

# 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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