

It's Alive

Spouse

Back to the future in the middle of the 80's, little baby Mike and Mary made me
Time will tell if Ryan's science will be shinin' or be shady
Ghostwrite a comic [?] and then we go back to the spot
That was when me and my dad would walk up the block to 7-Eleven together
And then they were separate, gettin' divorced
I'm callin' the cops in the night, I was five, maybe four
And we were white so they knocked on the door instead of shootin'
But my dad, I love him, leavin', see him every other weekend
How is all this happenin'? It's first grade, I'm in councilin'
Six schools, five years, but my grades astounded 'em
The serotonin dosage gettin' noticed, explosive
But her new man, fights last
All night, I'm worn down like bike path
They did a number on me like price tags
School, my life rap, my precious superhero sketches
Keep your hands all off my mommy, I go Jason, I go Tommy
Birthmarks on my body, I drew abs and muscles on me
Medicated with attention 'cause our house was always tension
My hand was up in class, like the crowd from front to back
Pick me, pick me, pick me, break me off another tab
It's a drug, I can't get enough, teardrops in my cup
When I blink, I guess this is growin' up, where's the love? I just

I need to get another one
I need to get another one to feel alive

Attention, attention, I need attention, so I got eccentric
I pick up a pencil, it turn to a gun, I'ma need everyone's friendship
Zero superhero, gifted and talented
Rippin' the calendar, confidence was shiftin' the balances
My addiction, no prescription, but eyeballs
Do make me feel like, I shoot the web out and climb walls
Way before the pop charts, my plot starts
From leavin' Wells for TRL, dreams of rock star since Pop-Tarts
Overcome it, I was destined to prove
My music turned up too loud for the domestic dispute
While I was makin' shit, had people lookin', winnin', playin', CD booklet
Girls feelin' him, sin with him, Wells five-star
Send 'em, I'll give 'em cinnamon, started makin' music
But my demons on the NordicTrack and that was therapeutic
I was movin', Gail, Paulie introduced me to weed
Just to add another fix to my needs to fit in
Then they're lovin' little me for how I'm spittin' the frees
Sick and diseased, Christmas wasn't gifted as me
From the seacoast, I see goals, not rap careers
2008 came, bitches, I'm here, goodbye

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