

# Painkillers

## Skunk Anansie

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

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