

# Painkillers

## Everlast

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 AM and the temperature is 89 degrees I've been up all night  
On the red eye 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 Mr. 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 (get down)  
It's a motherfuckin' robbery  
The shit's in progress  
I can feel the stress  
I wanna silently to God how 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 front it  
And like Slick Rick said  
I know I shouldn't have 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 ever 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 (years old)

Songwriters

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