

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