Therapy

Esham

[Dead Boy]
Yeah,this muthafuckin Dead boy up in this bitch
Yo,got my muthafuckin nigga Esham ready to kick this shit for you hoes[Esham]
Walkin on the flatlines fumblin with the razor blade
Rumblin with the ace of spade is where the wicket rhymes are made
Sometimes I really feel like
I just can't deal with the pressures of life
So I walk around with the bloody butcher knife
Therapy,man I need some therapy cause ain't nobody scarin me
I ain't got no love cause no one cares for me
Slippin it into to darkness I'm beyond that and pass that
Once I catch a flashback
Snap and that's yo ass
Black Devil get a shovel,grave digga
How you figure you gon' kill a dead nigga
You gon kill a dead nigga
Bloody body baby bloody man I'm nutty what he thought
Nine dead bodies and I never got caught
Walk the flatlines,man I walk the flatlines
And dead body chalk lines make me walk lines
I don't sniff lines .45 slug to my mind
Sometime
I feel I'm on the flatline
Man I need some therapy[Dead Boy talking][Esham]
I'm having suicidal thoughts
Brain cells dead from the coma
My aroma dead body rotten gone but not forgotten
Seems like you forgot
Man I took one shot
Now I lay me down to sleep body hot rot
Got no love when I was a toddler
Now I swallow bullets for fun playin games with the gun
Hope I spit up,get up,throw up,mind blow up
I told my teacher I want to be like Hitler when I grow up
Now I got a mental block got the pussy hammer cocked
Tick tock and ya don't stop make the pussy pop
To the break of dawn,to the break of dawn
Once again it's on
.357 chrome plated to my dome

Now I know you want to know about knowing what I'm knowing
If

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