

Get My Head Together

Esham

I hear voices in my head
My head hears voices
So many choices
I'm coming down off a bad trip
And I'm sick of the bullshit
It ain't my fault
It's all my fault
Who's fault is it
It doesn't matter
Can you understand
I live the life of a mad man
I'm a psycho
Suicidal
Not Michael
Like a motorcycle
I can't understand myself
Man I need help
Who am I

Am I
Who you thought I was
It's not too bad cause
I ain't trippin'
Naw I'm trippin'

Cause y'all be trippin'
You don't know me
When I don't know me
How you goin' know me

I try to get to know myself
Self knowledge and tell myself
They're all gonna laugh at me
I gotta get my head together
It's the new style
I gotta get my head straight
I'm loosin' my mind
I'm giving you a piece of my mind
I got something on my mind
One time but hey nevermind
I'm loosin' my sense

I got no sense
No nonsense
More dollars than cents
Since I'm dyin'
The world may never know if I'm lyin'
Lying in my grave
Hey I think I need a shave
What's my name
Who stole my brain
Who should I blame
Blame it on the boogie

Blame it on the rain
I can feel your pain
I'ma say

Hey I forgot what I'ma say

Who, What, When, Where, Why, How
I gotta get my head together
I gotta get my head together
I gotta get my head together
I gotta get my head together

I gotta get my head together
I gotta get it straight
I gotta get it straight
I can't really wait

I can't really wait for my mind
Make up my mind
I'm loosin' my mind
So do you mind
I don't mind
If you don't mind
Cause what's yours is mine
But I need my own
You know what I'm sayin' holmes
You don't know
Cause I don't know
So, kick that hey
My name's Esham

Slit your wrist
Drink a orange juice
Hellalujah
Suck my dick

What's it to ya
I'm from no where
I'm commin' straight outta' no where
And goin' no where
More broke more broke
More coke for the fiends to smoke
Come get me
Lock me up
I don't give a fuck

I gotta get my head together
Man I'm back
I'm the black devil
And it that ain't no joke
What's up
Who's playin that beat

I'm commin' through in the back seat
Cheap shots
Cheap tricks
But you can suck on my toe

Hey ho you know
That I'm the black bro

I still don't know where I come from
Lick my balls 'till my dick's numb
dumb ditty dumb ditty dumb dumb
Redrum

I feel like a redrum

E-S-H-A-M

Why I'm talkin' 'bout him

Is that me

You can't see what I can see

Man whatever

I gotta get my head together

If buttoholes were peep shows and the nigs

And the window of the soul

Of this fucking ridiculous world

Analities got nothing on the worlds

Except a signed royalty check

Forged signature

The toilet swipe

The maggot acid smile

The glitch in the universal way, yeah

A real boss abortion to brag about at your next BBQ