

Cheyney Carmina

"Therapy"

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[Dead Boy]

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

[Esham]

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

[Dead Boy talking]

[Esham]

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 flowing
Dead boy killa, guerilla stilla illa chilla
I'm going out of my mind on the realla my nilla
Man I need some therapy

[Dead Boy talking]

[Esham]

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

[Dead Boy talking]

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