

The Deep End

Twisted Insane

Dear Mr. Reaper

I know my time is coming soon

If you can find it inside of yourself to give me some more time

I just need more time

2 o'clock

In the morning, I need two more shots

I told them I'll get help in two more weeks

Please excuse me while me and this bottle talk

I keep sinking quickly

Look around, fuck, ain't nobody with me

Pockets on show 'bout a dollar fifty

I said "I do" to this bottle quickly

Brought the [?] with me, I'ma flow

Fell in love with the drink thing, I don't

I be right up on the edge and right about to jump, think I won't

Love it when I get the feeling, put me in a bar and I'm gone

People tell me every day I better sober up but I be way too far
, call

Mr. Reaper, how about this, we can make a real deal

We could be a real team, shit, you heard that I kill

I just can't put it down, I do not have the will

I love this bottle for real

Till next time

Dear Mr. Reaper

I know we had a deal

But I just can't put this bottle down

I can't let go of it

I said "I do" to this bottle and it's two here with me too

And that was about scream one or two

I need six or seven-ish and I was gettin' hella devilish

That's right about the time when this [?] hit me, ooh

I don't need no doubt at all I feed off alcohol

Then dump for the sensation, indeed I'm 'bout to fall

But jump when the temptation is leakin' out to call

Till death do us part, I'ma be the last to call

(I need to get one more)