

Joe Budden

"All In My Head"

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Quarter on the loose
Loose quarter
Few questions I ask myself
Maybe it started with Slaughterhouse, or was it tour
life?
Maybe it wouldn't had started at all if I had your life
Maybe it was me or that I was thinking immorally
If I wasn't myself could I say I gave the fans all of me?
Can't decide if I'm more ashamed of what this all mean
Than I am of all the lessons that was taught to me
Headed up field but couldn't dodge the last tackler
High to the floor we thinkin moves her ass backwards
How could I do with no regrets at all, willing to bet it all
Not realize that quicker demise, how could I neglect it
all?
I'm so seasonal, some of you knew what to bring back
With a heart this cold, how'd ya'll think I'd be receptive
to fall
I'm plenty comfortable when danger's around
And even more so when strangers around
In a bigger picture, was sicker down on my triggers
And all the alarm enforcers
Down to a nigga, that I'm about for drugs and liquor or
the harm it causes
Life and death, I tried to lynch myself
Thought I could keep it all a secret, I convinced myself
But really the folk that loved me, they could tell I was
loakin
I couldn't see him, cry me a river cuz it fell in the ocean
Numb to my words now, maybe felt it was open
I cut so many people who was through, I need help with
devotion
That's just some of the things I ask my Lord the savior
And when He calls to me, well He have done us all a
favor
How did I make it here?
Who are you?
I feel so lost
Now I'm not seeing it clear
Is it my fault?
Is it my fault?

It's all in my head
I'm looking around like this can't be happening
Round of applause for the angry rappers
Lord my girl cried me a flood then me a river
That's love depending on me when I'm a dependent on
liquor
I'm up in the shoe store, she got no love to show
You ever look at a bitch she was fucking behind your
bitch back like fuck I was fuckin you for, come on
I'm an artist so I'm intelligent
I would tell you to do some soul searchin
But it's hangin up in my closet with your skeleton
There's gotta be gospel, even a diamond gotta be
polished first
The court is on the loose and I ain't been out here
getting my dollars' worth
I had to remove the goggles first
To see throw the sippin patrone and 50 phonies fool
I need to go get me a kidney doner
Guru, make talk, go head blink your eye
Your doctor told me you close, go ahead drink and die
Buried under the stone where the patrone 5th sits by
That reads hella somebody who never wanted to be
this guy
How did I make it here?
Who are you?
I feel so lost
Now I'm not seeing it clear
Is it my fault?
Is it my fault?
It's all in my head
They say knowledge is power, great cuz every day I
learn
As of late been having revelations bout this hate turn
Hate the way they trust me, 2 I got the case adjourned
Hated the belly of the beast to I became its tapeworm
When I said I'd stop getting high tried to say it's done
No, I'm the type to walk through the fire to check the
way it burn
They say my brain is off, I say how can it be?
If I'm out my mind how can I be in sanity?
The people used to say that I was scared of progress
They don't know how hard a nigga tried to advance
But I don't know who'd more to blame?
Is it them for really not knowing me?
Or is it me for really not giving them a chance?
Get too close, be too big of a threat
Now it's been little than no time
Thinking why I ain't get rid of you yet
Gotta recognize my maturity
Gotta see I'm grown

Letting my skeletons out the closet just so I never be
alone
Since I got trust issues I won't discuss with you
But besides God tell me who the fruck's supposed to
save you
Pop one, have one man to man, what's going after the
light's out?
Somewhere in his head probly feel it in his place too
Plus more people will see me soon
I mean I'll be on national TV soon
So when I ask if people I have around are cancer for me
That's 4 million more that might be able to answer for
me
Joe
How did I make it here?
Who are you?
I feel so lost
Now I'm not seeing it clear
Is it my fault?
Is it my fault?
It's all in my head

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