

T-Bone

"Tomorrow's Not Promised"

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It's 3 in the mornin
I'm frightened, awakened by the sound of the door bell
thoughts goin through my mind
It's pitch black my eyes are blind
so I'm gettin up to see whats happ'nin
I'm hearin voices, I'm creepin slowly just in case they
gets to cappin
I walk obviously to the door
next thing I know these fools jumpin outta bushes got
me face down on the floor
now I'm gettin hit, kicked and pistol whipped
And the only thing I see now is all this blood flyin in my
spit
oh my God, theyre tryin to kill the T
And worse than that is that all these G's was smoked
down on PCP
they threw me in my bath tub where I lie in blood
these homies must be thinkin I live the life of a thug
they full of hate, beatin me with pipes and weights
And I'm lookin for a way out but there seems that
there's no escape
Dear God, I'm wonderin can You save me
but maybe I should die because this world got me goin
crazy
now what am I to do?, I'm sad and confused
I'm thinkin about my family, friends and my baby Boo
too
jyeah, tears run down my eyes as I start to cry
And I'm wonderin to myself "why do the good always
have to die??"

(chorus:)

Tomorrow's not promised to me or to you
Death is knockin at your door what you gonna do?
Tomorrow's not promised to me or to you
Death is knockin at your door what you gonna do?

man, they fixin to kill me
theyre trippin and pullin me out of my bath tub
draggin me through my house

hollerin cause I'm gettin socked in the mouth

theyre stealin my possessions, gappin every thing I
owns
took my VCR and got away with 4,000 bones
(I'm outside) they got me at gun point, tryin to deck my
ride
And God knows if I try to run itll only be suicide
so I betta stay, but they still gone try to pull my cork
so I better think fast cause if God don't bless I can't let
down my guard
I'm prayin to God some body would call (one time)
but nobody called (one time), so I'm stuck in the midst
of this crime
hes cursin at me askin me what my combination be
And if I don't tell him, homie I know better, cause this
be Killer Cali
(so I told him) lock number 8-3-11
It's a 2-11 but don't wanna end up in a 187
I'm 21 but will I live to see 22
And witness the birth of the Organized Rhyme Crew ??

(chorus)

(oh no) here comes their homies in a van rollin 12 deep
And I'm thinkin to myself "how much longer will I be
gettin beat?"
the man behind me shouts out "ese I'm killin em"
thats when I finally came to my senses and said "im
stealin em"
I socked a man in his grill then I watched him drop to
the pavement, I had to run or I knew that id be gettin
popped
so now they on the chase hunt tryin to capture me
hopin to leave me dead like K from Menace II Society
now I'm finally realizin that its true
when God said "TOMORROW'S NOT PROMISED TO YOU"

(chorus)

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