

# Heltah Skeltah, Therapy

[Intro: Ruck]

[snoring]

Bring in the next patient (the patient is sleeping)  
Bring in his chart (the Doctor will see you now)  
How you doin, let's see what we have here  
My name is Dr. Killpatient  
and I'm your psychossssigmathetamasochistic

[Verse One: Rock, Ruck]

All I, seem to, think about is violence  
It doesn't matter if I'm dead sober or I'm bent  
It's strange, I'm not insane or at least I don't think so  
Or am I? You think so Doc, truthfully I don't know  
So what do I do I go to my crew and ask for help  
But they ain't no help, they go through the same shit they damn self  
So I look deep into the mind of a crook  
Then out of nowhere I envision two right hooks  
Aww damn, again goes this shit I  
can't get out of this cycle, dish one got me whipped  
From the thought of a brain bashing, Doctor stop me  
Before I blow my motherfuckin top G

See that leather sofa over there?

Yeah

Sit back with this six-pack and a spliff  
that have your mind twisted while we chit-chat  
I like that

I think that, we should start with the session

Uh-huh

But before we begin let me ask you a few questions

Uh-huh

Have you been touched the wrong way?

Nah

Involved in gun play

Yeah

The town let me guess acquitted like you was O.J.

How you know?

Typical black life you jack knives under a sea biscuit

Get specific an stop fuckin around wit that crack rock

Yo I don't smoke doze

Yes you do Duke I can tell

Cuz you actin funny, like when blacks get money

Brummy jazz only married to Jawana

and instead of helping you're getting me heated like a sauna

Just trying to get into your head

Pardon the way I treat you

Tell me bout your scar, did your momma beat you

Nah man

Fuck the mystery Duke tell me your history

You're pissin me off

plus the time keep on clippin see

[Chorus:]

I need a doctor to give me some therapy

I need a doctor to check my, my brain

[Verse Two: Rock, Ruck]

As I think back, to the nineties

That's when life got extra grimy  
Multiplied with a fleet behind me  
Wasn't smart to try me, physical fam gave less than a  
Which added on to eighties anger tearing through my inner  
(Now we're gettin somewhere, yah) It's all becoming clear  
I always feared I have to play the rear til I was outta here  
That's when I flipped out and became a plane  
that transform into a robot Rokk Da Kids was his name  
(One of them Decep niggaz) Yup takin dope clothes and then some  
I bend some (did you have any legal source of income?)  
I said farewell to welfare crazy long ago  
They want you to work for them peanuts now  
man you need a shrink if you think I'ma go (huh)  
Then any thoughts and hopes of rehabilitation  
were chilled when I lost my nigga Phil it's been downhill  
ever since, and ain't nobody helpin me  
So I came to you, the Doctor Killpatients for therapy

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Ruck]

Bust the prognosis, better yet Duke have a dosage  
of prescribed poetry that people perceive as potent  
I've been goin through your file and I found a conclusion  
That you destined to be the best in this world of confusion  
You lose when you fall victim to evil ways  
I know crime pays but the rhyme slays nowadays  
Take two of these and if you have a problem at all  
I'm on call twenty-four hours to brawl, word is bond

[Chorus]

This is my number, yaknowwhat!msayin  
4-9-5-Nevermind-Nevermind

[Chorus]

But you that undisputed, and now you theraputic  
Bootcampian champion

[Chorus]

The undisputed, with theraputic  
Bootcampian champion, R-O-C, therapy

[Chorus: until fades]