

# Suicidal Thoughts

## The Notorious B.I.G.

Hello, aw, shit nigga  
What the fuck time is it  
Oh, goddamn, nigga do you know what time it is  
Aw, shit, what the fuck is going on  
You alright? Nigga what the fuck is wrong with 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 with the goodie-goodies  
Dressed in white, I like black Tims and black hoodies  
God'll prolly 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 fucking 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 baby mother's eight months, her little sister's two  
Who's to blame for both of them, (naw nigga, not you)  
I swear to God I want to just 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' buddah head  
The stress is building up, I can't  
I can't believe suicide's on my fucking mind, I wanna leave  
I swear to God I feel like death is fucking calling 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 Ramo in Beatstreet  
People at the funeral fronting like they miss me  
My baby momma kissed me but she glad I'm gone  
She knew me and her sister 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 lying, I'm sick of bitches hawkin'  
Matter of fact, I'm sick of talkin'

Ayo Big, ayo Big

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