

Foster Chris

"I Hear Voices"

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[MF Grimm]

Tossing, turning, dreams of murder, someone's killing
me

Of changes, there's nights I'm on a killing spree

All done cold blood waking up in cold sweats

This is such a cold world unconscious getting death
threats

Shadows choking me, my last breath lets out my body
It's a conspiracy, my mind and my body's not really
down with me

Me against the whole world? It's a little deeper

Me against my self, I fight the Grim Reaper

Swing sickle, I got my Glock bust rounds off

Demented, schizophrenic, I know this sounds off to you

I do not lie, when I doze off spirits hope I die, whatever

Angels waste the time, they work together

Scheme and plot on me, 'cause I'm the son of man

I hear voices from a dog like Son of Sam

Don't give a damn if the bullets fill me

I don't wanna live, I hope they kill me

Put me out my misery, I live in misery

I kill all my enemies, cause I love company

Those who seek me, are called wise men

Or either wise-guys I prey you comprehend

And realize I'm condemned

No rest, homicidal dreams

My cellmate, all he do is scream

Out loud how he wants to go home

That's funny, I'm here all alone

Locked, in a single cell

His back's bleeding, he's cold as hell

And I'm hoping, they turn on some heat

I call the C.O. to bring some extra sheets

"Where'd he go?" he walk through walls, run halls, I
prey "teach me"

They don't seem him at the health try to reach me

I say "please see how he feels"

They said, "He's alright but he's not real"

Evaluations say I suffer from depression

Hallucinations, self-corration's what they're guessin

I'm here doing years, I'm stressin'
Medicate me, sedate me want me to rest an'
Don't take it cause he said that won't be best an'
He said I need his help and he needs me
"Nigga you walk through walls, go home you're free"

Home, that was far and he was turned off
Cause his wings was burned off
A lesson was learned, communicate with one
I was chosen cause I'm God's son

[MF Doom]
And I'm the retarded one!
(*sings*) Out in the streets
You won't survive with, wack-ass beats ("We can see that!")
These days and times
Watch as we get ours with rhymes

To my Metal Face bros with stomachs of cast iron
Who been into when in blast to the last siren
On the slow-mo the calm artist with the so-so chick
Chased them all like Cairo did to Slobodan Milosovik
Anyhoo, how 'bout them Yankees?
Once I leave off-stage the party people thanks mee's
If I may speak freely nasty like the freaky-deeky
At your local sleazy speak-easy
Famely fan of the limelight
In the mic stand was a phallic stick of dynamite
It's risky business like hand-to-hand crack sale
With rappers who's better off on the cover of Black Tail
Jumpin Jehosaphat, who's that?
Who cats who do magic like "Tell me how you do's that"
Heck no, especially those who cop pleas like gecko
Thought I might do techno
Ha ha, betcha bust out laughing at the bet
For no reason he get cussed out like Tourette
Yet tight flow to make her bad ass stutter
Or even crack a smile from a mad fast cutter
Butter, word play since third grade age
Back when we used to play "Bang! Open bird cage"
Hip hop Benny Hill's to penny straight
Get every penny weight then he chill, at any rate
My metal face hold with tongue release I-ring
Do yourself, I will continue to do my thing
Like Kung-Fu fighting everybody was biting
Then the super-villain struck again like lightning
In the same spot (bzzz!) now what's the chance of that?
And a name drop like pick the name out the hat
That's a known drop from the, liver conniver

Who vote player out the rap game like Survive while I-
ah
Drop through greens like a nerd cat wheeling ten
speed
So way back spin your back and then freeze
While I play high-ball, low-ball, to zero
So called rhymers, go call Cleo
While I, steal the show like thought-so-try-((?
Super-duper stars need Ortho-TriCylin
Sometimes the men, mostly from the women
I hear voices saying that's the super-villain
(Uhh, I hear voices)
Mostly from the women, I hear voices... super-villain

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