

Going Crazy

Jean Grae

Walkin' down a dark alley, shook as a bitch, lookin' behind me (shit)
I'm paranoid, heart beatin' like clips that unload fast
And click 'til you drop in a ditch
And get colder by the moment while you moan and you twitch, oh
Somebody's followin' Jean
Now somethin's creepin' up 'tween the shadows and the city lights
And it's mean
I can't sleep no more
Can't eat, can't keep food inside of my jaw
Pardon me y'all
I feel it in the air like I'm Phil Collins
The whole problem is ill, my first instinct's to get violent
I can't see it clearly, God wished me safety
If He ever appears then please just God take me
I'm hearin' words spoken when I'm turnin' off the lights
Feelin' hands chokin' my neck, provokin' me to fight
Jean's lost it, sweet Jesus, mind's been accosted
In prison and these visions and yo, I can't come off it
Oh God

I think I'm goin' crazy
Oh Lord I'd wish you'd save me
(Oh God) I can't keep runnin'
Please, somebody save me
(Oh Lord, la la la la)
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

I'm thinkin' it's some Geto Boys +Mind Playin' Tricks on Me+, shit
And I'm +Bushwack+ed punchin' the ground and Willie D's
Holdin' me down to my knees while I'm poundin' my teeth on the street
Until my backbone is splittin', everything bleeds
Man I need help or counselin', somethin'
How about I Ed Norton it? Find a support group
Start frontin' like I been afflicted with sickness
Just witness some pain, get some sleep, and just maybe
I'll kick this
Insane cliques of dangerous agents from "The Matrix"
Invadin' brain space
I need a refill of pills, I hate this
Gats'll hold me back from smashin' my grill
And equal package of holdin' nerves back from they will
I'm backtrackin' through the nightmares
Fight tears, drown beers like I'm Norm avoidin' Vera in "Cheers"
Much older then years
I'm still runnin' from 'em, all fears, runnin' runnin'

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It's a Rockwell song, niggaz are watchin' me through my cell phone
I can hear the tappin' through the dial tone
They track me, hack me, somebody's gonna get me hectic now
My neck twitch and muscles stay restless

Brain patterns scattered, hectic hexes on the mind
(where they at?) Suspected everyone I ever met
Better yet lately I've been thinkin' I'd been better dead
Put a bullet hole inside my fitted cap and call it end
The story's ill because the motherf**kers never let up
My mental thrills cuz my Spidey senses always get up
I let off, I let go
I lick shots so they know that I fight
My neighbors call the cops every night (shit)
I won't answer the do' cuz I'm scared
And the dro just won't help but I smoke just to get me right
I see 'em creepin' in the dark, comin' for me
Demons on my terrace and menace in the shadows, I'm scared nigga

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