

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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>