

Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Straight Jacket

[Kool G. Rap]

Help me doctor doctor cause I'm seein lots of spots
I'm thinkin of pink elephants with little polka dots
I'm tired, crazy tired, but I can not get no sleep
Cause every time I close my eyes I think I'm six feet deep
I feel I'm goin slow as hell but everything is speedin
Last night I woke up screamin and my bathroom walls were bleedin
I thought I fell asleep at work, but then when I awoke
I was all alone and had my own hands on my throat
Clippings from the newspaper of murders my library
Sometimes I get a urge to walk inside a cemetary
I looked into a mirror seen a rope around my neck
I smoked a lot of cigarettes, cause I'm a nervous wreck
Tryin to relax, I ran some water in the tub
Vision somebody slaughtered, then the water turned to blood
I'm runnin down the hallway tryin to reach an exit door
The more and more I run seems like it's further than before
Voices sometimes tell me what I won't do, what I will do
Voices in my head right now are tellin me to kill you
Filled up with anxiety, I went to Lover's Lane
Seen a couple kissin, then blew out the brother's brain
I feel the world's against me and the women are so dirty
I hate women today because my mother used to hurt me
I think I'm goin crazy Doc no longer can I hack it
Please, doctor please, put me in a straight jacket

A lady picked me up hitchikin, what a big mistake
Several hours later, there's a body by the lake
Walked into a train station, headed towards the back
Caught a flashback, and pushed a man right on the track
I'm in my darkroom inside my house that is deserted
developin the photo of a hoe that I just murdered
I took a walk one night because I wanted to get out
I stepped outside, I paused, and I was back inside my house
Called up PLENTY doctors, told em all about my health
My phone just plays a dial tone, I'm talkin to myself
Snap back to reality, at least that's what I thought
Runnin from the spirits of the bodies I just caught
I can't escape this hell I'm in, not even in my dreams
I cover both my ears, because I'm sick of hearin screams
I been a mental case since I was in the seventh grade
Stabbed another student, licked his blood off of my blade
I got two personalities inside sometimes they battle
When I look at my picture all I see is scribble scrabble
I feel I'm really losin it, I need to write to Abby
The characters on TV try to reach right out and grab me
I always hear somebody talkin bout they gonna do me
But I listen again and it's those voices talkin to me
You heard of shadowboxin? I see mine and then attack it
Please, doctor please, put me in a straight jacket