

Optimus Rhyme, Anxiety

I feel that Im fairly well adjusted mostly
But I hate it when these people stand closely.
Most folks just love hittin parties.
Bust through the door, run and hug everybody.
Not me. I kinda creep in slowly.
Scan the room for people that know me
And if its none then holy crap.
Somebody gotta hold me back.
And if the keg is tapped then Im on it.
I mean on and on and on on it.
And if you paid a little more to get the good pour
Then you know Wheelie be fallin.
But I dont want to be the one thats stuck
Head in the toilet, throwin up.
I wander back home then I wonder what
That I did to get my head hit and thumped
Now listen. I cant relate
And you better stand back three feet away.
Because my head gets red and I start to shake
And its clear that I got a problem, OK?

I am an R-O-B-O-T-I-C M-I-C freak
With human anxiety. Anxiety.

If I gotta speak up, then I start to sweat
In a room full of people that Ive never met.
You know Id rather be home stuck in the apartment
Cuz my shirts now soaked through, soppin wet.
Oh God, here we go. Not again.
My heart starts beatin' faster and then
I cant breath. I'm all filled with phlegm
I cant see cuz I got tunnel vision.
Oh crap. Its a panic attack.
Somebody grab me the paper sack.
I new itd be bad when the room was packed
And now I feel myself faintin, fallin back.
I mean STAT. I think I need some medication
Cuz Im always in these bad situations.
And I swear that Ill be a good patient
I hate it when I gotta be sedated and complacent.
Face it. I could use some therapy.
Cuz I always feel these people gotta stare at me.
Tweakin like Im on methamphetamines.
This is why everybodys always ahead of me.

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With human anxiety. Anxiety.

Bring the Jackson 5 back.
Bring the Jackson 5 right back, bring em back.
Bring the Jackson 5 back.
Bring the Jackson 5 right back, bring em back, Stumblebee.
Bring the Jackson 5 back.
Bring the Jackson 5 right back, bring em back, Powerthighs.
Bring the Jackson 5 back.
Bring the Jackson 5 right back, bring em back, everybody.
Bring the Jackson 5 back.
Bring the Jackson 5 right back, bring em back!

Now my head isnt really that bad, is it?
My therapist told me that last visit.
And I have considered benefits of better livin
But Im givin up on it, I need a hand, get it?
Got it? Good. Tell me what I should

Do to repair what is wrong under my hood.
Should I pay some white-suited dude
To look into the circuits of my mind?
I need much more than a mechanic, though.
I feel weird bot, yo I cant stand it, so
I get stressed out, about to hit panic mode.
I need help, buddy, hand me the antedote because

I am an R-O-B-O-T-I-C M-I-C freak