

# Storm Chaser

## White Wizzard

And breathin's overrated  
Stormchasin' and its gettin' later  
I used to love her, now I hate her  
Shes a brain-raider, fallin' in a crater of lost memories  
I'm so out of hand that I don't even fuck with me  
I'm goin' trippin' drunk and slippin'  
Sleepin' in ditches, switchin' prescriptions  
Bangin' a random whore and itchin'  
I don't give a flyin' feces  
I ain't one with the human species  
Slappin' the nurse, tryin' to up my cc's  
I fall apart, take all my pain, turn it to art  
Blowin' up a K-mart and blame it all on Mozart  
Fuck, I'm surprised I got a deal  
Every two hours I take a pill  
That's where I'm at, it's all surreal  
I got imaginary friends, an imaginary life  
An imaginary wife and a real knife  
Outta here by next weekend  
Hung over on a 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 I'm losin' my mind  
I'm whacked out on jack and blacked out  
Trapped in a crack house full of d-d-doubt  
I got guilt to the hilt, I fight tears and fears, been out for ten years  
Hit a big bump up off the mirror  
Find me at www dot, I came to trouble you dot  
Come here mothafucka, take your best shot  
Suicidal, got a lot of demons to fight  
I'll probably sit in a chair and put my mouth around a rifle  
I feel abused to lose the blues, I'll bring my booze

I'm in the who's who's and dope fees  
And floozies in the land and preparin' for news  
These niggas are never choosy  
The morning sun is like a sledgehammer to the forehead  
And I'm barely here, look in the mirror every day  
And slowly disappear, been through a million

And 67 emotions in my short career  
Riddles I fear, staggered out in the street  
And fall off a pier, aww 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 I'm standin'  
Still I can't stop stormchasin'  
I stole a shell casing, so close to overdose  
The light of day hurts my eyes  
Wishing my death to be a surprise  
My life should be more than four walls and a floor  
But that's all that is mine, God give me a sign  
'Cause I'm tryin' and dyin' at the same time  
I'm not hesitatin', just waitin'  
Heck yeah, comin' with a flurry  
And like the spice up in you throat  
I get you 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  
It's all a can, still it's 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

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