

Shaggy 2 Dope

"Cobwebs in my Attic"

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What... What?!
Fuck... if you won't tell me what it is...
Alright... now... fuckin' greedy motherfucker, bitch!

You're in me... ... (Take me out this dirty attic)
You're in me... ... (Clean the cobwebs out my attic)
You're in me... ... (Take me out this dirty attic)
You're in me... ... (Clean the cobwebs out my attic)

Cold sweats, shake 'em off
I'm dry heave, chokin' on blood clots
Hallucinations are comin' to real life
Reflects of my face in the back of a butcher knife
Time after time, in the middle of the night
I stare at the ceiling, but I lose sight
I said my prayers, and I tuck myself in tight
But my bed still shakes, somethin' ain't right
Oh shit, it's Claude, I tend to forget
It's way past midnight and he ain't ate yet
No way, Dick, I'm almost out of pills
And you already went through my past 3 refills
Don't tell me what to do, bitch, I'm on it
I still got that puff from last week in the closet
Good, he's straight, that's just fine
But what the fuck am I supposed to do in the mean
time.

/]

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Coffee shop opens, I'm already in the corner
Sippin' my latte, with crushed up sugar powder
I've been up for days, can barely see through the crust
Infest in my eyes, my skins pale and flush
Only times in my life I recall being happy
Rubbin' the hotties, tap a little nappy
Insanity setup, I try to catch me
My walls came crumblin', reality slapped me

Everywhere I look, there's no sign of my soul
So my sights are set to feel that empty hole
That is where he comes in, yeah, him again
Claude mastered the art of body disposing
He don't want shit but a little snack
His belly gets full, and me, I get my life back
So hopefully, today, like all the years past
I pick the right guide and avoid a bloodbath

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You... You... You
It's always about you, ain't it?
Not this time... Not this time!
This time is about me, me, ME!

Medications wearin' off, I hear sirens
Yellin' in loud speakers, and screechin' tires
Quit playing, Claude, I ain't fuckin around
A billyclub bounced off my head and laid me out
A week must've passed, hmm, I suppose
I'm in a dank ass, padded room with no clothes
Shackled to the floor, you call this the bone
This may be Hell to you, but I'm right at home

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