

# 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

I am so suicidal, I am so suicidal  
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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 die motherfucker, die motherfucker  
Die motherfucker, DIE!

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