And breathin's overrated
Stormchasin' and its gettin' later
I used to love her, now I hate her
Shes a brain-raider, fallin' in a crater of lost memories
I'm so out of hand that I don't even fuck with me

I'm goin' trippin' drunk and slippin'
Sleepin' in ditches, switchin' prescriptions
Bangin' a random whore and itchin'
I don't give a flyin' feces
I ain't one with the human species
Slappin' the nurse, tryin' to up my cc's

I fall apart, take all my pain, turn it to art Blowin' up a K-mart and blame it all on Mozart Fuck, I'm surprised I got a deal Every two hours I take a pill That's where I'm at, it's all surreal

I got imaginary friends, an imaginary life An imaginary wife and a real knife Outta here by next weekend Hung over on a dresser with my brain leakin'

And I run away from the light of day I am not okay, my soul's a misery

I think I'm losin' my mind
I'm whacked out on jack and blacked out
Trapped in a crack house full of d-d-doubt
I got guilt to the hilt, I fight tears and fears, been out for ten years
Hit a big bump up off the mirror

Find me at www dot, I came to trouble you dot Come here mothafucka, take your best shot Suicidal, got a lot of demons to fight I'll probably sit in a chair and put my mouth around a rifle

I feel abused to lose the blues, I'll bring my booze
I'm in the who's who's and dope fees
And floozies in the land and preparin' for news
These niggas are never choosy
The morning sun is like a sledgehammer to the forehead

And I'm barely here, look in the mirror every day And slowly disappear, been through a million And 67 emotions in my short career Riddles I fear, staggered out in the street And fall off a pier, aww fuck it

And I run away from the light of day I am not okay, my soul's a misery

My heartbeat is racin', even though I'm standin' Still I can't stop stormchasin' I stole a shell casing, so close to overdose The light of day hurts my eyes Wishing my death to be a surprise

My life should be more than four walls and a floor But thats all that is mine, God give me a sign 'Cause I'm tryin' and dyin' at the same time I'm not hesitatin', just waitin'

Heck yeah, comin' with a flurry
And like the spice up in you throat
I get you chokin' like that curry
Somethin' 'bout the police and them lights
That get me worried, made a lap up on that bastard in a hurry

Flyin' from the spirits, so I got a story
The dude that taught me how to rap was Ray Murray
It's all a can, still its filled with no glory
Top the killer red out at 2:30

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