

# Screws Loose

Chris Webby

I've got screws loose  
I don't choose to  
So walk me in that bubble room because I'm cuckoo  
I've got screws loose (No control of my demons, and no control of my actions  
, and no control over anything that I said)  
Said I've got screws loose (Lost my marbles, have you seen 'em? 'Cause every  
body be tellin' me I'm simply not right in the fuckin' head)

Welcome to the Homegrown blow out  
Started single player, now it's Sap on the co-op  
Fully high-tech, my brain like iRobot  
Straightjacket on, lightin' bogs on the stove top  
Roll through the road blocks, you know it's on again  
So grab the Adderall, the Molly and Klonopin  
I'm 'bout to sip this bottle of whiskey like Ray Donovan  
And spit my ass off until I'm runnin' outta oxygen  
I'm like Trevor up in Grand Theft Auto Five  
That's why I laugh when people ask me if I bought this ride  
Bitch I pulled the driver out and blew his brains across the side  
Walked, then ran him over like a couple dozen times  
Then I crushed his spine, bloody tire tracks up in the mud behind  
The whip, so fuck a wanted star I'm way too hard to come and find  
Roll up in a shady alley, park the car and duck and hide  
Bitch I'm out my motherfucking mind

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Scruffy and unshaven, up till the sun's raisin'  
In a Concord, [?] rob Fords, drugs I'm takin'  
And a bottle later we doin' donuts on fresh pavement  
And behavin' like I'm star in a movie by Wes Craven  
Shit I'm crazy, just sayin', fuck it actually I'm Super Saiyan  
Fuckin' rampagin' till the pages in the news are sayin'  
Webby's on the loose and they gon' put me in a noose  
But I'll survive and spend the next couple months just fuckin' recuperatin'  
Out on a deserted Virgin Island where the birds are flyin' overhead  
As I plot my revenge with all the words I'm rhymin'  
You can't defeat me, I don't know why all you nerds are tryin'  
If you heard that I was quittin', someone in your circle's lyin'  
Shit I'd rather catch a flight from Malaysia  
And sit middle seat between a couple guys in Al-Qaeda  
Durin' a fuckin' ice storm in the middle of night, yo  
Get the picture? Ain't no chance of me lettin' the mic go

They could lock me in the looney bin  
But I'll break free and end up on the fuckin' loose again  
They call me crazy, howlin' at the moon again  
Until I wake up in that padded rubber room again

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