

So Suicidal

Esham

Look inside my head, no brain is what you'll find
Take a look closer, you will see I'm out my mind
I am a nigga, ahead of space and time
Crime is life and life is crime
One thing I know is get paid, get rich
Life is a bitch, death to a snitch
Born in the ghetto with no money in my pocket
Rap dope as a kilo, learn how to rock it
Inventor of the Wicket Shit, but some still just don't get the shit
[?] ridiculous, I make 'em wanna slit their wrists
I think I'm kinda losin' it, abusive suicidalist
You know what my title is, vital homicidalist
I need a new doctor 'cause I shot my therapist
Mental illness, and he wasn't takin' care of this
I ran up out the room, and then I bumped into the head nurse
They can kill me, but bitch, you dead first

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I'd rather die fuckin' right now, been livin' in denial
So suicidal, I might die with a smile
Walked the Green Mile, seen everything go [?]
Sacrifice it all, takin' one for the team now
I'm so sick, fuck fadin' out, I'd rather go quick
Kill everything before I exit
N-A-T-A-S, Life After Death shit
Rockin' this 'til I'm lifeless, suicidalist
I am a professional, you shouldn't be tryin' this
Scientists study what livin' and dyin' is
[?] anybody buyin' it
Get it before it's too late motherfucker
Before I'm gone, ahead of time and space, burnin' rubber
You wanna murder ride with me? Didn't think so
I'm right there bouta do the unthinkable

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Suicidal, you would die though, ain't no need for you to cry though
I stopped takin' medication, didn't help my situation
Learn a lesson, deep depression, doctors got me second-guessin'
Symptoms of insanity, guess I still be mental stressin'
Twelve-steppin', group meetin', seen a psychic, palm-readin'
Heavy into coke snortin', now it got my nose bleedin'
Threw me in a straitjacket knowin' that I hate it
I didn't take my medication, heavily sedated
I was in a rubber room, crazy I assumed
I guess I'm just doomed, I'm a Looney-Tune
I'm a suicidalist, watch the way I kick it
All the pain I feel, you know it's self-inflicted
Been addicted to the drama, ask my daddy and my momma
And I'm still hallucinatin', conversatin' with Satan

Doctors ask me if I'm sick, stressin' must be a trick question
I invented Wicket Shit, so how I get blessin's
Suicidal tendencies, but I spit remedies
The doctor came in and said take ten of these
I looked at him, laughed, and I spit half at him
Took his pen out his lapel, and then I stabbed him
In his eye and yelled die die die motherfucker
Die die motherfucker, die right in his eye
And yelled die die motherfucker, die motherfucker
Die motherfucker, DIE!

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