

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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