

Woke up in the morning, wife's griping and bitching
There's no Similac for the baby, no lights where we're living
No food in the fridge, this the tightest position
I'm bout to lose my lid, get my sights on a victim
My way and type of living, this shit has to change
Shut the fuck up, I ain't fit to be a sperm donor snatch your chain
Fuck it, sell crack cocaine, I'm telling you motherfucker go rap for change
Alright, look I got your point, I want you to know
I'll be back in a couple hours, it's under control
I run out of the door straight feeling lost as fuck
What the hell am I gonna do? Steal an armored truck?
I walk and strut aimless as I fix me a plan
Then I bump into Damon selling sixty a gram
As I think sticking him up ain't the wittiest scam
My gun clicks blam now I got his chips in my hand

I feel selfish, think I'm gonna use my nine
I feel helpless, think I'm gonna lose my mind
Nobody else is here to help me stabilize
I feel helpless even when I pray to God

Now I'm patting him down trying to get all he got
With no thought process of someone calling up SWAT
With no thought process that I'm on my own block
It's like no contest if I get caught up and locked
Stolen for gwap I need all the dough he had
As I'm searching through his jacket, what a police badge?
Now stop, no way man, he's a cop?
My knees just lock, I can't flee, I freeze in shock
My Reeboks won't budge though I want em to move
My mind saying to my body fuck run out your shoes
Punching my tool I hear the sirens getting closer
Why'd I decide to ride with my toaster?
Usually I'm cool and calm with my composure
Stupidly I lose my mind and say it's over, it's over
I take a breath, put my heater to my head
There's no escaping death

I sit down next to Damon, put my gun to my head
Thinking to myself all it takes is one and I'm dead
And the someone just said, "Stop, freeze, please don't do it! "
I look up, see cop cars and some DT Buicks
All I see is a sea of blue, a bunch of guns drawn
With a man in a stance, in his hands a bullhorn
"I'm Officer Crout, wait, let's talk this out."
I reply, "What the fuck is there to talk about? "
"There's plenty to talk about, it's not as bad as you think."
You don't know the hank man, you ain't my dad and my shrink
In a blink my anger shifts from me to them
He can see I won't feed into it and speak as friends
An evil grin comes to my face, his eyes shocked
Fuck it, why not? I'd rather lie inside a box
Take my nine, aim it at them as time just stops
It's not a suicide, man, but suicide by the cops