

Sorry For What?

Scarface

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Miscellaneous

Sorry 4 What

Is anybody out there...

[Scarface]I swear I feel so all alone, back down on my knees again

Hopin you can keep me strong, cuz I can't hardly sleep tonight

I took too many sleepin pills, I drunk too many Miller Lites

And I can feel the Reaper near, so please forgive me for my sins

I am just another man, sorry for the pain that I've caused

I know that you'll understand, these demons'll drive me - insane

I've been goin mad, rightly oughta blow out my brains

Cuz I'm hurtin bad but I'm fightin... blast, on the other day

These problems got me usin more drugs, along with the other things

I'm slowly fading into my thoughts, (come against me, bring it on!)

and I'm driftin in and outta space, and I don't believe I'm wakin up

with the alcohol, them drinks, drift me to another world

Where the sunshine stay shinin, I think I was finna url

Mom, can ya look at me? This ain't what I used to be

Tomorrow, I'll be somebody else, cuz I ain't been me

I can't seem to shake these, I'll put that there on every day

Boy tryna figure me out, is like Lamar changing

But my childhood was fucked up - raised rowdy by a single moms

She told me my daddy didn't give a fuck, she ain't let him do his job

Seventh grade; failing, and I don't know my next of kin

These days in these fucked up ways, who the fuck are them?

My daddy had three other kids, but I ain't never seen 'em

So, ain't no sense in coming around now, you ain't been here befo'

It's sad but I ain't feelin nuttin, my whole life's been a fuckin maze

and when I tried to locate my siblings, they were gone away

Lost inside they other things, fucked me then, fucked me now

Quick to tell me "Show you some love" nigga show you Hell

Ain't no love I'm feelin here, I ain't never felt this vile

Momma - did you really love me, or was I just a child?

Said it, outside, I knew you seen it in my face

I wasn't really happy here, but I was forced to lead the way

Copped me a Cheverolet, drift away to the other side just to think

If I get to see Heaven, I can thank you for the ride

and thank you for my other kids and even though

they mommas won't admit that they can't make it but bad,
low on the child support - always been bad boo, tryna make me out to be
the bad guy that I really ain't, bitch so quick to hassle me
Cuz I don't see my kids enough, but I make the time to pick 'em up
But you find somethin to stick in my face - it ain't me fuckin up
It's bad enough, face to face, always wanna catch a case
So bad, they'll try an get me they make me - and what takes the cake
Is the whole world is fuckin up, daddy know where the weankess at
and you spoke lies to ya old mans eyes, how could you sleep wit that?
Jepordize everything, just for searchin for larger life
Sacrificin the whole family, with no regards to Christ
Funny how people can take this shit for granted, right?
But then reality strikes, and changes things overnight
I thank the Lord for watchin over me, though I'm prone to doin wrong
I repent religiously, hopin that the weak get strong
when the heat get's on { *wind blowing* }
Hopin that the weak get strong, when the heat get's on
[talking - echo after each pause] Ya know... the street's different... stays as it likes...
Either, headin into a storm... ya in a storm...
or ya just got out of a storm... (yeah) think about it...
music until fade

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