

Scarface "Diary Of A Madman"

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(Scarface talking)

Yo anybody seen my diary? Oh there it is.

I gotta write this shit down. Check it out.

Dear Diary, I'm having a little problem

I cant make it by myself maybe you can help me solve em

I'm confused and I dont know what to do

I'm hoping you can help me cause there's no one else to talk to

I want to die, but it ain't for me

I try to talk to my dad, but my old man ignores me

He says I'm delirious

And I drink too much, so he doesnt take me serious

But little does he know I'm really losing it

I got a head, but aint no screws in it

I be thinking deep

Thats one of the reasons at night I cant sleep

I thought it would change when I was older

But even now I'm still peeping over my shoulder

Theres your life after death too

And what about the man with the cane and the black suit?

And what about cancer?

Too many motherfucking questions, and not enough answers

Aint no use in trying

We might as all face it we were all born dying

Theres a black book in Brad's hands

And its the diary of a madman

(chorus)

Dear diary today I hit a nigga with a torch

Shot him on his face and watched him die on his front porch

Left his family heartbroken

Flashbacks of him laying there bleeding with his eyes open

I cant put the shit behind me

I'm know I'm here somewhere, but I cant find me

I used to be a drug dealer

On the for reala, now I'm a born killer

And it aint no changing me

It used to be hard, but now it aint no thing to me

To go up to a niggas house
Put a pistol in his mouth, and blow his fucking brains
out
No doubt if you cross then I'ma take ya
Cause I'm a fucking killer by nature
You got an M11, bring your weapon-aca

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