

Santana F/ Everlast

"They Got Me On Medication"

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You gotta get me outta here, dog

Gotta do somethin to break loose

[VERSE 1: Jayo Felony]

Woke up on the m-i-double s-i-o-n
Get the Mack 10, no fuckin time to grin
Drugged out, bugged out, another sucker dies
Blood is holy water, who wanna get baptized?
South East has got me hot, I'm lettin hurt off
So now I'm doin a fuckin jack with my shirt off
They drew down, I threw down my gun, boss
But yo loc, guard your grill as I threw the right cross
The ride along hit me on my back for starters
Tryin to break me down while I'm chokin his partner
I'm loc'in up, puttin busters to rest
Fuck the county, I'm goin to the coockoo's nest
It's hard to breathe, they got the Loc hog tied
Like a look on my face like my muthafuckin dog died
Now I'm fallin deep into meditation
In a rubberroom - they got me on medication

Thorazine

Shootin niggas in the stomach with my glock, pop, pop
Medication

Thorazine

Shootin niggas in the stomach with my glock, pop,
pop...

[VERSE 2: Jayo Felony]

Somebody help me before another body's found
The Thorazine they prescribed doesn't calm me down
I fiend for the fuckin sound of the paramedics
I'm shootin up more needles than a sugar diabetic
I don't wanna go to sleep because I'm sufferin
delusions
Hallucination, paranoia, and confusions
Why the fuck do I drive around in a hearse?
But the syptoms start showin way back at this child's
birth
Then at the age of 6 this fool tried to play me soft

He took my toy and I cut his little sister's fingers off
My mama whupped my ass cause she knew I was
tweakin
Cause I dropped to my knees and said, "Thanks for the
beatin"
Is it flashbacks from the loop?
Because I'm peelin busta niggas' caps as if it was a
fruit
The Loc is on his own and my mind is racin
200 miles a fuckin hour, they got me on medication

Thorazine
Shootin niggas in the stomach with my glock, pop, pop
Medication
Thorazine
Shootin niggas in the stomach with my glock, pop,
pop...

Me need to see a psych, Jayo, fuck you
You need to see a psych, Jayo, fuck you
You need to see a psych, Jayo, fuck you
You need to see a psych, Jayo, fuck you

[VERSE 3: Jayo Felony]
Yo loc, I think they all tryin to do me
I read the Bible, words jump out and then God
explained em to me
I can't be controlled when I'm mad
And then my good side picks a fuckin argument with
the bad
The bad throws a blow without a doubt
And now I'm laid out on the ground because I just
knocked myself out
I jack my own homies if I need a buck
On the ground, get down muthafucka, give it up
Why God, am I trippin on a mission?
Don't need to be in society in this condition
The drugs keep fuckin with my brain
And now I got more enemies than Saddam Hussein
At first it was just a part of my music
Now I'm fiendin for my mind because I didn't mean to
lose it
From this bullshit world I need a vacation
Somebody get me out of here, dog, they got me on
medication

Thorazine
Shootin niggas in the stomach with my glock, pop, pop
Medication
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