

Buck-O-Nine, Alot In My Head

I got a problem with confrontation
There's too much on my mind
I feel my shoulders getting seriously heavy
And my patience has died

I got alot on my head
And I'm wondering will it ever end

I can taste the tension getting inside me
Felt it now for a week
All the travelling's got me tired and angsty
Need to get me some sleep

I started drinkin' 'bout a quarter to three
I thought it would help with stress
I started thinking about the problems that be
And now my head is a mess