

# In Your Head

Eminem

What's in your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie  
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I'm packin' up my shit, as much shit in the car as I can fit  
And I'm just drivin' as far as I can get  
Away from these problems 'til all of my sorrows I forget  
What's tomorrow like? 'Cause tonight I'm startin' life again  
Get to the corner and stop, fuck am I goin'?  
Besides psycho when I fantasize startin' my whole life over  
Yeah right, oh and I might go and  
Get hypnotized so I don't even recognize no one  
I try to look alive because there's nothin' like holdin'  
Your head up high when you're dead inside and I just hide, so in  
Case you're wonderin' why my inside's showin'  
'Cause I done spilled all my guts and those are mine so I'm  
Pickin' them up and stuffin' them back  
Fuck it, I've done enough in this rap shit  
Recovery brought me nothin' but back  
To right where I was and perhaps  
This coulda been my victory lap, if I wasn't on the verge of relapse

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It seems to be the reoccurring main theme  
The shit I would daydream as a kid, I was eighteen  
I went from an irate teenager to still raging  
Isn't it though amazing: back then I put anything  
Into the rhyme, whether it was sad, mad, happy or angry  
I spit it, the mainstream, I hit it  
Yay me, I did it! ...Did what?  
Hailie, baby, I didn't mean to make you eighty  
Percent of what I rapped about  
Maybe I shoulda did a better job at separating  
Shady and entertaining from real life  
But this fame thing is still the hardest thing to explain  
It's the craziest shit I  
Ever seen, and back then it was like I ain't even  
Bothered taking into consideration  
You one day being older and may hear me say things  
I didn't (A) mean and (B) just ain't me  
Okay, so ladies and gentlemen  
Let's strip away everything and see the main reason that I  
Feel like a lame piece of shit, I sound cranky and bitter  
Complain, beef and bicker 'bout the same things  
'Cause when I look at me, I don't see what they see  
I feel ashamed, greedy  
And lately I've been contemplating  
Escaping to get away and go wherever this road takes me  
It's making me crazy, what's in my—

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