

Varsity Blues 2

Murs

So here we go again.

I sink deeper
It's got me in the sleeper
I feel nothing, heart colder than a deep freezer
Numb to life so I'm numb to the pain
It's like it won't be happy till it drives me insane
My brain
Minus serotonin
Won't let me see straight, don't know where I'm going
Can't see the light, it's like it's got my eyes closed
And the pills that they give me, just another blindfold
I'm psycho
I can't sleep at night so
I read comic books, play X-Box and write flows
That help you through the tough times
But when it gets rough who's gonna help me get through mines?
Mind tricks the body, body thinks the minds crazy
But this sick mind makes the kid rhyme amazing
Do I really want to curify?
Attempt to purify? Could that be career suicide?

They say I'm only good when the session is depressing
So I crucify myself so that you can learn a lesson
They say I'm at my best when I'm at the most stressed out
It's like only see success when I'm wrestling with doubt

Huh, here it come again
It's like I'm running then
I fall flat, He laugh and I'm stuck within
A nightmare, my darkest dreams
A night terror where they can't hear me scream
The crowd screaming, they going insane
They think I'm just rapping but I'm really in pain
I'm so lame, stop drinking, stop smoking
Walking past women with their legs wide open
Heartbroken
She left but I'm hoping
She come back so I can split her rib cage open
Backstage, overcome with emotion
Twisting up a smile while my stomach does convulsions
I feel sick
Once sober, feel sicker
Try to save my liver, need to see the big picture
But praise be and pass me the elixir
Cause I seem to need liquor like a priest needs scriptures
The chapter reads verse 3: 16
While I toke on this smoke like a skitzo fiend
AAAAAAHHHHH
I'm in that mood again
Shadows on the sun, demons moving in
Room getting dark, attitude is grim
Only had a couple friends and I'm losing them
When the shit gets deep, all you do is swim
Cause your deepest blue could be your truest sin

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I used to squab everyday
Homie I used to get down
These days I pull punches where I hear them talking shit now
I blow the steam off just to get the dream off
These fools in the industry is thinking that it means 'soft'
Feeling like I need my pistol
If I shoot me a rapper does that make me official?
I got issues, but that's old news
Like
Back issues, I threw away them old shoes
Now stepping in a new direction
Giving you the last chapters of my Blues collection
With new success then, you loose affection
With friends you choose, you should use discretion
Friends become enemies and jealousy is an energy
That used to be love and love is too finicky
Tendencies is so suicidal
Talking bullets out the chamber with each of my recitals

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