

T-ara**"Tomorrow's Not Promised"**

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It's 3 in the morning
I'm awoken by the sound of the doorbell
Thoughts going through my mind
Pitch black, my eyes are blind
So I'm getting up to see what's happening
I'm hearing voices so I'm creeping slowly
Just in case they gets to capping
I walk asleep to the door
Next thing I know these fools jumping out of my bushes
And got me face down on the floor
Now I'm getting hit, kicked, and pistoled with
And the only thing that I see was all this blood flying in
my spit
Oh my God they're trying to kill the T
And worst then that all these G's were smoked down on
PCP
They threw me in my bathtub where I lie in blood
These homies must be thinking I live the life of a thug
They full of hate
Beating me with pipes and weights
And I'm looking for a way out but it seems that there's
no escape
Dear God, I'm wondering can you save me
But maybe I should die because this world got me
going crazy
Now what am I to do
I'm sad and confused
I'm thinking about my family, friends, and my baby
boo, too
Gee, tears run down my eyes as I start to cry
I'm wondering to my self why do the good always have
to die
(Chorus)x2
Tomorrows not promised to me or to you
Awhoo
Death is knocking at your door what you gonna do
Awhoo
Man they finna kill me
They tripping and pulling me out of my bathtub
Dragging me through my house
Hollering cus I'm getting shocked in my mouth

They stealing my possessions
Gapping everything I own
Took my VCR and got away with 4,000 bones
I'm outside
They got me at gunpoint
Trying to jack my ride
And if I try to run God knows it would only be suicide
So I better stay
But they still gonna try to pull my car-a

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