

Esham, I'd Rather Be Dead

In order to make that trip to the future
As efficiently as possible
There's certain things in the past
You'll have to leave in the past
I'd rather be dead
Than living in a world like this
With nothing to eat
No shoes on my feet
Can't get a job 'cause my skin color
Can't get a cab 'cause I'm a brother
My back's against the wall
In fear I might fall
My last words when I die
Will be fuck yall hoes
Nobody knows me
Nobody owes me shit
So suck my dick
I'd rather be dead 'cause I'm sick
Of all this racism KKK shit
All brothers aint bad
But see you treat us like animals
So we tend to get mad
This is for the suicidalists
I'd rather be dead
Grab a nine and I might just
Cross my heart and hope to die
Pull the trigger
And kiss the whole world good bye
This is for my dead homies
Dead bodies found layin' in my pocket
But ya don't know me
You still creamin' on my old shit
But I aint said nothing new
It's just that you don't know shit
I'm still knockin' 'em out
Knockin' 'em dead
Did what I said
'Cause I'd rather be dead
I'd rather be dead
I'd rather be dead no jokin'
No use prayin'
With the preacher for money
It ain't workin'
No use gettin' me a nine to five
'Cause either way you look at it
I'm breakin' my back to be alive
It goes something like that
Then something like this
Next thing you know I get pissed
My life is up an down
How you think that sound
I'd rather be dead
I can't fuck around
Time is wastin'
Lost the rat racin'
I just found out
My dad's free basin'
Problems fall on my head like a ton of bricks
And all I wanna do is get my gun quick
Bad news
Bad signs
And everytime I wanna talk
Somebody tell me it's a bad time
Another victim of circumstance

Mislead

That's why I'd rather be dead
For those of you who had trauma in the past
(I'd rather be dead)
Experienced set backs
Love didn't work out for ya
I'd rather be dead 'cause I'm pissed off
And I'm mad at the world
I ain't got to girl or no money
Everything's sad but funny
Everybody seems to think I'm a dummy
But I'm gonna show 'em all
I won't miss none of yall
Try to figure out why I did it
You think you know it
I'm gonna hold my breath
And wish my death
And when I open my eyes
I wish that there's no more life left in my body
So I can party with the devil
'Cause I'm goin' to hell
Might aswell
Soul and body
Embedded in a wooden box
When they put me in the ground
People just couldn't stop cryin'
'Cause they heard my soul is dyin'
I'm going to hell
So you can stop tryin' to pray for me
You Should've talked to me
Now I'm gonna haunt your ass
Every night you sleep
You better heed the word
That the dead man said
'Cause one day
You'll rather be dead
There's present tense
There are problems
There are solutions
When we dwell too much on the problems
Your not spending enough time
Quality time
On the solutions
The solutions are the only thing that will delete the problems