

Brownstone

"Storm Chaser"

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And breathing's overrated, storm chasing and it's
getting later
I used to love her now I hate her, she's a brain raider
Falling 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' faeces, I ain't one with the human
species
Slappin' the nurse, tryin' to up my C-C'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, it's 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 crackhour full of d-d-d-d-d-doubt
I got guilt to the hilt, I fight tears and fears
Been out for ten years, hit a big bump off the mirror
Find me at www dot, I came to trouble you dot
Come here motherfucker, 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 fiends and floozies in the land
Preparing for news, these niggaz are never choosy
The morning sun is like a sledgehammer to the
forehead

And I'm barely here

Look in the mirror everyday and slowly disappear
Been through a million and 67 emotions in my short
career
Riddle I fear
Staggered out in the street, fall off a cliff, fuck it

And I run away from the light of day
I am not okay, my soul's a misery

[Cee-Lo]
My heartbeat is racin'
Even though I'm standin' still I can't stop storm chasin'
I stole a shell casin'
So close to overdose the night and day hurts my eyes
Wishin' my death could 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'

[Big Gipp]
Heck yeah, comin' with the flurry
And like the spice up in your 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
It's all I can do, still it's filled with no glory
Top the killer red out at 2:30

And I run away from the light of day
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