

Storm Chaser (feat. Cee-Lo & Big Gipp)

Rehab

And breathin's overrated
Storm chasin and its gettin later
I used to love her now I hate her she's a brain raider
Fallin in a crater
Of lost memories
I'm so out of hand
I don't even fuck with me
I'm goin trippin drunk and slippin
Sleepin in ditches
Switchin prescriptions
Bangin a random hoe and itchin
I don't give a flyin feces
I ain't one with the human species
Slappin the nurse tryin to up my cc's
I fall apart
Take all my pain turn it into art
Blowin up a K-Mart and blame it all on Mozart
Fuck I'm surprised I got a deal
Every two hours I take a pill
That's where I'm at,
Its all surreal
I got imaginary friends
An imaginary life
An imaginary wife
And a real knife
Out of here by next weekend
Hung over on the dresser with my brain leakin
And I run away
From the light of day
I am not okay
My soul's a misery
I think I'm losin my mind
I'm whacked out on jack and blacked out
Trapped in a crack house full of doubt
I got guilt to the hilt
I fight tears and fears
Been out for ten years
Hit a big bump up off the mirror
Find me at www dot

I came to trouble you dot
Come here mothafucka take your best shot
Suicidal
Got a lot of demons to fight
I'll probably sit in a chair and put my mouth around a rifle
I feel abused to lose the blues
I'll bring my booze
I'm in the who's who's
And dope fees and floozies in the land
Preparin for news
These niggas are never choosy
The morning sun is like a sledgehammer to my forehead
And I'm barely here
Look in the mirror every day and slowly disappear
Been through a million and 67 emotions in my short career
Riddles I fear
Staggered out in the street for beer awww fuck it
And I run away
From the light of day
I am not okay
My soul's a misery
My heartbeat is racin
Even though I'm standin still I can't stop storm chasin
I stole a shell casing
So close to overdose that night the day hurts my eyes
Wishin my death to be a surprise
My life should be more
Than four walls and a floor
But that's all that is mine
God give me a sign
'Cause I'm tryin and dyin at the same time
I'm not hesitatin
Just waitin
Heck yeah comin with a flurry
And like the spice up in you throat
I get ya chokin like that curry
Somethin bout the police and them lights that get me worried
Made a lap up on that bastard in a hurry
Flyin from the spirits so I got a story
The dude that taught me how to rap was Ray Murray
Its all a can still its filled with no glory
Top the killer red out at 2:30
And I run away
From the light of day
I am not okay

My soul's a misery

Songwriters

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