

The Shining

Swollen Members

My head keeps spinnin and spinnin and spinnin
I don't know if this is the end or it's the beginnin
Man I'm losin my mind, I think I'm losin my mind
I think I'm losin my mind, I sink deeper try to keep it in line

I'm feeling like I wanna die
I'm an addict, I'm not talkin 'bout a fuckin marijuana high
Fuck the gangster talk, I'll smash your teeth in with the baby Glock
I'm a mental patient spittin crazy talk
I'm talented but life's a balancing act
And I am way off of alignment, the payoff isn't time yet
I'm so fuckin broke I'm puttin clothes up for consignment
I used to be white lightning
Now I'm sittin in a dark cloud, wonderin where my mind went
Y'all know where to find me!
Behind closed blinds, I'm on my type-a-writer
While I watch a spider climbin up the wall
To spin a web, and catch a fly and watch him die
He sucks all of the blood out of him then I start to cry
I don't know why, I don't know why he swallowed a fly
You're all gonna die; that's my only comfort
I smashed my iPhone before you get my number
... I'm clinically insane, mentally deranged
Hangin from a string strangled by a chain...
I guess all of the drugs have done a number on my brain
Fuck it!

Yo I look up in the sky, I see the sun shining
So why's my mind spinning? Arkham Asylum
Dark Knight, Ra's al Ghuls, Scarecrows, Jokers, Riddlers
Catwomen and Penguins, Spidey sense is tingling
Hobgoblin, Doc Oc, Sandman, and Venom
My mind starts to die/dye like it's indigo denim
Time for me to Sean Penn 'em, lose 21 grams
It's the game at close range, I'm the Falcon, he's the Snowman
He's drinkin down a Pepsi while I'm openin a Coke can
My first show in front of ten thousand out at Snow Jam
No man, old man, take a look at my life
Carve my name in the tree with my own pocket knife
Yeah I'm classic Old Spice, you a Spice Girl, +Scary+
Selling off my mental property, "Glen Ross Glengarry"
And I know it's around here somewhere on the property buried
But I'm plastered like a poster - Obey, Shepard Fairey
6:30 every mornin, is when I get up like Banksy
Jet to the studio Mad's trippin sittin angtsy
It's reality and fantasy but I can't separate
My feet are on the ground so how the fuck my body levitate?

In no way is this meant to disrespect my family or God
Yeah...

Okay seven day coke binge, heroin in tinfoil
Heroin in pill form, brain egg hardboiled
Mad Child chase dragon, turn into a gargoye
Grade 7 mom took me shopping down at Park Royal
This is not the life that I have dreamt about
Mentally I'm emptied out, rapping while I vent with a demented mouth
Sentimentally my sentiments are printed out

Now stick a knife inside me, giving you something to think about
Insanity, it's hereditary, grandma got dementia
Grandma tried to kill herself, she's suffering from depression
And Mad Child suffer from depression
So am I going to try to kill myself is constantly my question

[Chorus - repeat 2X]