

Bob Marley, Hold Ya Head

Woman hold her head and cry
Cause her son had been shot down in the street and died
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When I die, fuck it I wanna go to *hell*
Cause I'm a piece of shit, it ain't hard to fuckin' tell
It don't make sense, goin' to heaven wit' the goodie-goodies
Dressed in white, I like black Tims and black hoodies
God will probably have me on some real strict shit
No sleepin' all day, no gettin my dick licked
Hangin' with the goodie-goodies loungin' in paradise
Fuck that shit, I wanna tote guns and shoot dice
All my life I been considered as the worst
Lyin' to my mother, even stealin' out her purse
Crime after crime, from drugs to extortion
I know my mother wished she got a fuckin' abortion
Woman hold her head and cry
Cause her son had been shot down in the street and died
I swear to God I just want to *slit* my wrists and end this bullshit
Throw the Magnum to my head, threaten to pull shit
And squeeze, until the bed's, completely red
I'm glad I'm *dead*, a worthless fuckin' buddah head
The stress is buildin' up, I can't,
I can't believe *suicide's* on my fuckin' mind
I want to leave, I swear to God I feel like death is fuckin' callin' me
Naw you wouldn't understand
You see its kinda like the crack did to Pookie, in New Jack
Except when I cross over, there ain't no comin' back
Should I die on the train track, like Remo in Beatstreet
People at the funeral frontin' like they miss me
My baby momma kissed me but she glad I'm gone
She knew me and her sister had somethin' goin' on
I wonder if I died, would tears come to her eyes?
Forgive me for my disrespect, forgive me for my lies
Woman hold her head and cry
Cause her son had been shot down in the street and died
I reach my peak, I can't speak,
call my nigga Chic, tell him that my will is weak
I'm sick of niggaz lyin', I'm sick of bitches hawkin'
Matter of fact, I'm sick of talkin' (*echoes*)