

Brotha Lynch

"Tried to Shoot"

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I be havin' bad dreams about doin' bad things
No money, my momma is gone, it's a sad thing
And the devil is laughin, if there was such a thing
You couldn't weigh my problems out with a human
triple beam
I'm all fucked up, you might find me in a dump truck
Gin in my cup, hundred and fifty on the rough
I'm a tough act to follow, leave your chest hollow
See it ain't that tough, eat that ass up with the (?)
And hit the road, explode niggaz with open (?)
I talk alot of shit so my click pack berettas to rip back
your leather
The world is cold, you could find me inside the bottle at
15 years old
I was tired of all the arguin', fussin', and fightin'
Ten years later I'm ballin, adjusting the mic and
Try'na make it through these hard times, tellin' my
problems
But who cares, everybody I know got 'em
I'm upstairs, starin' out the window drinkin O.E
I know this bottle really love me, I love you too
You be helpin' me through my problems, killin' my
fears
And you understand when I break down you bring out
the tears
And you give me heart, but I just can't take it
Shit's hella fucked up, bad luck, just can't shake it
Half way to the grave, half way from birth
Try'na wonder what my life is worth
I think I'm cursed

[Chorus] x2

I put the gun to my head, tried to shoot
I think I'm better off dead, where's my kids?
Make sure they ain't around, tell 'em I love um
Tell 'em bend down on the ground, plug ya ears
What you hear ain't nothin' but a cartoon
A bad dream, your daddy, he comin' back soon
In another form, re-born, with some great expectations
I'ma miss you too, believe it

Got dealt some ba

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