

# Buck-O-Nine, Alot In My Head

I got a problem with confrontation  
There's too much on my mind  
I feel my shoulders getting seriously heavy  
And my patience has died

I got alot on my head  
And I'm wondering will it ever end

I can taste the tension getting inside me  
Felt it now for a week  
All the travelling's got me tired and angsty  
Need to get me some sleep

I started drinkin' 'bout a quarter to three  
I thought it would help with stress  
I started thinking about the problems that be  
And now my head is a mess