

# Be-4

## Esham

Mirror mirror on the wall  
A suicidal brotha must take a fall  
Can I talk for a second to myself  
Can I talk for a second to myself  
Can I look into my eyes for a second  
Take a second look into my eyes  
Im not suprised at what I see  
I see you starin right back at me  
So I can take a chance, take a razor to my wrist, take a rest  
Take me a razor from the medicine chest  
But I hesitate to take myself out my misery  
I gotta get my head together, oh whatever  
Ima do, i gotta do it right now  
'cause im a suicidalist and i know how  
Life aint nothin but bitches and money  
So Elizabeth, im comin to join ya honey  
Can I get wicked, get wicked can I get  
Im losin my mind I cant take this shit  
I think im gonna do it, gonna do it man I think  
I bet by tomorrow dead bodies might stink  
13 ways how to do it man I know  
But if I gotta go I guess I gotta go  
Im still dreamin about death and everyday is like dead  
I got a screw loose and a hole in my head  
Tick tock and you dont stop  
Fuck the muthafuckin cops  
Man im thinkin all this crazy shit  
I grip my dick.....

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>