Painkillers

Ebola

On behalf of Pan Am Airlines, we'd like to be the first
To welcome you to New York City
We'd like to thank you for flying Pan Am
The local time is 6:45 a.m. and the temperature is 89 degrees
I've been up all night on the redeye flight
The dawn's early light, got the skyline bright
I'm in the back of a car service
My driver's kind of nervous
'Cause I'm tokin' on a blunt that's fat
You say, you know where you at
I say, I know where I am
And if you really want a tip then mister don't get flam
I ain't tryin' to be rude and I ain't stressin' you gramps
But this shit right here, it be the breakfast of champs
I've been tokin' on this since thirteen years old
And when I look up at my wall, I see platinum and gold
And there ain't nobody sneezin' at the money I fold
And I ain't here for your pleasin', so put that shit on hold
Just keep your mouth shut and get me to the hotel
And turn the radio up while I finish this L
Welcome back to the Five Seasons Mr. Ford
Your usual room is ready and waiting
Let me take your luggage
If you need anything while you're staying just let me know
Good lookin' out
That's for you, I hop out my car, step into the lobby
Everybody's on the floor, it's a motherfuckin' robbery
The shit's in progress, I can feel the stress
I wanna silently to God how did I get in this mess?
They tell me to freeze and get down on my knees
Between my jewels and my cash, I'm holdin' thirty five G's
They told me to run it, so I got bold and I fronted
And like Slick Rick said, ?I knew, I shouldn't of done it?
'Cause now they standin' over me, watchin' me bleed
Damn, I got to quit smokin' all this weed
There's a pain in my chest but yo, I must be blessed
Because before I faded out, I saw the EMS
The paramedics, they greet me with some anesthetics
They killin' my pain, they screamin' my name

Tryin' to keep me in the conscious world
I'm thinkin' about my mom, my sister and my girl
I'm prayin' to God don't let this go too far
As they rush me into the St. Luke's O.R.
They pull the bullets out my chest and give 'em back in a jar
Now, I'm wearin' this scar 'cause I tried to play hard
Mr. Ford, I'm afraid, I have some bad news for you
What are you talkin' about?
It would appear that one of the bullets grazed your spine
And damaged the cord
So what are you tryin' to tell me?
Well, it's safe to say, I don't think, you'll be jumpin' around anymore
Yo, this can't happen to me, I just can't believe it
Trapped in a wheelchair, a paraplegic
There ain't no rehab, there ain't no therapy
For the rest of my life somebody's gotta take care of me
And people stare at me with pity in their eyes
And every mornin' I rise to a life of despise
And every night I think, I might never rock the mic again
'Cause my brain's fucked up on percacet and vicadin
Might as well be heroin pulsin' through my veins
Gotta kill these pains or blow out my brains
To free me from these chains
I'm trapped in this physical hell
To walk again, I just might sell my soul
And I'm only twenty somethin' years old

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/