

Out of My Head

Madchild

I can't seem to get these thoughts out of my head

Emotionally I'm a roller coaster
Dope white boy put me in the Coka Nostra
Aye, No need for you to think it over
Pull up in a grey Range Rover
And stay sober
Mess with madchild
Pull out two blammers
Girls call me thor cause the size of my hammer
Thinkin' you the ace face, you a bell boy
I'm a fucking space case like elroy
Half devil, Half man like hell boy
When I flex like biceps and deltoids
On steroids, I'm kinda paranoid
Make rare noise when I deliver like an errand boy
I'm a scary fellow
No gold, No diamonds in canary yellow
Opposite of very mellow
Don't trip, I got it covered like a canopy
But people look at me like I'm from 'Sons of Anarchy'

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I just dropped my fucking album
Get it hot off the shelf
'Dope Sick'
I'm a small green goblin from hell
You won't even have to follow my words
My raps slap you in the face like a volleyball serve
And I ain't one for charm and harmony's
I rap retardely, and sever seven arteries
I'm an artist thats a modern beast
Steel chin, iron jaws, silver tongue and sauder teeth
I'm not a rich rapper, I'm a volunteer
Think about my life and I wipe away a falling tear
Yeah, Burly little verse killer
That draw first blood, pure coke no filler
I should get a Pulitzer at least
I'm a wurtilizer so I'm refurbishing verses that are garbage in the streets
The King of Canada, new hottest commodity
You can be my prodigal, methodically an oddity

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All my ex girls tatted on my right arm
When I go to bed at night, I leave the lights on
And keep a movie playing voices screaming in my head
Not to mention that the Boogy Monster's underneath my bed
And where I live it's either snowing or it rains
Blood is flowing through my veins
Trying to stay away from thoughts of blowing out my brain
Knowing I'm insane
But I'm staying away from dope
And I'm sewing up the game
Mood change

Now the colour on my mood ring bright
Cause I'm high up on the food chain
Shoe game tight
Trust me, you don't wanna romp with this rare beast
Rap till I'm old saggy balls and a hair piece
Two G's for a verse? That's a fair trade
Open up my mouth and it sounds like an air raid
I don't narrate, I just live the story
I'll make a mockery of you and tell your kids I'm sorry
Anybody cross my path, That's a foolish dude
Cause mentally I'm complicated like a rubix cube
I'm a freakazoid
I should seek treatment
I keep creeping and Breathe deep, pee frequent

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I don't really know how to explain it, but, cause I got
I'm trying to do right, I'm trying
I'm trying to keep my head clear
I still feel like I'm going crazy
It's kinda messed up man
10 years sober..I mean (haha)..10 months
And still crazy thoughts doing laps around my head at night
Every night
I'm up till 6-7 in the morning with these crazy thoughts
It's all good thou
Don't trip