

Dark Angel

"Manic Depressive"

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I'm wakin' up every morning to the same old shit
Landlord straight bitchin' for a nigga to pay the rent
My wife left me two years ago
Now I got a thinkin' problem
And a wine-drinkin' problem
My family turned backs on me, they wouldn't help
I had a psychiatrist but that mothafucka couldn't help
The pressure's in a man and that got me
Damn, I wish my wife would shot me
And take me out of my misery
But yo fuck it! How I got to this point
It ain't no mystery
It started a long time ago when I wouldn't smile
Tell me how you gonna make abused child smile
Watchin' my mom get beaten for nathen
I know i'm next so I sit on the bed
Just waitin' for pops to come in and started swingin'
Drunk as a mothafuckin' skunk yellin' and screamin':

"Boy! Didn't I tell your ass to stay out of my business?
Now I kill your ass to sleep!"

This type of shit went on more than three weeks
Moms got beaten while I got black eyes and brused
cheeks
I lose sleep try to think of a way to make it stop
My only solution: I have to kill pops
My opportunity came and i felt great
Pops left the house and forget to grab his 38
Tonight was the night to make this shit cease
Grabbed the piece cause after tonight there would
finally be peace
He came on that night drunk as fuck
lookin' like he been hit by a Mack-truck
I felt a bit nervous and a little scared
But I had to put 38 to his head
He turned and said:
"Ya ain't even got the guts, nigga!"
I said: "I love you daddy!"
And then I pulled the trigga
His body just felt I know was dead

I dropped the gun and then I kissed him on the forehead
My mother started to screamin' and goin' mad
I thought she was glad but I was wrong my mom was sad
Police came and I ended up arrested
This was the genesis of a manic depressive...

Now gettin' back to the present situation
Damn, I'm late for work and my boss is a fuckin' jerk
See, I'm a cook at this little tiny whole in the wall
You may not heard of it, it's called the burger-pit
And when I step in it's the same shit every night
Bustin' my ass 5,50 an hour ain't right
Fuckin' waitress all she does is bitch
Then she sweat up on my ass
Cause I sort of fucked up an order
Hell! I know it was my fault but why she sweat me
Talkin' that punk shit, tellin' me why my wife left me
She know she strike a nerve when my eyes show redness
I stepped to the bitch and said this:

"Look, bitch! You better get the fuck out my goddamn drill
before i slap you to the mothafuckin' floor, bitch!
What the fuck you're talkin' about?"

Oh shit, I know she run to tell the boss
Now he's walkin' over lookin' pissed and talkin' shit:

"Look here, Joe! You come work everyday late! You're drunk!
I can't take this no more! You cost me money! You fired!"

Fuck! I guess it ain't my day
Just got fired no check and it's friday
Now what the hell I'm gonna do about the fuckin' rent?
I'm leavin' out and I don't have a fuckin' cent
So I went back to my apartment
What did i notice sticked to my door?
An eviction notice, I just looked in the stairs as I cramble it up
Opened and slammed the door madder than a mothafuck
I started to feelin' like I don't wanna live
Started to grabbin' the phone and shit
Tearin' up my fuckin' crib screamin': "Why me?"
I feel I've been crucified
Come to thinkin' a thought to commitin' a suicide

I grabbed the razorblade as you could figure
A little voice in my head said: "Do it, nigga!"
Right about then I snapped, then it hit me
If I'm gonna go, I'm takin' a couple of people with me
So I wrote a letter to the cops and it said:
"By the time you read this I already be dead.
I can't take this shit no more, In fact it's time to me to
get a little
payback..."

I surrounded my guns with black handles
With a grip of fifth of Jack Daniels
Putted on my armery on tears and take a quick shot
I think I make a landlord my first stop
Got me walkin down the hallway to seddle the score
Cocked the hammer of the nine and knocked on the
door:

"So, it's you! yYou got my money? Shit, where's the
rent at?"

"Hah hah!"

"What's so funny?"

"This is so funny, mothafucka!"

[Gunshots]

That's what he gets, now he's better off
I drove over to the mailbox to mail the fuckin' letter off
I hopped back to my truck and drove up the street
The end is near and my mission is almost complete
There it is so I stopped and grabbed my shit
Got out of the truck stepped to the burger pit:

"Hey! What you doin' here? You...I fired you!
What you comin' back here for? Get out of my
restaurant..."

[Gunshots, screamin']

"Fuck all you! Yeah, fuck you!"

[Gunshots, screamin']

"It's time to end this shit! Life is a mothafuckin' bitch,
ain't it?"

[Gunshot]

"Oh shit! That mothafucka shot himself....."

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