

# Scarface, The Wall

So Brad, tell me what's going on in your world?

[verse one:]

Its fucked up, I'm looking at myself in the mirror  
I'm seein' something scary, its slowly coming clearer  
I had a funny feeling that today will be the day  
that someone tries to blow my motherfucking ass away, but hey  
I'm running out of time to be blunt  
I never had the nuts to make the motherfucking final cut  
I've been depressed for no fucking reason  
but every problem's got a reason; I'm kinda havin' trouble breathin'  
somebody help me, hear my plead, my battle cry  
my psychic told my that its gonna be hard for Brad to die  
she told a lie, I think I oughtta shank the bitch  
I got my pistol, thinking if I should shoot the shit  
click, bang, I jammed it, I slammed it  
aw shit, goddammit  
I'm havin' a fucked day to begin with  
I lost a bitch, a bird, and then this  
my homies tend to think I get too high  
I'm doing fine, now pass me the formaldehyde  
the only thing that seems to help me cope  
is when i'm drunker than a motherfucker puffin' on the chronic smoke  
and then I'm able to deal with the woes  
the friends, the foes, the bitches, the hoes  
I gotta gang of niggers, but none of them I'd fuck  
I gotta gang of bitches, but none of them I'd trust  
trust a bitch, nope, uh-uh, never  
I'm havin' too much trouble tryin' to keep my damn self together  
they got me by the balls  
so please, help me break these motherfucking...  
[pause]  
these motherfucking walls

[verse two:]

I scream, there's no one there to hear me cry  
I guess its hard to scream to motherfuckers when you scream inside  
I see my future and its coming in in plain view  
I blame myself, but mommy dear I blame you  
cause the world was fucked from the first  
and havin' me only made the matters worse  
now look at what they did to me  
that's some fucked up shit for a kid to see  
motherfuckin' dealin' after dealin', killin' after killin'  
I'm tryin' to check a million  
the world's going straight to fuckin satan  
a fucking shank's about to blow my fuckin' brain

[verse three:]

shit, damn I'm dead  
I'm finally through hearing all these voices in my head  
somebody finally got me  
I'm looking at my self outside of my fucking body  
so now I'm standing face to face  
Mr. Scarface, versus Mr. Scarface  
we were two different people from the start  
one nigga's too smart the other too fucking hard  
we both refused to be outsmarted  
dearly departed, the battle's already started  
fuck it, its on, I duck, I weave, connect, oh shit, I'm struck  
caugt me with the peircing lead

and realized to myself I shot my own fucking self  
damn, suicide is quicker  
I try to break the wall the wall keeps getting thicker  
I really start to miss my mother  
I try to climb the wall, its higher than a motherfucker  
I wondering what that sound is  
I'm having major trouble trying to walk around it  
there ain't no getting up I'm trapped  
I really should've dropped my motherfucking strap  
cause when I think about it now  
I shouldn't have tried to climb the motherfucker  
[pause]  
I should've broke the motherfucker down