

Esham, The Fear

Tell me your deepest fear
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Losin' my inhibitions
Callin' my intuitions
Somethin's goin' on if I'm feelin'
I'm superstitious, I'm vicious
I'm tryin' decide the paradox
When my thoughts get twisted
Like some dreadlocks
I never ever wondered 'bout the voodoo
I sing the voodoo,
And now my deepest fears is comin' true
I never loved you but I hate you, how,
How could I love you, how,
Because I hate you now
So wonder, I take you under
With the wickedness
I'll make a preacher slit his f**kin' wrist
No comin' near me when I'm thinkin' is,
'cause when I'm thinkin' is,
I'm thinkin' suicidalist, uh
So back up off me, bust a brain cell
I bust a brain cell
I fall asleep and dream about hell
Some wonder why I'm even callin' ya'll
The sky is fallin' ya'll
But after all it's my deepest fear
Morty, no where to run to,
No where to hide
Morty, how you gonna hide
From the fears inside?
Chemical dependancies,
Suicidal tendencies
Brain on meltdown, street labotomy
Claustrophobia, locked in a pine box
Now I lay me down to sleep, 6 feet deep
Closed casket, just another basket case
Not a maniquin, or the madman,
So you panicin'
Run from me, everybody scared so
You callin' out
Buck shot shot gun blast
Now ya fallin' out
Everybody hide from the deepest fears inside
Watch me and my man Morty
Take you on a murder ride
Suicide, symptoms of insanity
I'm breakin' out probably wanna crack-a
But I'm never ever crackin' out
Call me Dr. Frankenstein
Dead body stinkin', I'm gonna get wit cha',
When I hit cha', I'm a slit cha'
Nobody can hold me I'm as safe as clear
Buried alive in the pine box
Is my deepest fear...
Morty's coming...
It's ever so clear, my deepest fear
Is to hear the screams
The sounds of a madman
Embottled in Morty's theme
My dream and nightmares come true, simply voodoo
Hallucinate and visions of killin' you
The thought of even thinkin' that
I think I need a drink

In fact I think I need some therapy
'cause ain't nobody helpin' me'
Since I got no excuses for
Mental abuses I'm losin' faith
My only fear is to love instead of hate you
Born and bred, born dead
My mind bled everytime the holy Bible was read
Instead I lost consciousness and wound up with wicked ways
Thinkin' 'bout voodoo dolls
Runnin' wild my last days
Spent with Morty, my shorty
No ventriliquist
Esham, the unholy
Straight suicidalist