

psychoanalysis (2017)

Chris Webby

Yeah, Webby

I took an Ambien the other night

And like stayed up

And I got to thinkin'

And then I wrote this

Yeah

I'm aware I'm a little nuts and I know I'm a headcase

Unpredictable moods are a toll that the stress takes

I carry the world's weight 'til my shoulders and neck ache

And my sanity be going downhill like a sled race

All day my legs shake like a nervous tick

This Adderall don't work for shit

It only gives me thoughts that got me worried sick

Feelings are so bottled up

The cork is decomposin'

And if this shit gets opened

It'll cause a damn explosion

With overflowin' emotions that I kept pushed down

Like it was someone I was trying to drown

I know it now

I'm a little tightly strung and see I know I need to find a doctor

A therapist and a shaman who got some ayahuasca

To get to the bottom of the problems that have followed me

Robbin' me of my happiness subconsciously

Since I was a punk puttin' on a front

All 'cause I was insecure

Sucked at gettin' girls even more than I did at sports

The last kid that they would pick when we would shoot hoops

And shit I get it man

Don't nobody wanna lose

I never fully fit in when I was part of the crew

Which is cool now but left me all confused as a youth

I'm comfortable with who I was so I started doin' drugs

Because they let me take a break from livin' as the dude I was

Thought I'd never lose the buzz

Pshh, I was wrong though

Been tryna function sober but this shit'll be a long go

I've given and I've given

When is it my turn to take?

Been the odd one out but shit even is all I break

Spent my whole adult life steady buildin' a fan base

While learnin' from mistakes and tryna find my happy place

I'm survivin' off of what I make

Theres kibble up in Moose's dish

Its better than it was when I had nothin'

But the truth is this

I spend the lion share to reinvest up in this music shit

You think that I'd still be livin' at my parents if I was super rich?

Or somewhat wealthy

This shit ain't healthy the way I'm stressin' shit

And still I'm doin' it

To be honest I'm obsessed with it

I never let it steer me on this verbal path of excellence

And still I'm hardly credited, mentioned, to get respect for this

I've lost relationships so I could keep on chasin' this

Respected all my elders during every step I take in this

Let others have the turn while I would wait for this
So now I'll kill you with my bare hands if you in the way of this
I'm sick of feelin' like I still got shit to prove to you
What? I gotta go on Sway again for a salute from you?
Go pull some dumb publicity stunt shot by a movie crew
Just to be in the same conversation as all these newer dudes? (Fuck that)
And I'm not sayin' that I'm the best or that I'm perfect
Its been almost twenty years
I just want to know it was worth it
All those hours spent diggin' deeper than the surface
Just to please other people with the talent I was birthed with
Life is passin' and I've barely seen the half of it
I let it fuel the fire in my soul and keep me passionate
But at what point does this become unhealthy?
Yo, I'm askin' it
As I continue givin' myself this psychoanalysis

Yea-yeah, psychoanalysis
Givin' myself the psychoanalysis
Yeah, psy-psy-psy-psy-psy-psy-psy-psy
Givin' myself the psychoanalysis
Yea-yeah
You know, Webby
2017 shit, uh
Still chemically imbalanced as a motherfucker
CT