

Redman F/ George Clinton

"Therapy"

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Intro: Ruck

snoring

Bring in the next patient (the patient is sleeping)
Bring in his chart (the Doctor will see you now)
How you doin, let's see what we have here
My name is Dr. Killpatient
and I'm your psychossssigmathetamasochistic

Verse One: Rock, Ruck

All I, seem to, think about is violence
It doesn't matter if I'm dead sober or I'm bent
It's strange, I'm not insane or at least I don't think so
Or am I? You think so Doc, truthfully I don't know
So what do I do I go to my crew and ask for help
But they ain't no help, they go through the same shit
they damn self
So I look deep into the mind of a crook
Then out of nowhere I envision two right hooks
Aww damn, again goes this shit I
can't get out of this cycle, dish one got me whipped
From the thought of a brain bashing, Doctor stop me
Before I blow my motherfuckin top G

See that leather sofa over there? Yeah
Sit back with this six-pack and a spliff
that have your mind twisted while we chit-chat I like that
I think that, we should start with the session Uh-huh
But before we begin let me ask you a few questions Uh-
huh
Have you been touched the wrong way? Nah
Involved in gun play Yeah
The town let me guess acquitted like you was O.J. How
you know?
Typical black life you jack knives under a sea biscuit
Get specific an stop fuckin around wit that crack rock
Yo I don't smoke doze
Yes you do Duke I can tell
Cuz you actin funny, like when blacks get money

Brummy jazz only married to Jawana
and instead of helping you're getting me heated like a
sauna

Just trying to get into your head
Pardon the way I treat you
Tell me bout your scar, did your momma beat you Nah
man
Fuck the mystery Duke tell me your history
You're pissin me off
plus the time keep on clippin see

Chorus:

I need a doctor to give me some therapy
I need a doctor to check my, my brain

Verse Two: Rock, Ruck

As I think back, to the nineties
That's when life got extra grimy
Multiplied with a fleet behind me
Wasn't smart to try me, physical fam gave less than a
Which added on to eighties anger tearing through my
inner
(Now we're gettin somewhere, yah) It's all becoming
clear
I always feared I have to play the rear til I was outta
here
That's when I flipped out and became a plane
that transform into a robot Rokk Da Kids was his name
(One of them Decep niggaz) Yup takin dope clothes
and then some
I bend some (did you have any legal source of
income?)
I said farewell to welfare crazy long ago
They want you to work for them peanuts now
man you need a shrink if you think I'ma go (huh)
Then any thoughts and hopes of rehabilitation
were chilled when I lost my nigga Phil it's been downhill
ever since, and ain't nobody helpin me
So I came to you, the Doctor Killpatients for therapy

Chorus

Verse Three: Ruck

Bust the prognosis, better yet Duke have a dosage
of prescribed poetry that people perceive as potent
I've been goin through your file and I found a
conclusion

That you destined to be the best in this world of
confusion
You lose when you fall victim to evil ways
I know crime pays but the rhyme slays nowadays
Take two of these and if you have a problem at all
I'm on call twenty-four hours to brawl, word is bond

Chorus

This is my number, yaknowhatl'msayin
4-9-5-Nevermind-Nevermind

Chorus

But you that undisputed, and now you theraputic
Bootcampian champion

Chorus

The undisputed, with theraputic
Bootcampian champion, R-O-C, therapy

Chorus: *until fades*

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