

I Hear Voices

MF DOOM

Tossing, turning, dreams of murder, someone's killing me
Of changes, there's nights I'm on a killing spree
All done cold blood waking up in cold sweats
This is such a cold world unconscious getting death threats
Shadows choking me, my last breath lets out my body
It's a conspiracy, my mind and my body's not really down with me
Me against the whole world? It's a little deeper
Me against my self, I fight the Grim Reaper
Swing sickle and got my Glock bust rounds off
Demented, schizophrenic, I know this sounds off to you
I do not lie, when I doze off spirits hope I die, whatever
Angels waste the time, they work together
Scheme and plot on me, 'cause I'm the son of man
I hear voices from a dog like Son of Sam
Don't give a damn if the bullets fill me
I don't wanna live, I hope they kill me
Put me out my misery, I live in misery
I kill all my enemies, 'cause I live comfortably
Those who seek me, are called wise men
Or either wise-guys I prey you comprehend
And realize I'm condemned

No rest, homicidal dreams
My cellmate, all he do is scream
Out loud how he wants to go home
That's funny, I'm here all-alone
Locked, in a single cell,
His back's bleeding, he's cold as hell
And I'm hoping, they turn on some heat
I call the C.O. to bring some extra sheets
'Where'd he go?' he walk through walls, run halls, I prey 'teach
Me'
They don't seem him at the health try to reach me
I say 'please see how he feels'
They say 'he's alright but he's not real'
Evaluations say I suffer from depression
Hallucinations, self-corroration's what they're guessin
I'm here doing years, I'm stressin'
Medicate me, sedate me want me to rest an'
Don't take that won't be best an'
He said I need his help and he needs me
'Nigga you walk through walls, go home you're free'

Home, that was far and he was turned off
'Cause his wings was burned off
A lesson was learned, communicate with one
I was chosen 'cause I'm God's son

And I'm the retarded one!
(sings) Out in the streets
You won't survive with wack-ass beats (we can see that!)

These days and times
Watch as we get ours with rhymes

To my metal face bro's with stomach's of cast iron
Who been into when in blast to the last siren

On the slow-mo the calm artist with the so-so chick
Chased them all like Cairo did to Slobodan Milosovik
Anyhoo, how 'bout them Yankees
Once I leave off-stage the party people thanks mee's
If I may speak freely nasty like the freaky-deeky
At your local sleazy speak-easy
Famely fan of the limelight
In the mic stand was a phallic stick of dynamite
It's risky business like hand-to-hand crack sale
With rappers who's better off on the cover of Black Tail
Jump into Taloosophat (???) who's that
Who cat's who do magic like 'tell me how you do's that'
Heck no, especially those who cop pleas like gecko
Thought I might do techno
Ha ha, betcha bust out laughing at the bet
For no reason he get cussed out like Tourette
Yet tight flow to make her bad ass stutter
Or even crack a smile from a mad fast cutter
But ah, word play since third grade age
Back when we used to play 'Bang! Open bird cage'
Hip hop Benny Hill's to penny straight
Get every penny weight then he chill, at any rate
My metal face hold with tongue release I-ring (???)
Do yourself, I will continue to do my thing
Like Kung-Fu fighting everybody was biting
Then the super-villain struck again like lightening
In the same spot (bzzz!) now what's the chance of that
And a name drop like pick the name out the hat
That's a known drop from the, liver-conniver
Who vote player out the rap game like Survive while I-ah
Drop through greens like a nerd cat wheeling ten speed
So way back spin your back and then freeze
While I play high-ball, low-ball, to zero
So called rhymers, go call Cleo
While I, steal the show like tho-so-try hickling (???)
Super duper stars need auto tricycling
Sometimes the men, mostly from the women
I hear voices saying that's the super-villain
(uhn, I hear voices)
Mostly from the women...
I hear voices...
Super-villain