

I wanted the fame, but not the cover of Newsweek Oh, well,  
guess beggars can't be choosey  
Wanted to receive attention for my music  
Wanted to be left alone in public. Excuse me  
For wanting my cake and eat it too, and wanting it both ways  
Fame made me a balloon 'cause my ego inflated  
When I blew; see, but it was confusing  
'Cause all I wanted to do is be the Bruce Lee of loose leaf  
Abused ink, used it as a tool when I blew steam (wooh!)  
Hit the lottery, oh wee  
But with what I gave up to get it was bittersweet  
It was like winning a used mink  
Ironic 'cause I think I'm getting so huge I need a shrink  
I'm beginning to lose sleep: one sheep, two sheep  
Going cuckoo and cooky as Kool Keith  
But I'm actually weirder than you think  
'Cause I'm

Now, I ain't much of a poet but I know somebody once told me  
To seize the moment and don't squander it  
'Cause you never know when it all could be over tomorrow  
So I keep conjuring, sometimes I wonder where these thoughts spawn from  
(Yeah, pondering'll do you wonders.  
No wonder you're losing your mind the way it wanders.)  
Yoda-loda-le-hee-hoo  
I think it went wandering off down yonder  
And stumbled on 'ta Jeff VanVonderen  
'Cause I need an interventionist  
To intervene between me and this monster  
And save me from myself and all this conflict  
'Cause the very thing that I love's killing me and I can't conquer it  
My OCD's conking me in the head  
Keep knocking, nobody's home, I'm sleepwalking  
I'm just relaying what the voice in my head's saying  
Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the

Call me crazy but I have this vision  
One day that I'd walk amongst you a regular civilian  
But until then drums get killed and I'm coming straight at  
MCs, blood get spilled and I'll  
Take you back to the days that I'd get on a Dre track  
Give every kid who got played that  
Pumped up feeling and It should say back  
To the kids who played him  
I ain't here to save the lonely children  
But if one kid out of a hundred million  
Who are going through a struggle feels it and then relates that's great  
It's payback, Russell Wilson falling way back  
In the draft, turn nothing into something, still can make that  
Straw into gold chump, I will spin Rumpelstiltskin in a haystack  
Maybe I need a straightjacket, face facts  
I am nuts for real, but I'm okay with that  
It's nothing, I'm still friends with the