

"entering.. life sequence... fiiiive"

If you walk with me this way you'll see this giant spread of all the
Substances you could abuse
And if you look to the left... well, you know

I tried a lot of drugs
I tried a lot of ladies
Some I probably wouldn't of tried if I wasn't on drugs
Been living sober lately
Sure, some fans will hate me
Still see bugs crawling on me
This time I think it's scabies
Miss, don't hate the player
I'm on the bench now
But when they call me back in
It's back to "I Don't Care"
The snake spoke to Eve in the garden
These days trees are fruitless, snakes are starving
Pretty little rabbits sold me for carrots, folks
Before Jim Carrey, she wore mask like Eric Stoltz
I'm not insane. No, my life's a gameshow
I shot for the stars - Miss
So now I aim low

If you don't hear back from me
I probably got some shit on my dick and afraid the doctor gonna laugh at me
I'm just playin, peeranoia fucks with the mind
This hook is stuck in my cheek
Let me pull it out for real this time

Yo, if you don't hear back from me
It's probably cause my record flopped and my life is a catastrophe
Yo, if you don't hear back from me
It's probably cause them doctors with hypodermics are still after me
Yo, if you don't hear back from me
It's probably cause I'm dead to the world, literally or atrophy
Yo, if you don't hear back from me
It's probably cause I ran off with a band and shot me up with some smack for
free

I got a little buzzed
I went a little crazy
Said everything I said on Movies because of my buzz
I lost my brain before I rap
No allowance, fake sneakers, walked into a world of crack
Sold pieces for Pumas, gold, and Nike's
Walked and talked like a rapstar
But was white, and did it right
Before girls, the acne came
I had a fade, spittin some Epmd-meets-Big Daddy Kane
Unlike the judge who cracked his hammer gently
Sent me to be evaluated, and the hospital kept me
I came home to make music weirder than De La's
But Bobbito knew I was butters like Professor Chaos
Turned into hours of blank cause my memory bank
Is crawlin with skanks like Hillary Swank
No disrespect, but your name rhymed homie

Until my final destination, Death can blow me

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I climbed through dirt to get my name known and shit
When I jumped on the track like rainbow and spit
This party's goin to hell with blunts to the def
Yaking on Mu's roof while he's wavin guns to his guest
Don't pass that shit
Don't throw me a lighter
I put more flakes behind my face than Tony the Tiger
I wasn't hearing what I said, left my ear on the stage
Puked up on a fan, the last of incoherent Cage
Didn't quit PCP, it quit me
Reality rolled me up, took 2 puffs, then clipped me
I snitched on a drug and got away lovely
Told em Johnny Dip from Hell, cops at 21 Dump St
You talk tough, then why you shaking like maracas
Put a gun in your hand, you won't murder like B.A. Baracus
I need a new drug to make me ok
And a place to keep my shit when they come to take me away