

Esham

"Get My Head Together"

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I hear voices in my head

My head hears voices

So many choices

I'm coming down off a bad trip

And I'm sick of the bullshit

It ain't my fault

It's all my fault

Who's fault is it

It doesn't matter

Can you understand

I live the life of a mad man

I'm a psycho

Suicidal

Not Michael

Like a motorcycle

I can't understand myself

Man I need help

Who am I

Am I

Who you though I was

It's not too bad cause

I ain't trippin'

Naw I'm trippin'

Cause yall be trippin'

You don't know me

When I don't know me
How you goin' know me

I try to get to know myself

Self knowledge and tell myself

They're all gonna laugh at me

I gotta get my head together

It's the new style

I gotta get my head straight

I'm loosin' my mind

I'm giving you a peice of my mind

I got something on my mind

One time but hey nevermind
I'm loosin' my sense

I got no sence

No nonsense

More dollars than cents

Since I'm dyin'

The world may never know if I'm lyin'

Lying in my grave

Hey I think I need a shave

What's my name

Who stole my brain

Who should I blame

Blame it on the boogie

Blame it on the rain
I can feel your pain

I'ma say
Hey I forgot what I'ma say

Who, What, When, Where, Why, How

I gotta get my head together

I gotta get my head together

I gotta get my head together
I gotta get my head together

I gotta get my head together

I gotta get it straight

I gotta get it straight

I can't really wait

I can't really wait for my mind
Make up my mind

I'm loosin' my mind

So do you mind

I don't mind

If you don't mind

Cause what's yours is mine

But I need my own

You know what I'm sayin' holmes

You don't know

Cause I don't know

So, kick that hey

My name's Esham

Slit your wrist
Drink a orange juice

Hellalujah

Suck my dick

What's it to ya
I'm from no where

I'm commin' straight outta' no where

And goin' no where

More broke more broke

More coke for the fiends to smoke

Come get me

Lock me up

I don't give a fuck

I gotta get my head together
Man I'm back

I'm the black devil

And it that aint no joke

What's up

Who's playin that beat

I'm commin' through in the back seat
Cheap shots

Cheap tricks
But you can suck on my toe

Hey ho you know
That I'm the black bro

I still don't know where I come from
Lick my balls 'till my dick's numb

Dum ditty dum ditty dum dum

Redrum

I feel like a redrum

E-S-H-A-M

Why I'm talkin' 'bout him

Is that me

You can't see what I can see

Man whatever

I gotta get my head together

If buttholes were peep shows and the nigs

And the window of the soul

Of this fucking ridiculous world

Analities got nothing on the worlds

Except a signed royalty check

Forged signature

The toilet swipe

The maggot acid smile

The glitch in the universal way, yeah

A real boss abortion to brag about at your next BBQ

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