

## Shaggy 2 Dope "Cobwebs In The 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.

You're in me... (Take me out this dirty attic)

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

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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'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)

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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