather jack off then fuck bitches  
I'll make it crack off  
I hit switches  
Use to get crack off quick  
Do the snitches  
I use to bang up the block  
The homie cooked up the rock  
While I use to look up the block  
For the po po's  
I know my do knows  
And my don't knows  
Moved out the Deuce Fo to do rap shows  
And lost a couple of homies (fuck)  
Big Zo he still with me  
He a OG  
29th street Crip  
That nigga know me  
You know E it goes deep  
Q-Ball resting in peace  
Spent years trying to fight the tears  
And I got new problems resting in me

Still crying over joyce memories  
Still wish Sicx and X was out wit me  
So here's my suicide note (come on)

Take care of my kids  
Cuz I ain't coming back for years  
Here's my suicide note  
My life is a joke  
Baby please read the letter I wrote  
Here's my suicide note  
Hold back the tears I'll be back in a couple of years  
Here's my suicide note  
Cuz my life is a joke  
So please homie read the letter I wrote

Visit [Brotha Lynch Hung](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.