

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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