

Therapy

Heltah Skeltah

Bring in the next patient
The patient is sleeping
Bring in his chart
The doctor will see you now How you doin, let's see what we have here
My name is Dr. Killpatient
And I'm your psychossssigmathetamasochistic All I, seem to, think about is violence
It doesn't matter if I'm dead, sober or I'm bent
It's strange, I'm not insane or at least I don't think so
Or am I? You think so Doc, truthfully you don't know So what do I do, I go to my crew and ask for help
But they ain't no help, they go through the same shit they damn self
So I look deep into the mind of a crook
Then out of nowhere I envision two right hooks Aw damn, again goes this shit I
Can't get out of this cycle, dish one got me whipped
From the thought of a brain bashing, Doctor stop me
Before I blow my motherfuckin' top G See that leather sofa over there? Sit back with this six pack
And a spliff that have your mind twisted while we chit chat
I think that, we should start with the session
But before we begin let me ask you a few questions Have you been touched the wrong way? Involved in gun play
The town let me guess acquitted like you was O.J.
Typical black life you jack knifes under a sea biscuit
Get specific an stop fuckin' around wit that crack rock Yes, you do Duke I can tell
'Cuz you actin' funny, like when blacks get money
Brummy jazz only married to Jawana
And instead of helping you're getting me heated like a sauna Just trying to get into your head, pardon the way I
treat you
Tell me 'bout your scar, did your momma beat you
Fuck the mystery, Duke tell me your history
You're pissin' me off, plus the time keep on clippin' see I need a doctor to give me some therapy
I need a doctor to check my, my brain As I think back, to the nineties, that's when life got extra grimy
Multiplied with a fleet behind me, wasn't smart to try me
Physical fam gave less than a
Which added on to eighties anger tearing through my inner Now we're gettin somewhere, yah, it's all becoming
clear
I always feared I have to play the rear 'til I was outta here
That's when I flipped out and became a plane
That transform into a robot Rokk Da Kids was his name One of them Decep niggaz
Yup, takin' dope clothes and then some, I bend some
Did you have any legal source of income?
I said farewell to welfare crazy long ago

They want you to work for them peanuts now
Man you need a shrink if you think I'ma go
Then any thoughts and hopes of rehabilitation
Were chilled when I lost my nigga Phil it's been downhill
Ever since and ain't nobody helpin' me
So I came to you, the Dr. Killpatients for therapy
I need a doctor to give me some therapy
I need a doctor to check my, my brain
Bust the prognosis, better yet Duke have a dosage
Of prescribed poetry that people perceive as potent
I've been goin' through your file and I found a conclusion
That you destined to be the best in this world of confusion
You lose when you fall victim to evil ways
I know crime pays but the rhyme slays nowadays
Take two of these and if you have a problem at all
I'm on call twenty four hours to brawl, word is bond
I need a doctor to give me some therapy
I need a doctor to check my, my brain
I need a doctor to give me some therapy
I need a doctor to check my, my brain
I need a doctor to check my, my brain

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