

Voices In My Head

K'naan

Eh yo, welcome to my world, please listen
HEY!
Poison in my veins, inside I'm torturing my brains,
And still I try, aiaiai
Voices in my head, am I alive or am I dead,
Alone I cry, aiaiaiai

Consider, configure,
the shit that I'm in and the pain, I'm literally going insane
I'm frightened, my heart and my head have been fightin
I'm certain that it's hurtin the rest of my body
Them voices as loud as manhattan come chattin,
They say "Who met us, and let us in?" you know you better than all of
these replicates screamin they represent
C'mon man, c'mon.
And the people inside me say they wanna see me go on tragically
And it's evil, cause I'm only 20 something working for some crumbs so
me bread, or nothin

The harder the struggle the deeper the trouble,
Come out of the bubble, I'll teach you to cuddle,
With demons inside me, what demon is not me,
These demons inside me they got me, they stop me from sleepin,
And eatin and keepin it even, and even my reason for breathin is ceas
in',
Sleetin in a danger, my nose when I'm readin, it's bleedin on paper,
It's bleedin on paper,
And I'm tired of this violence, so tortured inside, ain't it awkward
and overtly open inside, have I already died,
Has mom already cried? And why do I feel like I'm over this life,
I'm not hateful, I'm grateful, my girlfriend is tasteful, livin it up
,
I might even blow, like a leak in a truck, with a torch and a clutch,
And explosion that leaves all coughin' up dust, and the people,
Inside me say, they wanna see me go tragically,
And it's evil, cause I'm only twenty something, working for a crumb s
ome bread or nothin

I'm still awake, and it's quarter to six,
I'm trying to write and I ain't thought of no shit,
I live with guilt like I slaughtered a Sikh,
I live with shame like my daughter's a bitch,
I don't make living but I still persist,
I could sell out but I still resist,
So don't tell me about no pain and shit,
I was born and raised in poverty bitch,
And I smile all the while and don't complain,
I'm something like Gill Scott Heron,
Do you know what it feels like to lose a friend, again and again and
again, again
The bitter, the sinner, the killer the poet, the river of blood withi
n him that's flowin,

I'm the bitter, the sinner, the killer, the poet, the river of blood
within me flowinn,
People inside me say, the wanna see me goin' tragically,
And it's evil, it's evil, cause I'm only twenty something working for
a crumb or some bread or nothin