

John Travolta % Olivia Newton-John "Painkillers"

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(Plane landing)

I've been up all night
On the red-eye flight
The dawn's early light
Got the skyline bright
I'm in the back of a car service
My driver's kinda nervous
'cause I'm toking on a blunt that's fat
He's say "You know where you at?"
I say "I know where I am,
and if you really want a tip than mista don't get flam
I ain't tryin to be rude
and I ain't stressin you gramps
but this shit right here it be the breakfast of champs."
I've been tokin on this since 13 years old
And when I look up at my wall I see platinum and gold
And ain't nobody sneezin at the money I fold
And I ain't here for your pleasin so put that shit on hold
Just keep your mouth shut
And get me to the hotel
And turn the radio up
While I finish this ell

(doorman greeting Mr. Ford)

I hop out my car
Step into the lobby
Everybody's on the floor
It's a motherfucking robbery
The shit's in progress
I can feel the stress
I wondered silently to God how I get in this mess?
They told me to freeze
And get down on my knees
Between my jewels and my cash I'm holdin 35g's
They told me to run it
So i got bold and I fronted
And like Slick Rick said "I know I shouldn't a done it."
Cause now they standin over me, watching me bleed
Damn I gotta quit smoking all this weed

There's a pain in my chest
But yo I must be blessed
Cause before I faded out I saw EMS
The paramedics
They greet me with some anasthetics
They killing my pain
They screamin my name
Trying to keep me in the conscience world
I'm thinking bout my mom my sister and my girl
I'm prayin to God don't let this go too far
As they rushed me into the ST. Luke's O.R.
They pulled the bullets out my chest and give 'em back
in a jar
Now I'm wearin this scar
Cause I tried to play hard

(doctor talking to Mr. Ford)

Yo this can't happen to me
I just can't believe it
Trapped in a wheelchair
A Parapalegic
There ain't no rehab
There ain't no therapy
For the rest of my life
Someone's gotta take care of me
And people stare at me with pity in they eyes
And every morning I rise
To a life of despise
And everynight I think I might never rock the mike
again
Cause my brain's fucked up on Percocet and Vikaden
Might as well be heroin pulsing through my veins
Gotta cure these pains
Or blow out my brains
To free me from these chains
I'm trapped in this physical hell
To walk again I just might sell my soul
And I'm only 20-something years old

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