

## Matt Damon, Jude Law, Fiorello And The Guy Barker "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  
Huh, I got an AK-47  
It's gonna be a bloody Sunday  
Cause your fucking with a nigga like Bundy  
And I was taught not to kill  
Like a Vietnam vet with a thousand yard stare  
So welcome to the slaughterhouse nigga  
Redrum and I'ma be the grave digger  
And if you want to cap, come cap me  
I'm trigger happy like my great-grandpappy  
Just watch for the chrome in my right hand  
My second entry from the diary of a madman

(Chorus)

Dear diary, help me cause I'm frantic  
S-sometimes I think I'm going schizophrenic  
The world's looking dark for instance  
Maybe cause I'm looking from a distance  
But then again I wear a blindfold  
Staring at the motherfucking world with my eyes closed  
To myself I'm a stranger  
Walking in the foot steps of danger  
It's a long path ahead of me  
I gotta get somewhere cause everybody here is scared  
of me  
I had a job but they fired me  
My wife walked out now I'm living in my diary

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