

Chris Brown, Disturbia

Bum bum be-dum bum bum be-dum bum
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What's wrong with me?

Why do I feel like this?

I'm going crazy now

No more gas in the rig

Can't even get it started

Nothing heard, nothing said

Can't even speak about it

All my life on my head

Don't want to think about it

Feels like I'm going insane

Yeah

It's a thief in the night

To come and grab you

It can creep up inside you

And consume you

A disease of the mind

It can control you

It's too close for comfort

Throw on your break lights

We're in the city of wonder

Ain't gonna play nice

Watch out, you might just go under

Better think twice

Your train of thought will be altered

So if you must falter be wise

Your mind is in disturbia

It's like the darkness is the light

Disturbia

Am I scaring you tonight

Your mind is in disturbia

Ain't used to what you like

Disturbia

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Faded pictures on the wall

It's like they talkin' to me

Disconnectin' your call

Your phone don't even ring

I gotta get out

Or figure this sh** out

It's too close for comfort

It's a thief in the night

To come and grab you

It can creep up inside you

And consume you

A disease of the mind

It can control you

I feel like a monster

Throw on your break lights

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Ain't gonna play nice

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Better think twice

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Release me from this curse I'm in
Trying to maintain
But I'm struggling
You can't go, go, go
I think I'm going to oh, oh, oh
Throw on your break lights
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Ain't gonna play nice
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