

**Mark Owen****"Can't Take No More"**

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[Verse 1]

I can't take anymore I'm gettin' depressed  
And I feel this stress inside my chest  
Its gonna explode I gotta load of shit on my mind I'm  
tryin' to find  
The answers to the things I need to succeed or survive  
I'm tryin' to strive, but I wonder why  
Is it so rough, I gotta see defeat and times are tough  
And I don't want him to see his daddy gettin' takin'  
away in hand coughs  
It's all this stuff, these city kids they keep it real  
But not keepin' it real, is talkin' shit and packin' steel  
What's the deal? That's how you represent? not me  
I keep it real wit my family and I take responsibility  
But I can understand why niggaz buck  
Cuz it's a fucked up world  
But what if your stray bullet ever hits a little girl  
I think about this shit as years go by like minutes  
I know it's bad now, but it's only the beginning  
Media tells me its better, but I see its gettin' worse  
I wanna ride around in limos, but I'm headin' for a  
hearse  
Suicide obeys my mind and sometimes I think it's over  
I don't trust no one so I'm on point just like a cobra  
Even if I know ya I don't trust ya cuz I cant  
You give ya soul to people and they just take  
advantage

Chorus

[Verse 2]

Negative vibes vibrate through my speaker  
See the way I rhyme I should be sayin' somethin'  
deeper  
My tape that gets possessed by evil demons actin' ill  
Teachin' kids how to rob, carry guns, sell drugs, and  
kill  
I real artist, kick soul from the heart  
Does art imitate life, or does my life imitate art  
If it's a part of your life express it, but don't glamorize  
This influence on young minds wanna do the shit I

rhyme

Now that I'm a parent it's apparent I should recognize

Negative affects that this has in my child's eyes

I apologize to my family and pride

And all the young teens I left emotionally scarred

I can't take no more of the guilt paranoia

Never be a doctor, or a cop or not a lawyer

The only thing I got in this world is makin' music

I'd rather rap about abusive shit than go and do it

But at the same time I write lines when I write these

rhymes

I'm a grown man and a father am I wastin' my time

Should I just stop and maybe change my flow

I don't know, I'm at a crossroad I gotta choose where to

go

I am not the man I was when I started this shit

All of this shit, I see means the harder I spit

But since then I got a son who looks up to me

The image that I'm givin' man it kinda fucks with me

Torn between a gimmick and respect from my seed

Well there ain't no competition I ain't driven by greed

So this is it, all the horror, the violence, the gore

I leave it behind I can't take it no more

[Chorus]

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