

T-ara**"Tomorrows Not Promised To You"**

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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
So I better think fast cus if I don't blast
I can't let down my guard
I'm praying to God someone would call one time,
Bu nobody called one time
So I'm stuck in the midst of this crime
He's cursing at me
Asking me what my combination be
And if I don't tell him homie you know better
This be killing
So I told him
Lock numer 8 3 11
It's the 2 11
But I don't want to end up in the 1 8 7
I'm 21 but will I live to see 22
And witness the birth of the organized Rhyme Crew

(Chorus)x2

Oh no
Here comes they homies in a van
Rolling 12 deep
And I'm thinking to myself how much longer will I be
getting beat
The man behind me shouts out that's it I'm killing him
That's when I finally came to my senses and said I'm
stealing then
I socked the man in his grill then I watched him drop
To the pavement
I had to run or I knew that I'd be gettin popped
So now they on a chase hunt to try and capture me
Hoping to leave me dead like a menace to society
Now I finally realizing and that it's true when God says
"Tomorrow's not promised to you"

(Chorus)x4

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