

B.I.G. Notorious

"Suicidal Thoughts"

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RING RING)

(Hello? Aw shit nigga. What the fuck time is it man?

Oh god damn. Nigga do you know what time it is?

Aw shit what the fuck's goin' on? You alright?

Aw nigga what the fuck is wrong wit you?)

When I die fuck it I wanna go to hell

Cause I'm a piece of shit it ain't hard to fuckin' tell

It don't make sense goin' to heaven wit the goodie
goodies

Dressed in white I like black Tims and black hoodies

God will probably have me on some real strict shit

No sleepin' all day, no gettin my dick licked

Hangin' with the goodie-goodies loungin' in paradise

Fuck that shit, I wanna tote guns and shoot dice

All my life I been considered as the worst

Lyin' to my mother, even stealin' out her purse

Crime after crime, from drugs to extortion

I know my mother wished she got a fuckin' abortion

She don't even love me like she did when I was
younger

Suckin' on her chest just to stop my fuckin' hunger

I wonder if I died, would tears come to her eyes?

Forgive me for my disrespect, forgive me for my lies

My babies' mothers 8 months, her little sister's 2

Who's to blame for both of them (naw nigga, not you)

I swear to God I just want to slit my wrists and end this
bullshit

Throw the Magnum to my head, threaten to pull shit

And squeeze, until the bed's, completely red

I'm glad I'm dead, a worthless fuckin' buddah head

The stress is buildin' up, I can't,

I can't believe suicide's on my fuckin' mind

I want to leave, I swear to God I feel like death is fuckin'
callin' me

Naw you wouldn't understand (nigga, talk to me
please)

You see its kinda like the crack did to Pookie, in New
Jack

Except when I cross over, there ain't no comin' back

Should I die on the train track, like Remo in Beatstreet

People at the funeral frontin' like they miss me

My baby momma kissed me but she glad I'm gone

She knew me and her sista had somethin' goin' on

I reach my peak, I can't speak,

call my nigga Chic, tell him that my will is weak.

I'm sick of niggas lyin', I'm sick of bitches hawkin',

matter of fact, I'm sick of talkin'.

(BANG)

(hey yo big...hey yo big

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