

Clinically Insane

Mac Lethal

It's raining outside right now...
And it's pretty
It looks so, it looks so, it looks so pretty
It's pitch black and I hear birdies chirpin...

Yo

Clinically insane, how I'm feelin, how I'm feelin every day
The whole entire sky is turning gray
Hey, clinically insane, how I'm feelin, how I'm feelin every day
And this is something I cannot betray

Ridin through the city in the gross and arid temperature
My car is makin noises with the broken air conditioner
I swear my listeners are gonna dwindle (why?)
I haven't yet delivered my talents
It's like I'm such a mental stickler of balance
The simple fantasy of cleansin my palate
Is such a bone crushin instrument of malice
I'm self-tortured, bitch enough,
The challenges administered by my own friends
The simple breeze is like a cyclone wind
The pins and needles under my own skin
Are like the reasons that I have to carouse
I cruise, nervous, tryin to capture the muse
I never actually lose, I only sing the underpaid, overworked, the labor line
, hymnal factory blues
I guess the reason that I'm never lookin happy
S'cause I'm paranoid and worried everybody's lookin at me
And they're seein somethin undeveloped,
A punctured relic of myself
I need to finish the story and fuckin tell it

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(2x)

Sittin at my house, and the temperature's hot
Because it's summer and my central air conditioners shot
I wanna be alone, taste the freedom, grumble and I groan
To recreate the kingdom, fuck I'll get stoned
Maybe relax and pour wine (naw)
I took three naps before nine
My eyes are sore, I got an achey knee cap and sore spine
Over-rested, takin no synthetic drugs for depression
That'll leave me with the floaty headed buzz
They fill my life with happiness and copacetic love
But when takin emcees, the paranoia's back to break me to pieces
I give a fuck about the names of diseases
Or if the cure is the Lexapro of praisin of Jesus
Cause sometimes a little shaft of sunlight
Is all I need to pacify the issues that I'm holdin
Even if the shit is intricately woven and it's braided with my sinister compulsion
I tell myself I'll get through it

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My doctor told me that depression means I'm sad for no reason
That's bullshit, I never been happy for no reason
Bad seeds grow demons, if you block it out you moisten the root
Just reach inside start choppin down the poisonous fruit
You gotta try to leave the cloister you hide in
Crack the bubble open, rub a little ointment inside it
Fuck the choices provided you gotta aim for your visions
Your heart is not a brain, don't let it make your decisions
Boredom breeds struggle, hustle breeds calmness
The right amount of pressure could break the sturdiest promise
So don't trust a soul, til you're so comfortable
Feelin grown up and calm, feelin robust and whole
But never agonize over your universal role
Insignificance is such a wild beauty to control
You got a future to uphold
So stop always dyin in the moment
Stop always dyin in the moment

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