Morty's Theme

Esham

[esham]
Usin my inhibitions, callin my intuitions
Something's goin on if I'm feelin not superstitious
I'm vicious, I'm trapped inside the paradox
When my thoughts get twisted like some dreadlocks
I never or ever wondered 'bout the voodoo
I sing the voodoo, and now my deepest fears is comin through
I never loved ya, but I hate ya isle
How could I love you, how, because I hate you know
So when you, I take you under, wit the wicked men
And wit the wickedness, I make a preacher slit his fuckin wrist
No comin near me, when I'm thinkin this
'cause when I'm thinkin this, I'm thinkin suicidalist, uh
So back up off me, bust a brain sale, I bust a brain cell
I fall asleep and dream about hell
Some wonder why I'm even callin ya
The sky is fallin y'all, but after all it's my deepest feeling[chorus]
Morty (nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide)
Morty (how you gon hide from the fears inside)[esham]
Can't decode dependencies, suicidal tendencies
Brain your melt down, street lobotomy
Claustrophobia, locked in the pine box
Now I lay me down to sleep, six feet deep
Closed casket, just another basket case
Not a mannequin, but a mad man, so you panic kid
Run from it, everybody scared, so you're callin out
Buckshots, shotgun blast, now you fallin out
Everybody hide from the deepest fears inside
Watch me and my man morty take you on a murder ride
Suicide symptoms of the sanity, I'm blankin out
Polly want a cracker, but I'm never ever crankin out
Call me dr. frankenstein, dead bodies thinkin i'm
Gonna get, wit ya, when I hit ya, i'mma slit ya
Nobody can hold me, other safe is clear
Buried alive in the pine box is my deepest fear[chorus][esham]
It's ever so clear, my deepest fear is to hit the screens
The sounds of a madman, embattled in morty's theme
I dream, and nightmares come true, simply voodoo
Hallucinatin visions of killin you

The thought of even thinkin that, I think I need a drink
In fact I think I need some therapy 'cause ain't nobody helpin me
Since I got no excuses, for mental abuses, I'm losin faith
My only fear is to love instead of hate you
Born and bred, gone dead, my mind bled
Every time the holy Bible was read
To say that I love consciousness, and wound up wit wicked ways
Think about voodoo dolls, runnin wild on my last days
Spit wit morty, my shorty, no ventriloquist
Esham the unholy, straight suicidalist[chorus]

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