

# Living in My Own Head

Diabolic

Yo, I'm your live tour guide to see what I saw  
See how my street's an eye sore like styes deep inside pores  
I see myself as a beast combined with Guy Forbes  
Who feels the need to rhyme and lead the blind like seeing eye dogs  
I'll die for what I believe, what we'd survive for  
Beefing with evil crime lords who creep with a team of cyborgs  
Coming at me with knives, swords, and nines. I'm squeezing mine towards  
Fighting 'til hell is freezing, with demons screaming, "My lord!"  
I'll redefine raw, started deep in my core  
Whoever wants to set it off can feel free—July 4th  
They say my mind's off and 'Bolic's got too strange  
Like Bush, Saddam Hussein, and Obama watching Loose Change  
I'm 'bout as humane as pouring pots of butane  
On you like drops of new rain and lighting the hottest blue flame  
Mixing shots of Ukraine vodka with toxic new strains  
Of pot and watching you lames rot atop the food chain

(x2)

Living in my own head, I'm a monster  
The voices in my skull said, "Do what you got ta"  
You are broke with no bread, so do it proper  
Danger, this is code red. No one can stop us

Yo, my conduct provokes sluts that I trust are dolts  
Like, "'Bolic's got screws loose. He always drops nuts and bolts"  
That's a f\*cking joke, ho. You would open wide  
Expecting me to dump a load, so it should cum/come as no surprise  
You should sit at home and cry until you blow a guy  
And show your bipolar side with lows and highs like ocean tides  
I keep an open eye and focus my attention  
Or they'll multiply like Gremlins soaked by the hose of a fire engine

They'll vocalize attention on some "Crush, Kill, Destroy"  
Stress and, when there's nothing left, yes, I must fill the void  
I'm the real McCoy, sorry that I'm not respectful  
Dr. Jekyll's drugs are in my blood at a toxic level  
I'm all gassed up—sparking this is flammable  
Exploding 'cause they're marketing these parlour tricks as magical  
I'm 'bout as rational as starving vicious animals  
But still full of myself like a narcissistic cannibal

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I love my kids but hate the way their mothers talk  
Whores breaking balls like Roy Hobbs knocking a cover off  
I'm f\*cking lost. But who am I without the stress?  
Without the bills, bouncing checks? Without the countless debt?  
I'm in the booth, feeling like I died a thousand deaths  
While fans say, "Why the f\*ck haven't you dropped your album yet?"  
I've been a recluse, choosing to be on house arrest  
And, honestly, I need to change a Little like I'm Malcolm X  
Graff writer turned rapper, running out of breath  
Same story, painting masterpieces with the alphabet

The day I sell's an omen. The gates of Hell are frozen  
People sleep more than narcoleptics taking melatonin  
My brain cells were chosen, DNA'll shape shift  
The Anunnaki going kamikaze in his space ship  
I'm a silverback gorilla going ape shit  
King Kong pounding his chest, Empire State shit

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