

1-800-Suicide
Gravediggaz

...1-800-SUICIDE... by Gravediggaz
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from 6 Feet Deep (1994)

Chorus 1:

Am **Am/G** **D/F#** **F** **E7**
Suicide, it s a suicide, budabuy-by, suicide, it s a sui-cide.
Am **Am/G** **D/F#** **F** **E7**
Suicide, it s a suicide, budabuy-by, suicide, it s a sui-cide.

Verse 1:

Am **Am/G** **D/F#** **F** **E7**
So you wanna die, com-mit suicide, dial 1-800- Cyanide line.
Am **Am/G**
Far as life; yo, it ain t worth it,
 D/F# **F** **E7**
Put a rope around your neck and jerk it.

Am **Am/G**
The trick didn t work;
 D/F# **F** **E7**
Your life was fucked up from the first day of birth.

Am **Am/G**
After watching Jackie Gleason, walk into a precinct,
D/F# **F** **E7**
Gun down the captain, for no fucking reason.

Am **Am/G** **D/F#**
And get some L.S.D, or a drink from the bar,
 F **E7**
Get behind your wheel, and crash the car.

Am **Am/G**
Like Desert Storm got bombs for the war;
 D/F# **F** **E7**
Con-front an alligator; let it eat ya raw.

Am **Am/G** **D/F#**
Back to the function, riding the caboose to Hell,
 F **E7**
BZZZZT, touched the third rail.

Am **Am/G** **D/F#** **F** **E7**
You fucked up chicken; now you just got fried; cos it s a suicide.

Chorus 2:

Am **Am/G** **D/F#** **F** **E7**
Suicide, it s a suicide, budabuy-by, suicide, it s a sui-cide.

Am **Am/G** **D/F#** **F** **E7**
Suicide, it s a suicide, budabuy-by, suicide, it s a sui-cide.

Verse 2:

Am **Am/G**
Hey you, little rich kid; what s your beef?
D/F# **F** **E7**
Come and tell the Grym Reaper, all of your grief.

Am **Am/G**
You asked for a Benz, and you only got a Jeep,
D/F# **F** **E7**
Your pop s got endz, but yo, he s mad cheap.

Am **Am/G**
Maybe you re a bastard child, you think,
D/F# **F** **E7**
Mom and dad are white, and you re dark as ink.

Am **Am/G**
Maybe you re Sicilian, with a tan?
D/F# **F** **E7**
But you hate lasagne, and the pizza man.

Am **Am/G**
Now you stand on the Grave Digga locked, and,
D/F# **F** **E7**
You re singing the blues about the rough life you ve got,
Am/G
Not! You don t wanna live no more;
D/F# **F** **E7**
I guess you re really ready for the graveyard tour.

Am **Am/G** **D/F#**
When you get home; just seal up your windows and you doors,
F **E7** **Am**
Turn your oven on high, for a-bout four hours.
Am/G **D/F#**
Light you a blunt, kiss your ass good-bye;
F **E7**
You gassed yourself, cos it s a suicide.

Chorus 3:

Am **Am/G** **D/F#** **F** **E7**
Suicide, it s a suicide, budabuy-by, suicide, it s a sui-cide.
Am **Am/G** **D/F#** **F** **E7**
Suicide, it s a suicide, budabuy-by, suicide, it s a sui-cide.

Break:

(n.C)

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 could miss it.

Verse 3:

Am **Am/G**
Six fucking Devils stepped up, playing brave God,
D/F# **F** **E7**
Had the fucking nerve to try and enta my grave yard.
Am **Am/G**
I m the Ryzarector, be my sacrifice;
D/F# **F** **E7**
Com-mit suicide and I ll bring you back to life.

Am **Am/G**
The first was convinced; stuck a water hose,
D/F# **F** **E7**
In his mouth at full blast, so his head can ex-plode.

Am **Am/G**
Second said; hmm, that s good but I can top it;
D/F# **F** **E7**
Put an axe up to his head and then he chopped it.

Am **Am/G**
Blood shot out in every direction,
D/F# **F** **E7**
The rest didn t know what to do; I made sug-gestions.

Am **Am/G** **D/F#**
Put a slug in your mug, overdose on a drug,
F **E7**
Wet your hair, stick a knife in the plug.

Am **Am/G**
Or be like Richard Pryor; set your balls on fire,
D/F# **F** **E7**
Better yet; go hang your-self with a barbed wire.

Am **Am/G**
Three and Four, fell deep into spell;
D/F# **F** **E7**
And ran to the zoo, locked them-selves in a lion s den.

Am **Am/G**
Number Five, said; it ain t worth being alive,
D/F# **F** **E7**
Smoked a dust suede, mixed it with Cyanide.

Am **Am/G**
The only one to es-cape was number Six;
D/F# **F** **E7**
He went home, sat in the tub and slit his wrists.

Am
Yeah, more graves to dig.
Am/G **D/F#** **F (n.C)**
Goodbye, there s no need to cry... cos we all die.

Outro: (Scratching)

B7

CHORD DIAGRAMS:

| Am | Am/G | D/F# | F | E7 | B7 |
|-----------|-------------|-------------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| EADGBE | EADGBE | EADGBE | EADGBE | EADGBE | EADGBE |
| x02210 | 302210 | 2x0232 | 133211 | 020100 | 021202 |

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