

Nate Dogg F/ Butch, Pamela Hale % DJ EZ Dick "Head Games"

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[VERSE I]

It all began with the crying of children
Searching the cold landscape for something to get the
blanks filled in
Boiling temperatures had the paint on the walls peeling
The shit done hit the fan now maneur dripping off the
ceiling
I directly below showered in excrement
Bitterly refusing the recommended daily dose of
medicine
Bible scriptures just a play thing, making spitballs
out of the new and old testament
Immersed in a demented game of chicken with my own
shadows
Screaming let my image go to the silhouette pharoah
He won't budge
I won't shake/ He won't move/ I won't escape
There's no judge, it ain't safe
I must soothe
These headaches
Unrest got me biting my fingernails down to the
knuckle
Solitaire with a deck of cards unshuffled
My land lady provided me with a patch of leathery
flesh to keep my mouth muffled
I must repent I scuffle
with a couple
of heavy belt buckles
Whipping 'em across my back creating welts and sore
muscles
It shall never cease until I cleanse my soul

[VERSE II]

A dozen picture frames picture frames shattered on
the bathroom floor
A spouse who chose adultery over matrimony forever
yours
Blood stains the tile
Tic Tac Toe style
My X won it all- The dog, the house, the cars, the
bank accounts, the kids and all the while

I'm slowly going down
the stairway to heaven like a slinky hellbound
I'm lost in a spiral defeated fetal position
A train of thought with an altered course headed for
fatal collision
The jagged glass stepping stones as I hopscotch with
wounded feet
Misery serenades me with tunes of mystique
Hide and seek
Enchanting isn't it
This damning dizziness
In a whirlwind twister raving and ranting silliness
The night the music stopped
and blind thieves with horns watched
and stared
As I wallow in self-pity and despair
No reason to keep up the pace but no place to take
five they've stolen my chair
The odd man out- I'm it tagging Jack daniels with
alcohol abuse
I duck duck goose
a makeshift noose
hanging from the ceiling fan
Pinata loathing the tattered remains of a broken down
family man
What went wrong, what was missing, I try to spell it out
The grief overwhelms I gotta yell it out
Pass out on a sofa bed couch
It'll be a new day tomorrow
I must suppress the sorrow
Or face the possibility of losing my profession
I'll do my best to counsel that dysfunctional family
during their next session

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