

# I'm Not a Saint

## Tech N9ne

I'm not perfect  
I'm not perfect That ain't right  
That ain't right  
That ain't right  
That ain't right Animosity surround me  
And it's all because I found me  
How deceptive can the clown be?  
Enough to leave the frowns upon the face of those who foul me  
So much evil in my mindstate  
Many think that they can define Yates  
But can not tame the wicked primate  
Who preaches sinful thoughts and lead the listeners on blind faith  
I didn't mean to hurt a soul here  
But my inner demon has no fear  
Of making choices that'll make you po' tears  
Black transparent flies show me that the soul near  
I see 'em then they disappear quickly  
Could this be some other shadows signaling the sickly?  
Forgive me  
Good people, I gotta let them know before they pick me I tell 'em (I'm not a saint,) no, (oh my  
Lord)  
I'm crying out  
I'm crying out  
I tell 'em (I'm not a saint,) no, (oh my Lord)  
That ain't right  
That ain't right  
That ain't right  
That ain't righ  
Brian Dennis was in love with her  
I exchanged kisses and hugs with her  
I never should've but I dugged in her  
Never say no names but her thing was that she loved pictures  
Another nigga told my nigga  
His reply to me was "Why nigga?"  
I learned my vices, they divide niggas  
Had a chance to say I'm sorry and then he died  
Man...  
So hurt that I couldn't stand  
Meanwhile my dark blob expands  
And touching my loved ones dissolving their helping hands  
My heart loves  
My brain takes

They never know they stepping with a bane date  
I put a gun to my insane face  
That way your loving hearts I can't break I tell 'em (I'm not a saint,) no, (oh my Lord)  
I'm crying out  
I'm crying out  
I tell 'em (I'm not a saint,) no, (oh my Lord)  
That ain't right  
That ain't right  
That ain't right  
That ain't right Black transparent flies again  
Could be spots on your eyes, my friend  
I thought that the love was gonna try to win  
But now I see I'm stuck in here to see the evil rise again  
My brain is so gung-ho  
This all started when I was young though  
This thing I won't keep running from so:  
I got molested by my 7th grade teacher, Mrs. [censored] I tell 'em (I'm not a saint,) no, (oh my  
Lord)  
I'm crying out  
I'm crying out  
I tell 'em (I'm not a saint,) no, (oh my Lord)  
That ain't right  
That ain't right  
That ain't right  
That ain't right Damn... To the people who love me, I apologize for me back then.  
I was intoxicated, I was on drugs, and now there's a new me.  
Now let's turn up.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>