

Monica F/ OutKast

"Suicide Note"

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Hey, Yeah
Come here, Wussup
Let me tell you something, Humm?
Do me this favor, What favor?
I want you to take care of my kids for me
I'll be right back, Why you doing this?
When they ask you about me
Just tell them he didn't give a fuck about shit
That's what I want them to know
Cuz that's what they think anyways, alright
Will you be my voice? Okay
Will you be my feelings?
Finally let them know

[Verse 1]

You tell me this
How do you tell your kids that you addicted to drugs
And that your love ain't nothing to spark with to a dub
And even though it's just weed it got me spending up
G's
Buying up keys and smoking my weed amongst thieves
I rather jack off then fuck bitches
I'll make it crack off
I hit switches
Use to get crack off quick
Do the snitches
I use to bang up the block
The homie cooked up the rock
While I use to look up the block
For the po po's
I know my do knows
And my don't knows
Moved out the Deuce Fo to do rap shows
And lost a couple of homies (fuck)
Big Zo he still with me
He a OG
29th street Crip
That nigga know me
You know E it goes deep
Q-Ball resting in peace
Spent years trying to fight the tears

And I got new problems resting in me
Still crying over joyce memories
Still wish Sicx and X was out wit me
So here's my suicide note (come on)

Take care of my kids
Cuz I ain't coming back for years
Here's my suicide note
My life is a joke
Baby please read the letter I wrote
Here's my suicide note
Hold back the tears I'll be back in a couple of years
Here's my suicide note
Cuz my life is a joke
So please homie read the letter I wrote

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