

## **Jakki The Motamouth**

### **"Positive Rap"**

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[Verse 1]

So the doctor tells me I'm positive, I'm reckless  
How would you feel, nigga if you found out you was  
infected?  
Ask him to run the test again, he said, "I can't"  
But this is 99.9% accurate, and no chance of results  
being incorrect  
In a fret, I ran out of the clinic like not hearing it  
prevents death  
But bein' real with myself, I came to grips with what he  
said  
Now the fear starts settin' in, all sort of thoughts ran  
through my head  
Like the pain I'ma have to endure and the  
embarrassment  
All of it'll fade me quick, can't have no baby sick  
And who's the crazy bitch who gave me this virus?  
Figured I'd never catch it, but now I'm livin' it  
A grown man cries when he knows his time is limited  
Used to be player, yeah it seems I played myself  
For thinkin' every broad I fucked around with had their  
health  
I'm walkin' down the street wondering how I could  
Explain this shit to my mother and friends, or if I even  
should  
Maybe I shouldn't, 'cause then I'll be looked at different  
I remember when I would make fun of cats like that and  
wouldn't  
Listen to a word they had to say  
But now look at me: I ain't actin right  
The fear has caused a loss of appetite  
Let a virus snatch my life, and now I learned a painful  
lesson  
Just the thought of it keeps me in deep depression

[Chorus x4]

The virus... who gave me this virus?

[Verse 2]

It took about a couple of weeks for me to get used to  
my new handicap

Now most can't stand me, black, 'cause I'm heartless  
and lifeless  
I started off scared, but now I hate the world  
Police lookin' for a male, my height who raped a girl  
Only 14 years of age, her name was Pearl  
Yeah that was me, I admit it, it almost made me hurl  
Sometimes I be callin' up chicks I used to work with  
Give 'em dick, get 'em sick, 'cause none of them are  
worth shit  
See I'm thinking 'bout death every minute, can't hardly  
stand it  
A bitch gave me this illness, I'll give it to the planet  
You don't understand the anger that flows from heel to  
wrist  
I'm angry at hoes, bros, and those who still exist  
I go to malls, talk to broads, g'd up and get the digits  
It's silly how quick I can hit once the liquor kicks in  
Stickin' chickens sometimes taking women I couldn't  
have  
I could be hittin' someone you with so you shouldn't  
laugh  
A broad with syphilis, a yam wit Hepatitis B  
Another with herpes, I'm already dead it don't bother  
me  
I'm normal to my dogs, they don't notice the change in  
style  
We ran a train on 3 broads, they all infected now  
Now they can't say shit, but still I'ma keep it secret, see  
kid  
What they don't know won't hurt 'em, I guess for now at  
least it's  
Kinda funny, I thought I'd be livin' it up makin' money  
But now I have no future, dunny, none of my days are  
sunny  
So what the hell? I might as well end my life now  
I'm livin' trife style, I picture the doctor's slight smile  
When he told me I'm positive  
I'm positive I'm 'bout to rob this bank  
I'm sick of livin' kids I'm goin' out with a bang  
Walk inside a national city with a shotty  
Screamed "everybody get on the ground or we gon'  
have a bloody lobby"  
The teller was frightened, tryin' to dodge a massacre  
She gave me all of her cash, but afterwards I blasted  
her  
Fuck y'all people, I shot at every person in the building  
I terminated 8 citizens, 2 of them were children  
The rest I left fled to the flack contemplatin' what I did  
Feelin' remorse for dumpin' shots on little kids  
Who never had a chance at life  
What the fuck was I thinking? I made this bed I sleep in

I woke up as a weakling  
My anger was childish I realize that now  
And choose to turn myself in  
'Cause I seen my face all over the 6'o clock news  
And I deserve to be in prison, or whatever fate I have to  
face  
I hear sirens surround the place so now I wait  
I got a.380 to my temple when the phone rings  
I tear trickles down my cheek when I hear the answer  
machine

[Answer Machine:]

"Hello this message is for Mr. Rubin, um... this is Dr  
Huffer. We're really not supposed to disclose this type  
of information over  
The telephone, but I do have some good news for you.  
We seem to have a bit  
Of a mix-up with the blood test.  
... like I said he have some good news, you're  
Negative... "

Jakki: Oh, no! OH, NO! NO! NO! [gunshot]

"... so I deeply apologize for any inconvenience or  
Unnecessary strife this may  
Have caused for you. And if you have any questions,  
give me call, the  
Number's (614)-827-3545. I'll be in my office today,  
and pretty much all  
Day. Thank you very much and again, we do deeply  
apologize for the  
Inconvenience and the mistake. Have a good day."

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