

Everlast, Painkillers

{On behalf of PanAm Airlines,
we'd like to be the first to welcome you to New York City.
We'd like to thank you for flying PanAm.
The local time is 6:45 AM and the temperature is 89 degrees.}

I been up all night
On the red-eye flight
The dawn's early light
Got the skyline bright
We in the back of a car service
The driver's kinda nervous
'Cuz I'm tokin' on a blunt that's fat
He say, "You know where you at?"
I say, "I know where I am
And if you really want a tip,
Then Mr. don't get flam
I ain't tryin' to be rude
And I ain't stressin' you, Gramps,
But this shit right here,
It be the breakfast of champs
I been tokin' on this
Since I was 13 years old
And when I look up at my wall
I see platinum and gold
And ain't nobody sneezin'
At the money I fold
And I ain't here for your pleasin',
So put that shit on hold
Just keep yoor mouth shut
And get me to the hotel
And turn the radio up
While I finish this L"

{Welcome back to the 5 Seasons, Mr. Ford.
Your usual room is ready and waiting.
Let me take your luggage.
If you need anything while you're staying,
just let me know.}

I hop out my car
Step into the lobby
Everybody's on the floor
It's a motherfuckin' robbery
The shit's in progress
I can feel the stress
I whisper silently to God,
"How'd I get in this mess?"
They tell me to freeze
And get down on my knees
Between my jewels and my cash,
I'm holdin' 35Gs
They told me to run it
So I got bold and I fronted
Like Slick Rick said,
I know I shouldn't've done it
'Cuz now they're standin' over me
Watchin' me bleed
Damn, I got to quit
Smokin' all this weed
There's a pain in my chest,
But, yo, I must be blessed
Because before I faded out
I saw an EMS
The paramedics

They greet me with some anesthetics
They killin' my pain
They screamin' my name
They're tryin' to keep me in the conscious world
I'm thinkin' 'bout my mom, my sister, and my girl
I'm prayin' to God,
"Don't let this go too far"
As they rush me
Into the St. Luke's OR
They pull the bullets out my chest
Give 'em back in a jar
Now I'm wearin' this scar
'Cuz I tried to play hard

{Mr. Ford, I'm afraid I have some bad news for you.
[What you talkin' about?]
It would appear that one of the bullets grazed your spine,
and damaged your cord.
[So what're you tryin' to tell me?]
Well, suffice it to say,
I don't think you'll be jumping around anymore.}

Yo, this can't happen to me
I just can't believe it
I'm trapped in a wheelchair
A paraplegic
There ain't no rehab
There ain't no therapy
For the rest of my life
Somebody's gotta take care of me
And people stare at me
With pity in their eyes
And every morning I rise
To a life I dispise
And every night
I think I might
Never rock the mic again
'Cuz my brain's fucked up
On Percocet and Vicodin
Might as well be heroin
Pulsin' through my veins
Gotta kill these pains
Or blow out my brains
To free me from these chains
I'm trapped in this physical hell
To walk again, I just might sell my soul
And I'm only 20-some'in' years old