

# Behind Bars (Instrumental)

## Diabolic

I wake up to Vodka Tonic, child support, lots of chronic  
Hungover, blunts rolled up, just tryin' not to vomit  
The God's honest truth, I cut my baby mama loose  
'Cause the bitch got rotten roots and made me wanna cock and shoot  
Cops in hot pursuit, just doin' what I gotta do  
I'm out makin' product moves, she claims that I'm knockin' boots  
But how the fuck's my daughter gon be proud of papa deux if daddy's broke, got no loot, can't afford to cop her  
shoes?  
That's not how fathers do, I make sure my daughter eats  
Lock the door before she sleeps, try to keep her off the streets  
Her mama tortures me, of course I'm forced to deal with it  
All this drama brought to me like I'm some sort of meal ticket  
I feel sickness, nauseated by the hunger pains  
Ain't tryin' to run the game, I want peace, fuck the fame  
What's-her-name got my mother lookin' at her son ashamed  
So I'm drinkin', thinkin' back, like when's it all gonna change?Life ain't shit but liquor and splittin' L's  
Closed off to the outside world in a shell  
Behind bars, feelin' more like I'm in a shell  
Attitude's like, I don't give a fuck, give 'em hell (x2)I'm an alcoholic pot-smoker, chances are I'm not sober  
But I don't make my seed deal with the chip on her pop's shoulder  
I never got over feelin' like I been forsaken  
Broke, livin' in this basement, at a loss for inspiration  
Committing sins of Satan just to fill these dinner plates and  
Have some dough to finish makin' a lyin' thief's vindication  
Been as patient as I can, now I'm finished waitin'  
I'm a bring the winds of change, for some kind of simulation  
My innovation could have got me major label love  
But I can't lie, instead of swallowin' my pride I taste my blood  
The weight above from this paper left my shoulders crushed  
Like I'm in a cobra clutch, stuck bein' broke as fuck  
My wifey now for real, claims I never open up  
Why you always goin' buck-wild like you smokin' dust?  
I don't know enough to answer, I apologize  
I'm just stoppin' by to tell you 'fore I take this shot and hideLife ain't shit but liquor and splittin' L's  
Closed off to the outside world in a shell  
Behind bars, feelin' more like I'm in a shell  
Attitude's like, I don't give a fuck, give 'em hell (x2)I sold drugs and took a few  
All my friends took 'em too  
Guzzlin' that wicked brew

Ain't shit I'm shook to do  
Wifey said, think of how yo mom will look at you  
Now I'm apologizing to her for the shit I put her through  
Used to think there were some people I just couldn't lose  
Burn a bridge, watch, then turn this shit, rebuild, good as new  
That wouldn't prove to be true, the more I recollect  
I was wrong but better yet, greedy for that treasure chest  
Left for dead, the pressure gets to me to eat a meal  
Makes it hard to keep it real, all I do is cheat and steal  
What I see and feel is bottled up like ketamine  
Replaced by dime and nickel schemes  
Balanced on a triple beam  
Every relationship I had got blown to smithereens  
Dried my eyes while in between  
Wiped them out like Mr. Clean  
I lived a dream, thinkin' I'd wake up and save the day  
That's all I came to say, now I'm a drink the pain away  
Life ain't shit but liquor and splittin' L's  
Closed off to the outside world in a shell  
Behind bars, feelin' more like I'm in a shell  
Attitude's like, I don't give a fuck, give 'em hell (x4)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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