Chemically Imbalanced

Chris Webby

I'm on the edge, one step and I'll be over
Unless I take those 12 steps, aimed at gettin sober
That's the shit I told myself I'll handle when I'm older
And now I'm older and still got this devil on my shoulder
Bottle up my problems, like prescriptions I'm poppin
All the liquor that I find myself drinkin so often
Now these cards are dealt, told myself I don't need help
Numb myself to everything, and keep on runnin from myself

Let's drink away the pain
Let's make another toast
Let's smoke another blunt
Until it's just a roach
And pop another pill
And drop another dose
I haven't lost it yet
But now I'm coming close

I'm just chemically imbalanced (On that shit)
I'm just chemically imbalanced (Lost my grip)
I'm just chemically imbalanced (One way trip)
And now it's too late for turnin back [x5]

Left here to battle this addictive personality
That's got me living in this alternate reality
Losing touch with what is real ever so gradually
Cause at this point I need these chemicals to balance me
It's like I'm following a blueprint that the devil made
Since I first took my Ritalin in the 7th grade
The doctor gave me 60 milligrams, just a kid
Barely weighed a buck, it's like they used me as their guinea pig
Crazy teen, medicated ADD
Doctor said take only 1, but you know I was taking 3
Blazin tree and skippin class, getting drunk and missin math
Bangin chicks without a rubber, crushin pills up on the desk
Chemically imbalanced in this motherfucker, startin shit
Still I was a smart kid, got myself a scholarship
Private schools with it, button-downs with the dockers

And the JanSport full of weed stuffed into my locker

See I was blacking out weekly, livin on repeat
Still in highschool but the teachers could never reach me
Always was the fuck up with a chip on my shoulder
And a pocket full of anything to keep me from sober
See I was livin like there's no tomorrow
Chewin on a xany bar, rollin up the window smokin blunts up in family car
Bottles to the head, got detention on the reg
Never listenin to what my parents said
I was always rollin with an ounce or two
Everytime I'm bouncin through
Flippin everybody off like Shady taught me how to do
Always thinkin that the more we burnin, the merrier
Just a kid from middle-class suburban America
And so many others like me, listen to me nightly
Happy that somebody else is feelin' what they might be
So Christian pop a pill, oh yeah I bet you will
Cause if that shit don't make your problems any less forreal

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