

## **Knaan**

# **"Voices In My Head"**

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(Spoken) 'ey yo, welcome to my world. Please, listen.

Poison in my veins;  
Inside, I'm tortured in my brains  
And still I try, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye.  
Voices in my head:  
Am I alive or am I dead?  
Alone, I cry, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye.

Consider, come figure the shit that I'm in, and the pain:  
I'm literally going insane. I'm frightened;  
My heart and my head have been fightin'.  
I'm certain it's hurtin' the rest of my body.  
Them voices as loud as Manhattan come chattin',  
They say "What made us and let us in?  
You know you're better than all of these replicants  
Screamin' they represent; come on, man, come on!"

And the people inside me say  
They wanna see me goin' tragically.  
And it's evil, 'cause I'm only twenty-somethin',  
Workin' for a crumb, some bread or nothin'.

Poison in my veins;  
Inside, I'm tortured in my brains  
And still I try, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye.  
(Prr, hey-hey, hey-hey)  
Voices in my head:  
Am I alive or am I dead?  
Alone, I cry, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye.  
(Come wit' me)

The harder the struggle, the deeper the trouble.  
Come out of the bubble - I'll teach you to cuddle  
With demons inside me. What demon is not me?  
These demons inside me, they got, they stop me  
From sleepin' and eatin' and keepin' it even,  
And even my reason for breathin' is seizin'.  
It's sleetin' on danger - it knows when I'm readin',  
It's bleedin' on paper, it's bleedin' on paper.  
And I'm tired of this violence, I'm tortured inside.  
Ain't it awkward, I'm overly open inside?

Have I already died? Has mom already cried?  
Then why do I feel like I'm over this life?  
I'm not hateful - I'm grateful, my girlfriend is tasteful.  
I'm livin' it up, and I might even blow  
Like a leak in a truck, with a torch and a clutch:  
An explosion that leaves all coughin' up dust.  
And the people inside me say  
They wanna see me goin' tragically.  
And it's evil, 'cause I'm only twenty-somethin',  
Workin' for a crumb, some bread or nothin'.

Poison in my veins;  
Inside, I'm tortured in my brains  
And still I try, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye,  
(Yo, these)  
Voices in my head:  
Am I alive or am I dead?  
Alone, I cry, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye.

I'm still awake and it's quarter-to-six.  
I'm tryin' o write and I ain't thought o' no shh... (Tss)  
I live with guilt like a slaughtered a Sikh;  
I live with shame like my daughter a bitch. (Ha! )  
I don't make livin', but I still persist! (Listen! )  
I could sell out, but I still resist!  
So don't tell me about no pain and shit:  
I was born and raised in poverty, bitch!  
And I smile all the while, and I don't complain;  
I'm somethin' like Gill Scott: Heroine.  
Do you know what it feels like to lose a friend  
Again and again, again and again?  
The bitter, the sinner, the killer, the poet, (Yeah! )  
The river, the blood within him that's flowin'. (Who am I? )  
I'm the bitter, the sinner, the killer, the poet,  
The river, the blood \*fades\* within him that's flowin'...

And the people inside me say  
They wanna see me goin' tragically.  
And it's evil, (it's evil! ) 'cause I'm only twenty-  
somethin',  
Workin' for a crumb, some bread, or nothin'!

Poison in my veins;  
Inside, I'm tortured in my brains  
And still I try, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye,  
('ey yo, these)  
Voices in my head:  
Am I alive or am I dead?  
Alone, I cry, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye.

Poison in my veins;  
Inside, I'm tortured in my brains  
And still I try, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye,  
(Yo, come wit' me)  
Voices in my head:  
Am I alive or am I dead?  
Alone, I cry, ah-ah-ah-ah-aye.

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