

Papa Roach, Thrown Away

I kill the rhyme again, I'm comin' sick and on time again
Words manifest from deep inside where people hide
Within it, chemical unbalanced on the triple beam
Fuck what you heard, it's about what I seen
I seen it happen, back hand brand to face smackin'
Definite disorder, now his mindset is blackened
The doctor say he's got the brain of a murderer
This rugged style steals your brain like a burglar
My heart is bleeding and this pain will not pass
It's not receding my body going numb
A bad trip child, rolling stoned, keeping high
He don't know what he's doing
He just keeps getting by
Go away, I want to be thrown away
Born sick, nothing in his hands but his dick
He couldn't handle shit
For the life he was leading, led him down the path
Where the guns blast, don't give a shit about the god's wrath
Don't tell 'em what's proper
The situation unclear like gray
And I know it gets worse everyday
I am a mess, I've made a huge mess
I can't control myself, I'm losing it
I've split all my marbles
Cause I see you inside of me
Sometimes I want to be thrown away
A hyper spaz, and that is the way
Sometimes I want to be thrown away