

# Therapy

Esham

Yeah, this muthafuckin Dead boy up in this bitch  
Yo, got my muthafuckin nigga Esham ready to kick this shit for you hoes

Walkin on the flatlines fumblin with the razor blade  
Rumblin with the ace of spade is where the wicket rhymes are made  
Sometimes I really feel like  
I just can't deal with the pressures of life  
So I walk around with the bloody butcher knife  
Therapy, man I need some therapy cause ain't nobody scarin me  
I ain't got no love cause no one cares for me  
Slippin it into to darkness I'm beyond that and pass that  
Once I catch a flashback  
Snap and that's yo ass  
Black Devil get a shovel, grave digga  
How you figure you gon' kill a dead nigga  
You gon kill a dead nigga  
Bloody body baby bloody man I'm nutty what he thought  
Nine dead bodies and I never got caught  
Walk the flatlines, man I walk the flatlines  
And dead body chalk lines make me walk lines  
I don't sniff lines .45 slug to my mind  
Sometime  
I feel I'm on the flatline  
Man I need some therapy

I'm having suicidal thoughts  
Brain cells dead from the coma  
My aroma dead body rotten gone but not forgotten  
Seems like you forgot  
Man I took one shot  
Now I lay me down to sleep body hot rot  
Got no love when I was a toddler  
Now I swallow bullets for fun playin games with the gun  
Hope I spit up, get up, throw up, mind blow up  
I told my teacher I want to be like Hitler when I grow up  
Now I got a mental block got the pussy hammer cocked  
Tick tock and ya don't stop make the pussy pop  
To the break of dawn, to the break of dawn  
Once again it's on  
.357 chrome plated to my dome  
Now I know you want to know about knowing what I'm knowing  
If you knew me you would know that I be flowin  
Dead boy killa, guerilla stilla illa chilla  
I'm going out of my mind on the realla my nilla  
Man I need some therapy

So tell me what you think about the psychadelic funkadelic relic  
In my maggot brain  
All types of things happen, insane  
I can't explain how I wonder let me take you under  
With this suicidalist ain't afraid to die  
Who wonder why I think this way  
So we all gotta die one fuckin day  
Ain't no way I'ma say I love you now  
Cause my heart's so cold I don't know how  
Now you hate what you create wicket mind state  
Gotta date with death and what's left's my fate

Fuck tomorrow no sorrow I live today  
And I don't give a fuck about what you say  
I'ma ride this suicide this I decide this  
Life I live  
All take no give  
And if I take sum back then I must be wrong  
But dead men don't sing no fuckin songs  
I need some therapy