

Williams Cunnie

"Painkillers"

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Yo, some nights we got so drunk
Its like we miss the feeling
Of a never ending headache
And a spinning ceiling
The sob story of an alcoholic
On his hands and knees
Praying to that porcelain toilet
Whether behind bars or in front of ?scars?
We use medicine to numb the rap ?bar?
I might tell you something that'll change your death
Pain kills the life
Pleasure loves the breath
Ox I ?compel?
I'll spit this in hell
With L's hanging off my body
And no ice cooler
Every rhyme I write
Is civilize my future wife
Breaking her water
In a time without order
Yo, chaos is born
A seance is spawned
And I resurrect like ?beings?
That resemble red ?dawns?
I guess that's why I was born
To recognize the beauty of a rose's thorn
And learn from the strife of a soul that's torn
To be forewarned
Just to be forearmed
So let that thought settle
As we backpeddle
Through the seven seas of info
That'll crush your ego
Some of us pop pills and snort coke
To pain kill
Some of us rap drugs and bear witness
Cause life's ill
Y0, but true happiness comes from within
You can't rely on a substance
Look at addiction for instance
And in an instance

You'll wake up out of that
Requiem for a Dream
But you still caught it in the rectum

Right here trapped in the box
Thinkin'
Rap's all I got
Smoke too much pot
Bones with ?chromes? twisted in knots
Cold vein with thoughts
Bubbling hot
Stoned in the bedroom
Writin' this poem
Off the phone
Caught a head rush
Smoke clouded my dome
At the end of my ropes
Writing these notes
Hopin' to float
On what is bullshit
Pull spliffs ?flowin' to Goats?
The sky's the limit
Stay powered vision
Visualize the body righteous
Lost cipher
The mind's wisdom
Helped me through life's transitions
I'm in a tight position
Hungry-ass shit flippin'
With no sex or ?wretch ?
This stress got my chest a mess
Breathless
I'm vexed
Trying to escape out of the depths
Of hell's nest
So i rest inhale
The ?tone and bless?
And let the stress exhale
Through clouds of cess
My mind foggy
And body wet
Poppin' shotties
Shot straight through the nostril
Cloudy with thoughts of ill type menageries
When pops used to tell me
"it wasn't like this
with drugs and sex
up in my day",
But poppy
Shit really changed
Yo niggaz is losing their minds

And I can't really blame them
I'm losing my brain
In these times
And I'm ?angered? with hangovers
Ready to ride off a cliff with a Range Rover
Like I was fuckin' Thelma & Louise
And if I had a trigger I would squeeze
But ?leave?
Blow my whole head off and bleed
Trying to get that same feeling
Every day pain killing

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