

Stereophonics

"Chemical Imbalance"

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You don't know me I'm the unholy soley time patrolly
I clock crazy credits and don't rhyme for rollies
Still bustin at the police know least one of my bullets
Will hit my enemy in his face when this trigger, I pull it
I'm twisted like a psychopath, I write my rhymes in
blood
I don't got a DJ cause I a-cut him up
They won't let me on MTV I'd beat up Carson Daly
And remind Eminem of D'Angelo Bailey
Haley's in a coma, Haley's in a coma
I smell the aroma, of a dead body
Chemi-cal imbalance Chemi-cal imbalance
Chemi-cal imbalance Chemi-cal imbalance
Drugs, thugs, slugs, niggaz get plugged
At a early age up in Detroit, nigga what?!
Hustla, get yo trick on
Hoe, tell em who dick you want
Shit! I'mma lunatic in this bitch
I wanna blow my own head off, Kurt Cobain style
I think if I was dead I'd be better off now
Chemi-cal imbalance Chemi-cal imbalance
Chemi-cal imbalance Chemi-cal imbalance

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