

Imperfect

Chris Webby

Insecurities, and anxiety
Kept internally, trapped inside of me
And I really just don't know why it don't show on the surface, I'm so imperfect
Dealing with these...
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Tryna learn to embrace all my imperfections
But the voices in my head got me waking up sweatin'
Alprazolam, point five milligrams in my hand when I'm stressin'
But self medication isn't helpin', second guessing while I'm dealing with depression
Pills to wake up, pills to go to sleep
Habitually, continuously
Chemically imbalanced lookin' in the mirror like this isn't me
And I'm left to wonder who the fuck I am
And my listeners been witness as I try to find myself and trust I can
And that's why I'll always love my fans
Without y'all I'd be off the deep end, every other weekend
But this game is like the coliseum, you'll get taken out the moment that you weaken
People comin' for my neck, like they Boba Fett, and I got a bounty on my head
Givin' me insomnia but when I'm sleepin' all these demons'll surround me in my bed
Now I'm feelin' like there's really no escape
I used to go and roll a J
But even that don't work anymore, they just never seem to go away
Need some novocaine to control the pain
And now these mother fuckers know the name
I thought that'd make it better but it's worse, maybe it's too late to ever hope for change
So I'm sayin'...

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I've always been too nice and too trusting
And time after time that approach left me with nothing
But some drug problems and a lot of debt
Feel the noose gettin' tighter on my neck
Try to tell myself that I ain't stoppin' yet
But it's gettin' harder tryna calm the stress
I got turned down as a youngster, by every girl I ever liked in class
It's prolly why I talk about the chicks I'm (beep) now when I write my raps

Like some sort of validation of a mechanism of defense
Like I'm not depressed, yea I'm havin' sex
But I'm still alone, and I'm still a mess
Chain smokin' cigarettes by the light post
Cherry glowin' usin' that to light mo'
Breathin' in the chemicals and hold it, whiskey got me loaded, damn I need a
life coach
I'm a nice guy, people take advantage of me and my money then they step out
Leave me left out, full of self doubt
Life line's got a low thread count
And after all the years of being taunted
Hated on, not bein' wanted
Bein' thought of, in the wrong light
Now I'm feelin' like I'm bein' haunted
By these demons, I try to leave em
But it's like I'm swimmin' in Epoxy, they always stop me
Try to keep my head above it but the waves are gettin' choppy

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