

Esham, Maggot Brain Theory

Let me give you a piece of my mind
You will find that I flip like Jeckel and Hyde
On a suicide track that I ride in fact
I walk the black lines of the dead bodies
Talk lines when I walk lines
Thinkin of excuses
Mental abuses
Told you last year you should've murdered me
How you gonna kill a dead man
So you never heard of me
I feel no pain, you can't hurt me
If you squirt me
Till the tick tock
With the hammer cock
On the glock
Infa-Red play connect the dots
With blood clocks
Blood stains
Here I go once again
On the flat line
That line is my maggot brain
(Chorus)
I got the funk-a-del-lic locked in my maggot brain
(Background talking)
I got the funk-a-del-lic locked in my maggot brain
(Background talking)
Some think I'm crazy
I have seen all type of doctors
All type of coppers
In helicopters
Thinkin, thinkin bout drinkin me some liquor
Drop me some acid make my buzz come quicker
I don't give a fuck about Mr. Dennis Archer
Cause from day one I was down with Commie Youngin
Larry Nethers and Walter Buttsa
Hope you in prison suckin on nuts
No justice no peace
That's why I pack my a piece to protect me from the police
Cause they wanna kill a nigga
But still a nigga moves away a ton
Motherfucker come and get some
But if you come you came
To the terrordome
Where there's only steal-plated chrome in my maggot brain
(Chorus X2)
Come down rude boy
Let me bust you with an automatic
Synthetic plastic toy
When holy
I'm out my mind so much
I need a brand new head
I'm good as dead boy cause I'm almost dead
When I kick it, I like my shit
What, Wicket
With the insane in the brain poetry
You know me
I'm that nigga killed the bees back in '93
Voices in my head always try to kill me
Now you wanna tell me you know how I'm feelin'
Good god, you be illin' cause I'm rootin for the villain
Plain and simple, simple and plain
You know my name
I got a migraine, in my maggot brain
(Chorus 2X)

I got that funk-a-del-lic X14
I got that funk-a-del-lic locked in my maggot brain