

## **T-bone**

# **"Tomorrows Not Promised To You"**

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It's 3 in the morning  
I'm awoken by the sound of the doorbell  
Thoughts going through my mind  
Pitch black, my eyes are blind  
So I'm getting up to see whats happening  
I'm hearing voices so I'm creeping slowly  
Just in case they gets to capping  
I walk asleep to the door  
Next thing I know these fools jumping out of my bushes  
and got me face down on the floor  
Now I'm getting hit, kicked, and pistoled with  
and the only thing that I see was all this blood flying in  
my spit  
Oh my God they're trying to kill the T  
And worst then that all these G's were smoked down on  
PCP  
They threw me in my bathtub where I lie in blood  
These homies must be thinking I live the life of a thug  
They full of hate  
Beating me with pipes and weights  
And I'm looking for a way out but it seems that theres  
no escape  
Dear God, I'm wondering can you save me  
But maybe I should die because this world got me  
going crazy  
Now what am I to do  
I'm sad and confused  
I'm thinking about my family, friends, and my baby  
boo, too  
Gee, tears run down my eyes as I start to cry  
I'm wondering to my self why do the good always have  
to die

(Chorus)x2

Tomorrows not promised to me or to you  
Awhoo  
Death is knocking at your door what you gonna do  
Awhoo

Man they finna kill me  
they tripping and pulling me out of my bathtub  
dragging me through my house

hollering cus I'm getting shocked in my mouth  
they stealing my possessions  
gapping everything I own  
took my VCR and got away with 4,000 bones  
I'm outside  
They got me at gunpoint  
Trying to jack my ride  
And if I try to run God knows it would only be suicide  
So I better stay  
But they still gonna try to pull my car  
So I better think fast cus if I don't blast  
I can't let down my guard  
I'm praying to God someone would call one time,  
bu nobody called one time  
So I'm stuck in the midst of this crime  
He's cursing at me  
asking me what my combination be  
And if I don't tell him homie you know better  
This be killing  
So I told him  
Lock numer 8 3 11  
It's the 2 11  
but I don't want to end up in the 1 8 7  
I'm 21 but will I live to see 22  
And witness the birth of the organized Rhyme Crew

(Chorus)x2

Oh no  
Here comes they homies in a van  
rolling 12 deep  
and I'm thinking to myself how much longer will I be  
getting beat  
The man behind me shouts out that's it I'm killing him  
Thats when I finally came to my senses and said I'm  
stealing then  
I socked the man in his grill then I watched him drop  
to the pavement  
I had to run or I knew that I'd be gettin popped  
So now they on a chase hunt to try and capture me  
Hoping to leave me dead like a menace to society  
Now I finally realizing and that its true when God says  
"Tomorrow's not promised to you"

(Chorus)x4

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