

# Check In

## Wrecked Machines

ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch check me in now (x3)

check me in

i know im sick and my addiction got me itchin everyday i need a fixin', i aint quitin till it kill me  
ya hear me, i like the feel but hate the taste of the product, like the numb on the tongue when you taste narcotics  
the bass gets to bumpin, you can feel what im drummin, death is comin, i tryna warn em, thats why i was  
summoned

i know that they dont want it, they want what they cant have, euphoria come and go but its somethin u cant grasp  
yeah, we grasin for emptiness, hopin we can catch somethin  
hands full of scars, cuts, burns, as the flesh wants verge of insanity,  
stop me 'for im gone, i say im gon' quit but im at it in the morn'  
it goes on and on and on and now im used to it

this a lifestyle and now i dont know what else to do  
got a war inside my soul, and its wantin' to break through

im ready for rehab, jus' do watcha gon' do  
rehab, rehab, re ha hab ready for rehab (X4)  
rehab

ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch check me in now (x3)  
rehab, rehab, re ha hab ready for rehab (X4)  
rehab

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