

# Suicidal Thoughts

## Notorious B.i.g.

Hello? Aw shit, nigga, what the fuck time is it, man?  
Oh God damn, nigga do you know what time it is?  
Aw shit, what the fuck's goin' on? You alright?  
Aw, nigga what the fuck is wrong wit you? 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 She don't even love me like she did when I was younger  
Suckin' on her chest just to stop my fuckin' hunger  
I wonder if I died, would tears come to her eyes?  
Forgive me for my disrespect, forgive me for my lies My babies' mothers 8 months, her little sister's 2  
Who's to blame for both of them  
(Naw nigga, not you)  
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' Buddha 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  
(Nigga, talk to me please)  
You see it's 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 Beat street  
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 sista had somethin' goin' on  
I reach my peak, I can't speak  
Call my nigga Chic, tell him that my will is weak  
I'm sick of niggas lyin', I'm sick of bitches hawkin'  
Matter of fact, I'm sick of talkin' Hey yo Big, hey yo Big

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