

MORE THAN I CAN HANDLE

WHEN I'M MAD, MY NOSE GET RED LIKE A BULL,
REAKING HAVOC IN MY LIFE, LIKE WHEN YOU GET ONE OF YOUR TEETH PULLED.

EVERYDAY ISN'T SUNSHINE, SO ITS NOT ALWAYS JOY,
THEY RAINED ON MY PARADE, AND TOOK ME FROM MY BOY.

EVERYDAY THERE'S SADNESS, LIKE PRISON GRAY WALLS THERE'S GLOOM,
I'VE ABANDONED MY FAMILY, AWOL'D MY WHOLE PLATOON.

THE FRUSTRATION I HAVE, IS POTENT LIKE A BABY'S GRUNT,
MY LIFE IS FULL OF SHIT LIKE HIS DIAPER, CAUSE I CAN'T GET WHAT I WANT.

MY DAYS ARE NOT "PEACHES AND CREAM," SO I'M NOT 112,
MY LIFE IS LIKE A MAN IN A CANON BALL, A STRAIGHT SHOT TO HELL.

WHEN I SMILE, YOU CAN TELL I'M IN A GOOD MOOD,
IF I SMERK LIKE I'M A DEVIL, YOU'LL TELL I HAVE AN ATTITUDE.

HOW CAN I BE HAPPY, IN A PLACE I DON'T WANT TO BE?
LIFE IS LIKE MONOPOLY, BUT I CAN'T GET OUT OF JAIL FREE.

EVERYDAY IS A CHANCE, LIKE CRAZY PEOPLE WITH ANXIETY,
NOT IN MY RIGHT MIND, WHILE TRAPPED IN THIS GATED SOCIETY.

I MAY LAUGH AT TIMES, BUT ITS NEVER LOL,
"F" A SMILEY FACE, ITS HARD TO HAVE THOSE IN JAIL.

SOMETIMES MY SENSE OF HUMOR, IS REALLY SHOT,
NOTHING IS FUNNY, LIKE BLACK PEOPL BEING KILLED BY COPS.

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SORROW, IT COMES AND GOES LIKE THE TIME,
SORROW WILL ALWAYS BE THERE, BECAUSE ITS ALL MINE.

THE SORROW AND SADNESS I GET, NOTHING CAN NEVER COMPARE,
TO THE SORROW OF OTHERS, WHEN I LOSE JOY, MY SORROW IS ALWAYS THERE.

HAPPINESS COMES AND GOES, BUT NEVER HANGS AROUND,
SOMETIMES HAPPINESS IS LIKE A GOPHER, THAT COMES IN AND OUT OF THE GROUND.

IT SHOWS ITS FACE, THEN GOES BACK IN AGAIN,
AND WHEN HAPPINESS ISN'T THERE, IT FEELS LIKE I CAN'T WIN.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY, THAT'S WHAT MANY PEOPLE SAY,
WITHOUT EVEN TRYING, I CAN BE MISERABLE ALL DAY.

LAUGHTER COMES NOT SO OFTEN, MOST OF THE TIME I POUT,
LAUGHS MAY COME BUT MY HAPPINESS, IS LIKE THE CALIFORNIA'S DROUGHT.

LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICINE, I CAN NEVER GET A TASTE,
OF WHAT HAPPINESS IS, BECAUSE OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE.

THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE, WON'T WIPE THE SMILE OFF THEIR FACE,
THEY DON'T KNOW HOW IT FEELS, BEING LOCKED IN A TINY SPACE.

THE CELLS THEY PACK US IN, WE FEEL LIKE SARDINES IN A CAN,
YOU CAN'T MOVE AROUND, AS THEY MAKE YOU FEEL LESS OF A MAN.

THEY DEGRADE YOUR CHARACTER, AND RUIN YOUR REP,
TILL WE FALL FLAT ON OUR FACE, CAUSE WE DIDN'T WATCH OUR STEP.

LIFE IS LIKE A ROLLER COASTER, IT MOVES WAY TOO FAST,
IT GOES UP AND DOWN, AND A RIDE THAT NEVER LASTS.

THE LONELINESS KICKS IN, CAUSE I CAN'T GO HOME,
THE LONELINESS FEELS LIKE A STARVING PIT BULL, LICKING ON A MEATLESS BONE.

MY LIFE FEELS LIKE, THE SCREEN DOOR IN THE GHETTO,
ALL RIPPED UP, BY THE CLAWS OF THE INFAMOUS DEVIL.

I'M TRYING TO FIND MY WAY BACK, IN A WAY I'M STUCK,
LIKE A BUG IN A SPIDER WEB OR LIKE LOBSTERS IN HOT WATER TRYING TO GET UP.

THE LIGHT IN MY LIFE, FEELS LIKE THE FLAME ON A GLADE CANDLE,
THE LIFE I LIVE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME, AND MORE THAN I CAN HANDLE.