

The Ills

Denzel Curry

Yeah, huh

My mind is a playing field for mental arguments
My thoughts are sayin' my emotions is who started it
My personality always conflicts with other people
The good in me has never been conscious of seein' evil
I could be ferocious in my times of feelin' feeble
Sick of life's ill, it could be short for illegal
Common sense, a victim to sensory deprivation
The mediator met with it all is in meditation
Lord invited me to stay idly on his left side
So I can right my wrongs in these songs to live and let die
Channellin' Notorious, Makaveli and Left Eye
Son of raw, speakin' on horrors to see who am I?
Topple leaders, runnin' with demons, countin' it even always
Silhouette-surfin' and stretchin' through mental hallways
Demons on my mind, they know where to hide, really
Then nine minutes later, I'm met with the nine milli'
So nine times out of ten, I'm probably going to Hell
'Cause I'm the devil, which means I sold my soul to myself
Shelf all of my worst fears in the mason jar glasses
Next to all the dreams and things I ever imagined
Book of magic, psilocybin, man, is a talisman
Speak my name in vain, it will be met with some challenges
I devise a way to rise, time to strategize
The purest form of Zeltron made me alkaline

I'm seein' illusions in the pockets of my brain
I use it, then find a way to illustrate my pain
Confusion, 'cause you don't understand a word I'm sayin'
Forgive me for all I done, 'cause I be barely prayin'

The kid inside me always seems to man up
The higher power is within myself, no need to pan up
Believe in U-L-T the way a child believes in Santa
Manipulate the masses and the media on camera
Black holes and white lights, white noise and black sun
Shadows and bright lights are crooks back in action
Surrounded by dismay, I display visions of a way
For Heaven on Earth and hell on Earth to fight for night and day
Apocalyptic hoes conflict against my optimistic hopes
The ropes around my neck are golden chains for me to choke
My locs reflect the locks and the flames that burn across
In my very nation, I walk with my peers, surrounded by chalk
Deities and darkness meetin' at my dinner table
Keep it in rap, my knife is real, this is my mystic fable
Play the bad guy just to finish the race first
'Cause the last guy was nice, but he end up dying of thirst

I'm seein' illusions in the pockets of my brain
I use it, then find a way to illustrate my pain
Confusion, 'cause you don't understand a word I'm sayin'
Forgive me for all I done, 'cause I be barely prayin'
I'm seein' illusions in the pockets of my brain
I use it, then find a way to illustrate my pain
Confusion, 'cause you don't understand a word I'm sayin'
Forgive me for all I done, 'cause I be barely prayin'