

A.D.D.

Chris Webby

Yeah,
Put your bottles of Adderall in the air.
If everybody were A.D.D.,
You know you got it.
Ha, listen, listen...

I got Attention Deficit Disorder.
I ain't kidding,
I don't know where I'd be
Without the Adderall and Ritalin.
Poppin' them shits three at a time
In heavy dosages
And go back to the doctor like,
"I still can't focus bitch".

That's right,
(What)
It's the A.D.D.
Got officially tested in upstate CT
And after I did my part
The dude went to my parents and was like,
"Hmm, where do I start?
His levels are off the charts, ".

This shit is killin' me,
But still I'm rappin' skillfully
Even with a certified mental disability.
I know ya'll feelin' me
It's driving me mad,
Got A.D.D so bad,
I can't even add.

I can't pay attention to nothing,
End of discussion,
I just got that
A.D.D, A.D.D, A.D.D,
I just got that A.D.D.
And teacher I know that I can't focus,
Whatcha gotta know,
It's just that
A.D.D, A.D.D, A.D.D,
I just got that A.D.D.

I day dream more than Lupe,
Sing a different tune.
Space out,
Eye fucking that biddy across the room.
It's true I'm not messing.
This shit would get you stressin',
Teachers callin' on me
I'm like, "Uhh...
Could you repeat the question? ".

I don't pay attention,
I miss out on every lesson.
Get lost 'cause I wasn't listening
When I got the directions;

Start typing in my phone
Then forget who I was texting;
Zone out during sex
And lose my fucking erection.

I really hate this,
Constantly misplace shit.
Losing my wallet, phone, or keys,
On a day to day basis.
It'd probably help
If every night I didn't get wasted,
High enough to be a passenger
Aboard a space ship.

But since I do,
Then fuck it.
Even though losing my scholarship
Is not within my budget.
'Cause son I'm not playin',
I... Uhh...
Shit. I forgot what I was sayin'.

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I just got that A.D.D.
And teacher I know that I can't focus,
Whatcha gotta know,
It's just that
A.D.D, A.D.D, A.D.D,
I just got that A.D.D.

My brain just doesn't work
'Cause of all the drugs I've done.
Plus the A.D.D. to the point
That thinking even hurts.
Teachers try to talk to me
As if I am gonna hear it.
All I do is crack jokes,
Space out,
And write lyrics.

My brain's unraveled over time
Like a rope does.
Lost my mind
Like the change in your sofas.
But I don't gotta take my meds
To spit it dope 'cause
All they do is give me dry mouth
And a coke buzz.

So what?
I can't focus but it's straight.
At least I got a good excuse
When all of my work is late.
Baby, can't pay attention,
But there is still a place
In my brain that allows me to
Murder a mase tape.

Wait,
Maybe it ain't even so bad after all.

Fuck all the doctors,
I don't need to pop an Adderall.
I'll just be a rapper
And such to make bucks.
But if that doesn't work,
Uhh...
I guess I'm fucked.
(Yep)

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