Steph Lacroix, Sick And Tierd

Man sick and tired of living is life Cause his head is full of Memorise of his f**k'd up life Man sick and tired of living is life Cause his head is full of Memorise of his f**k'd up life

When i die, shit im talking bout my death Cause im a f**king peice of shit Aint hard to say it Cause im tired of this f**king life I dunno where to go In heaven where's the goody too gody with the white suit And that whit toxy Or should i go Hell where your Pimpin with that black suite And that black hoodie In a thaught about it i wanna go To that perfect place where 2Pac and Biggie Are smoking that Big blunty Or to that place where marylin monroe is showing that pussy Cause god is probably a real strict bitch No packing gats and not getting my dick licked And saddam or whatever your f**king name is bitch We can pack gats and get are dick licked And there aint no f**king rules to get are ass wip'd We can pack that shit, shoot that bitch, kill that bitch Hoe's can tell uss to stop that shit we can say f**k that shit

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I cant beleive suicide is going through my f**king mind Cause right now something is telling me to slit my wirst And end my life with all this bullshit going on I just want won thing at my memorial To get my face and Pablo written on a big wall And that song When Im Gone I wonder if i f**king die If my f**king eye's are gona cry I hope i f**king die,Its only a f**king worthless life

Gone and nobody is gona miss it Cause im just a f**king peice of shit I wanna f**king die and come a black guy So when i wear bagy cloths And my pants are wearing low Nobody would call me a poser Or a f**king wiger I wanna f**king be gone Cause there's a f**king paper saying that your done When i was young my perants kiss'd me lots of time's These f**king days im coming drunk and stoned At home sometimes So thats why the memorise are killing me So please somebody load that gat pull that triger and kill me I wonder if i die, if my friends are gona cry Or there only using me for the laughing that im trying I wonder if my beauty family thaught of given me and abortion If they did they dident make that good disision Cause im still f**king Livin

Man sick and tired of living is life Cause his head is full of Memorise of his f**k'd up life Man sick and tired of living is life Cause his head is full of Memorise of his f**k'd up life That's what happens when your doing good
And that won day somebody offers u a duby
And u feel so f**king stoned
That you pass out on the ground
Everybody is laughing at you saying whats going on
And your lying there f**king dead
When i mean dead i mean grave yard dead (dead,dead,dead)

Stephane Lacroix 15 years old Wednesday,Feburary 1st 2006 12.52am