

1-800 Suicide

Gravediggaz

Suicide it's a suicide
Budabuyby
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Suicide it's a suicideSo you wanna die, commit suicide dial 1-800-Cyanide line
Far as life, yo it ain't worth it put a rope around your neck
And jerk it the trick didn't work
Your life was fucked up from the first day of birth
After watching Jackie Gleason walk into a precinct
Gun down the captain for no fucking reason
And get some LSD or a drink from the bar
Get behind your wheel and crash the car
Like Desert Storm got bombs for the war
Confront an alligator, let it eat ya raw
Back to the function, riding the caboose to hell
Bzzt touched the third rail, you fucked up chicken
Now you just got fried 'cause it's a suicideSuicide it's a suicide
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Hey you little rich kid, what's your beef?
Come and tell the Grym Reaper all of your grief
You asked for a Benz and you only got a Jeep
Your pop's got endz, but yo he's mad cheap
Maybe you're a bastard child you think
Mom and dad are white and you're dark as ink
Maybe you're Sicilian with a tan
But you hate lasagna and the pizza manNow you stand on the grave digga locked and
You're singing the blues about the rough life you've got
Not you don't wanna live no more
I guess you're really ready for the grave yard tour
When you get home just fill up your windows and your doors
Turn your oven on high for about four hours
Light you a blunt, kiss your ass goodbye
You gassed yourself 'cause it's a suicideSuicide it's a suicide
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Budabuyby
Suicide it's a suicide Yep
I've said it before and I'll say it again
Life moves pretty fast
If you don't stop and look around
Every once in a while you'll miss it Six fucking devils stepped up playing brave God
Had the fucking nerve to try and enter my grave yard
I'm the Ryzarector, be my sacrifice
Commit suicide and I'll bring you back to life
The first was convinced stuck a water hose
In his mouth at full blast so his head can explode Second one said, "Mm that's good but I can
top it"
Put an axe up to his head and then he chopped it
Blood shot out in every direction
The rest didn't know what to do, I made suggestions
Put a slug in your mug, overdose on a drug
Wet your hair stick a knife in the plug
Or be like Richard Pryor set your balls on fire
Better yet go hang yourself with a barbed wire Three and Four fell deep into spell and
Ran to the zoo, locked themselves in a lion's den
Number Five said it ain't worth being alive
Smoked a dust suede, mixed it with cyanide
The only one to escape was number Six
He went home sat in the tub and slit his wrists
Yeah, more graves to dig, goodbye there's no need to cry
'Cause we all die
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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