King of Tweakers

Rehab

Why do I feel so claustrophobic?
My heart jumpinâ€™
Like I done did aerobics.
Three days pass
And I barely notice.
Ice, ice baby,
Just canâ€™t control it.
Hold it,
I donâ€™t think Iâ€™ve eaten neither.
Alcohol is gonna kill my liver.
Iâ€™m scared to death.
How did I mettthhh
Up my life
And get short of breath?
Bad checks,
They bounced.
Drained my account.
Listen to the voice
In my head, announce.
(Man quit this shit!)
Feelinâ€™ down and out
Tired, but I'm wired.
Got fired about,
A week ago.
Punched the boss,
In the mouth.
But, I was wrong.
I just wanna belong.
And, I got a pain,
In one of my lungs.
Man, what have I done?
Iâ€™m still up at the dawn.

Chorus
Iâ€™ve METH'd up,
Royally!
Iâ€™m the King of Tweakers,
And Iâ€™m sinkinâ€™ deeper.
Iâ€™ve METH'd up,

Everything!
Iâ€™m the King of Tweakers,
Such an evil creature.

Monkey on my back,
Done become King Kong.
Stopped at the pawn shop,
My rings gone.
Such a disappointment,
To mom and dad.
My skin itches.
Crabs,
Grabbinâ€™ at my nads.
Iâ€™ve done become,
What Iâ€™d be laughinâ€™ at,
Back when I was sober,
With a sack of cash.
Take off the edge,
With a bag of grass.
Walk by the mirror,
Look at the jack ASS!
What did I miss?
Sick of this abyss.
Diagnosis:
Terminal emptiness.
Grit my teeth,
And clinch my fists.
Hard to love anything,
When you stay pissed,
At yourself.
And, your health
Deteriorates,
`Cause your face stays down,
On mirrors and plates.
If I let a tear drop,
I get hysterical.
Iâ€™m prayinâ€™, begginâ€™,
For a miracle.

Chorus X2

I really donâ€™t like this anymore!
Why did it have to happen to Danny for?
I did it to myself,
I canâ€™t ignore.

I beat myself up,
Like a dirty whore.
Help me.
I canâ€™t take it anymore.
Thank God,
I hide my four four.
Lordy, lordy
My nervousness is viscous.
Is this a sign?
Is that what this is?

Chorus X2

Lyrics submitted by Britt Sulli.

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