

Jakki da MotaMouth

"Positive Rap"

Visit "[Positive Rap](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

So the doctor tells me I'm positive, I'm reckless
How would you feel, nigga if you found out you was
infected?
Ask him to run the test again, he said, "I can't"
But this is 99.9% accurate, and no chance of results
being incorrect
In a fret, I ran out of the clinic like not hearing it
prevents death
But bein' real with myself, I came to grips with what he
said
Now the fear starts settin' in, all sort of thoughts ran
through my head
Like the pain I'ma have to endure and the
embarrassment
All of it'll fade me quick, can't have no baby sick
And who's the crazy bitch who gave me this virus?
Figured I'd never catch it, but now I'm livin' it
A grown man cries when he knows his time is limited
Used to be player, yeah it seems I played myself
for thinkin' every broad I fucked around with had their
health
I'm walkin' down the street wondering how I could
explain this shit to my mother and friends, or if I even
should
Maybe I shouldn't, 'cause then I'll be looked at different
I remember when I would make fun of cats like that and
wouldn't
listen to a word they had to say
But now look at me: I ain't actin right
The fear has caused a loss of appetite
Let a virus snatch my life, and now I learned a painful
lesson
just the thought of it keeps me in deep depression

[Chorus 4X]

The virus... who gave me this virus?

[Verse 2]

It took about a couple of weeks for me to get used to
my new handicap

Now most can't stand me, black, 'cause I'm heartless
and lifeless
I started off scared, but now I hate the world
Police lookin' for a male, my height who raped a girl
Only 14 years of age, her name was Pearl
Yeah that was me, I admit it, it almost made me hurl
Sometimes I be callin' up chicks I used to work with
Give 'em dick, get 'em sick, 'cause none of them are
worth shit
See I'm thinking 'bout death every minute, can't hardly
stand it
A bitch gave me this illness, I'll give it to the planet
You don't understand the anger that flows from heel to
wrist
I'm angry at hoes, bros, and those who still exist
I go to malls, talk to broads, g'd up and get the digits
It's silly how quick I can hit once the liquor kicks in
Stickin' chickens sometimes taking women I couldn't
have
I could be hittin' someone you with so you shouldn't
laugh
A broad with syphilis, a yam wit Hepatitis B
Another with herpes, I'm already dead it don't bother
me
I'm normal to my dogs, they don't notice the change in
style
We ran a train on 3 broads, they all infected now
Now they can't say shit, but still I'ma keep it secret, see
kid
what they don't know won't hurt 'em, I guess for now at
least it's
kinda funny, I thought I'd be livin' it up makin' money
But now I have no future, dunny, none of my days are
sunny
So what the hell? I might as well end my life now
I'm livin' trife style, I picture the doctor's slight smile
when he told me I'm positive
I'm positive I'm 'bout to rob this bank
I'm sick of livin' kids I'm goin' out with a bang
Walk inside a national city with a shotty
Screamed "everybody get on the ground or we gon'
have a bloody lobby"
The teller was frightened, tryin' to dodge a massacre
She gave me all of her cash, but afterwards I blasted
her
Fuck y'all people, I shot at every person in the building
I terminated 8 citizens, 2 of them were children
The rest I left fled to the flack contemplatin' what I did
Feelin' remorse for dumpin' shots on little kids
who never had a chance at life
What the fuck was I thinking? I made this bed I sleep in

I woke up as a weakling
My anger was childish I realize that now
and choose to turn myself in
'cause I seen my face all over the 6'o clock news
And I deserve to be in prison, or whatever fate I have to
face
I hear sirens surround the place so now I wait
I got a .380 to my temple when the phone rings
I tear trickles down my cheek when I hear the answer
machine

Answer Machine: "Hello this message is for Mr. Rubin,
um...this is Dr
Huffer. We're really not supposed to disclose this type
of information over
the telephone, but I do have some good news for you.
We seem to have a bit
of a mix-up with the blood test... like I said he have
some good news, you're
negative... "

Jakki: Oh, no! OH, NO! NO! NO! *gunshot*

"... so I deeply apologize for any inconvenience or
unnecessary strife this may
have caused for you. And if you have any questions,
give me call, the
number's (614)-827-3545. I'll be in my office today,
and pretty much all
day. Thank you very much and again, we do deeply
apologize for the
inconvenience and the mistake. Have a good day."

Visit [Jakki da MotaMouth](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.