

## Painkillers

Cannibal Ox

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 acapell  
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 light beams  
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  
YO, 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 of ret (ribution)  
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  
Believe  
Blow my whole head off and bleed  
Trying to get that same feeling  
Every day pain killing