

Rehab, Storm Chaser

and breathin's overrated
stormchasin and its gettin later
i used to love her now i hate her shes a brainraider
fallin in a crater
of lost memories
im so out of hand
i dont even fuck with me
im goin trippin drunk and slippin
sleepin in ditches
switchin prescriptions
bangin a random hoe and itchin
i dont give a flyin feces
i aint one with the human species
slappin the nurse tryin to up my cc's
i fall apart
take all my pain turn it into art
blowin up a kmart and blame it all on mozart
fuck im surprised i got a deal
every 2 hours i take a pill
thats where im at,
its all surreal
i got imaginary friends
an imaginary life
an imaginary wife
and a real knife
out of here by next weekend
hung over on the dresser with my brain leakin
and i run away
from the light of day
i am not okay
my soul's a misery
i think im losin my mind
im whacked out on jack and blacked out
trapped in a crackhouse full of ddddoubt
i got guilt to the hilt
i fight tears and fears
been out for 10 years
hit a big bump up off the mirror
find me at www dot
i came to trouble you dot
come here motha fucka take your best shot
suicidal
got a lot of demons to fight
ill probably sit in a chair and put my mouth around a rifle
i feel abused to lose the blues
ill bring my booze
im in the who's who's
and dope fees and floozies in the land
preparin for news
these niggas are never choosy
the morning sun is like a sledgehammer to my forehead
and im barely here
look in the mirror every day and slowly dissappear
been through a million and 67 emotions in my short career
riddles i fear
staggered out in the street for beer awww fuck it
and i run away
from the light of day
i am not okay
my soul's a misery
my heartbeat is racin
even though im standin still i cant stop stormchasin
i stole a shell casin
so close to overdose that nite the day hurts my eyes

wishin my death to be a surprise
my life should be more
than 4 walls and a floor
but thats all that is mine
God give me a sign
cuz im tryin and dyin at the same time
im not hesitatin
just waitin
heck yeah comin with a flurry
and like the spice up in you throat
i get ya chokin like that curry
somethin bout the police and them lights that get me worried
made a lap up on that bastard in a hurry
flyin from the spirits so i got a story
the dude that taught me how to rap was ray murray
its all a can still its filled with no glory
top the killer red out at 2:30
and i run away
from the light of day
i am not okay
my soul's a misery