

Story of My Life

Chris Webby

I used to drink a lot
So many pills I've popped, yeah
Thinkin' back on those nights
How many I forgot
And It's the story of my life
It's the story of my life
My life, yeah

I've had a lot of long nights
Marijuana in the pipe
With a couple pills and a bottle I like, ay
That shit was the story of my life
And I've had this shit tied to me like a ball and chain
And I'm drawn to it like a moth and flame
Anytime that I thought I changed
Then that devil gon' pop up and call my name
Leveled up and I bought a Range
Put some black diamonds on the chain
Got my life together but whenever I look in the mirror
It's never been clearer that some shit is all the same
You see my name in the Hall of Fame of fuck-ups
Who fucked up from getting too fucked up
From living too tough luck since I was a young buck
I got it the fuck together, but still ain't been drug free
For more than a week since '03
Damn

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Comin' off a binge on the Xanax
White powder lookin' like Anthrax
Off the drugs, I'm a menace
I just whipped it up like a chemist
How many pills you popped?
How many seals you cracked?
It was just lust at first then I got real attached
And it got way too deep, I couldn't reel it back
I lost some friends from this, I got to deal with that
Prescribed Addys as a youngin, I'm immune to it
Land mines in my damn mind, tryin' to move through it
I lost a homie, I ain't cry, I just booze through it
Think my lifestyle easy? Pussy, you do it
Fucked up, I fucked up from being too fucked up
Thinkin' 'bout me on some selfish shit
Pop a Perky for the pain, hope it melt this shit
Really I'm just tryin' to find my old self and shit

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I've gone from those lines of the best cocaína
Down in Miami while shootin' Tequila
To Ecstasy, poppin' that pasture in college
While droppin' these dollars on bottles
My God, I was crazy
Shit, maybe I'm out of my sanity
Spent too much time in the canopy
Now I've got marbles I'm missin', so call my physician
I've altered my vision of clarity
'Cause lately I've been thinkin' there's a lack of it
Shit, I thought I'd seen the last of it
Really, I can't even seem to keep track of it
Shit, my ADD ain't even a half of it
Sippin' wine at the last supper, drunk with a Benzo buzz
Bong with an Indo bud
Shit, so what? Yeah, I got problems
Everybody got 'em
Bitch, don't judge

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