

Chemical Imbalance

The Porkers

[Incomprehensible] You don't know me, I'm the unholy, soley, time patrollly
I clock crazy credits and don't rhyme for rollies
Still bustin' at the police, know, least one of my bullets
A hit my enemy in his face when this trigger, I pull it
I'm twisted like a psychopath, I write my rhymes in blood
I don't got a DJ 'cause I a cut him up
They won't let me on MTV, I'd beat up Carson Daly
And remind Eminem of D'Angelo Bailey
Haley's in a coma, Haley's in a coma
I smell the aroma of a dead body
Chemical Imbalance, Chemical Imbalance
Chemical Imbalance, Chemical Imbalance
Drugs, thugs, slugs, niggaz get plugged
At a early age, up in Detroit, nigga what?
Hustla, get yo trick on, hoe, tell 'em who dick you want
Shit, I'm a lunatic in this bitch
I wanna blow my own head off, Kurt Cobain style
I think if I was dead, I'd be better off now
Chemical Imbalance, Chemical Imbalance
Chemical Imbalance, Chemical Imbalance

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