

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort

"Brain Dead"

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I'm in a Brain Dead state now my mind is a blank slate
The matter in my head is as useful as a beefcake
Walk around dazed for days at a time
My brain begins to smoke when I try to make a rhyme
If I think too hard then the thing falls apart
And my friends like to pretend they're tinter toys so
they start to
Piece it back together any way that it'll fit
And become the dead brain insane maniac, quittin'
time
Back for more like I've never done before
My insanity's contagious so I'm ragin' all the more
Now I'm stuck here doin' things I think are weird
Like ridin' into town on a horse like Paul Revere
When the authorities come and my mental rage is done
When my jacket gets tied in the back then the fun has
just begun
Let me cough up a lung, as I said
There ain't nothin' quite like bein' seriously brain dead

Well the beat flows in and goes out the other ear
What I hear that remains get strained like a sieve
Soul the only survivor to live
Makin' another bad creation like my name was Biv
Give me the time of day and I lose it in a second
To the abyss in my head ya know it's something to be
recoined with
Like Biff coming back from the future cuz I'm lost in
time
Pay no attention cuz I got no mind
Gilligan's next of kin I'm a bumblin' fool
With no control of motor skills I'm prone to drown in my
drool
In college got F's got no knowlege can't explain
Like the Wiz's scarecrow because I haven't got a brain
Oh I can tell you why
The ocean's near the shore
To look smart I paint myself so I look well red
Drinkin Drano can't explain oh I'm probably brain dead

I hang around town with Grandpa Simpson

I'm waitin' for my head to explode like Bill Plympton
Then we can really have fun and go pick up the pieces
And eat 'em as a candy like Reese's
Pulsing brain causing agonizing pain
Drives a red-head insane no cure for the strange
No escape from Dementia brain gets no deader
No pain, no brain, and it gets no better
Came along for the ride now I wanna get off
But all the doctors say is turn your head and cough
They just strap me down tight and pump me full of
medication
Pack me up and send me on a permanent vacation
I would come to visit but I'm right down the hall
In my own padded cell happy drawings and all
Ain't nothin' gonna fix the imbalance in my head
I'm doomed to live the rest of my life brain dead

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