

Tech N9Ne

"Sad Circus"

Visit "[Sad Circus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

[Verse 1: Tech N9ne]

I had so many plans, cause I got plenty fans
I thought that I was never gonna be alone to spend
these grands
But it seems that every girl that I dated somehow hated
the way I loved
And I made it with so many, now the ones that with it,
it's not any; they
All ran
I thought that I was gonna be Hugh Hef, 6 women to go
2-step but not one of
My crews left
Kids are growing up and they got lives now nobody
arise now
Used to be married but narcissism let my bride down
I used to be a playa, I used to be afraid of bein' alone
But they all eventually said "I'll see ya lata"; much lata'
Sittin' in this plush lair must say I'm stuck in a rut
I guess not enough prayer
Cause ain't nobody came back, I bust the same raps
But ain't no dame pack wish I could change that
They say that I'm extra I'm messed up and I murk the
deals
That I have with them in the past and I miss 'em and it
hurts for real

[Hook: Courtney Kuhnz]

See the man with the broken heart (He's just right over
there)
All alone he stands so lonely in this (?)
He's been hopeless from the start (He feels like no one
cares)
All alone he (?) saddest story ever told

[Verse 2: Brotha Lynch Hung]

Sooner or later rumors that tear me up in pieces
And he's just bad luck everywhere I go I'm sick of this
steepness
More money more problems, no money problems

gettin' worse
He don't have to get bloody but he didn't have to get
hurt
Fuck I'm so tired of all this cryin' it don't work
It's affectin' my work, not even carin' about my work
Thin line between love and raps, Strange got the fans
comin' back
Bad plus bad run in packs, startin' to think is a curse
I can't you do it without you nigga'

Can't be done without me nigga'
Well, yes it can, wait, please don't do it without me
nigga'
Strange move on without these lyrics, makin' it to wear
these fans can hear
It
I'mma have to get done I'm near it, Brotha Lynch Hung
you can't be serious
I'm starin' at these pills, in the back of the Cadillac, and
matta' fact
I got it I grip my steel, I'm always on this suicide thinkin'
that's how I
Feel
I figure if I get rid of these pills nobody would care if
I'm killed
My label's on the road, me just sittin' at home, see
Spit in that chrome, he gettin' that gold
We get that call and then we run in they house, gun up
in they mouth
Just know this basic Strange that's what I'm talkin' 'bout

[Hook]

[Outro]

Visit [Tech N9Ne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.