Esham, Devilish Mood

I'm in a devilish mood.. I'm in a devilish mood... You don't understand me, I got a split personality, Showin' you a different side of reality. Late night walkin' down the street with a butcher knife. Cold jam it in your stomach, and watch you vomit. Some say I'm sick, hard to get with, The despotic psychotic nitwit. Red Rum, Red Rum, I gotta get me some so where's my next victim? Little old lady walkin' down the block, Hit her in the back of the head with a rock. Dum dum ditty dum ditty dum dum, Red Rum, Red Rum, Red Rum. APB out on me, killed the old lady, took her social security. I'm livin' just like a pack rat, So when I see someone with some food, I say gimme that! I'm livin' just like a pack rat, sleepin' on clothes and sh*t, Holes in my clothes, I'm sleepin' outdoors. Cuz Governor Ingling took my foodstamp, Got me livin' just like a tramp. A hobo po' livin' outdoors, Thrown on the streets, so I'm sleepin' on shelter floors. I result to voodoo, I'ma make me out a doll of Governor Ingling to. And put a pin in the middle of the fo' head, While I say to myself, Play dead! Homeless, I got no home, So when I see a old lady, I follow her ass home. People say I'm livin' just like a animal, I result to eatin people like a cannibal. Listen to the funky drama, I get flash backs and visions that I'm Jeffery Dahmer. Now I'm on the hunt for food, Cuz I'm homeless, I'm in a devilish mood. I'm starvin' just like Marvin, So I'ma get me a butcher knife and start carvin'. People up, what the hell, I'll get me some food for wars if I got to jail. But even the jails won't take me, I got caught up in the system, breakin' me. Breakin' me down, nervous break down, Cops found two dead bodies on the west side of town. Blame it on the homeless people, I hear no, see no, say no evil. Shoulda just take my own life, One man starvin', walkin' around with a butcher knife. Wish life like it was on TV, Then maybe someone would help me, Or get me some food, Cuz I got to survive, I'm in a devilish mood.