

# 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