

# In Your Head

## Eminem

In your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie  
What's in your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie, ohI'm backing up my shit  
As much shit in the car as  
I can fit and I'm just driving as far as I can get  
Away from these problems, to all my sorrows I forget  
What's tomorrow like? 'Cause tonight I'm starting life again  
Kids in the corner won't stop fuck am I going?  
Besides psycho when I fantasize  
Starting my whole life over, yeah right  
Oh and I might go and  
Get hypnotized so I don't even recognize no one  
I try to look alive because there's nothing like  
Holding your head up high when you're dead inside  
And I just hide so in, case you're wondering why my insides showing  
'Cause I done spilled all my guts and know some minds so I'm  
Picking them up and stuff them in the back  
Fuck it I've done enough in this rap shit, Recovery brought me nothing  
But back, to where I was and perhaps,  
this could've been my victory lap if I wasn't on the verge of RelapseIn your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ieWhat's in your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie, ohIt seems to be the reoccurring main theme  
The shit I would daydream  
As a kid, I was eighteen  
I went from an irate  
Teenager to a still raging adult  
Amazing  
Back then I put everything  
Into the rhyme, whether it was sad, mad, happy, or angry  
I spit it, the mainstream, I hit it  
Blame me, I did it (Did what?) Hailie,  
Baby, I didn't mean to make you eighty  
Percent, of what I rapped about  
Maybe, I should've did a better job at separating  
Shady, and entertaining, for real life, but this  
Dang thing, is still the hardest thing to explain  
Is the craziest, (shit I)  
Ever seen and back then, it was like I ain't even

Bother to taken into consideration  
You and baby would get older and older  
and may hear me say things  
I did it. Pay me and beef just ain't me  
Okay, so ladies and Jenner, men just strip away everything  
has been the main reason that I, feel like a lame piece of shit  
(Or should I?) Start cranking in bitter  
Complain, beef and pick up by the same things  
'Cause when I, look at me, I don't see what they see  
I feel the same greedy and lately I've been contemplating  
Escaping to get a ranger or whatever this road takes me  
Is making me crazy, What's in my...In your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie  
What's in your head, in your head  
Zombie, zombie, zombie-ie-ie, oh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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