

Painkillers

Everlast

On behalf of Pan Am Airlines, we'd like to be the first
to welcome you to New York City. We'd like to thank you for flying Pan Am.
The local time is 6:45 AM and the temperature is 89°...

I've been up all night
On the redeye flight
The dawn's early light
Got the skyline bright
I'm in the back of a car service
My driver's kind of nervous
'Cause I'm tokin' on a blunt that's fat
You say you know where you at
I say I know where I am
And if you really want a tip
Then Mr. 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 thirteen years old
And when I look up at my wall I see platinum and gold
And there 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 L...

Welcome back to the Five Seasons Mr. Ford, your usual room
is ready and waiting. Let me take your luggage. If you need anything while
you're staying, just let me know.
Good lookin' out...That's for you.

I hop out my car
Step into the lobby
Everybody's on the floor (get down)
It's a motherfuckin' robbery
The shit's in progress
I can feel the stress
I wanna silently to God how I get in this mess
They tell me to freeze and get down on my knees
Between my jewels and my cash
I'm holdin' thirty five G's
They told me to run it
So I got bold and I front it
And like Slick Rick said
I know I shouldn't have done it
'Cause now they standin' over me
Watchin' me bleed
Damn, I got to quit smokin' all this weed
There's a pain in my chest
But yo, I must be blessed
Because before I faded out I saw the EMS
The paramedics
They greet me with some anesthetics
They killin' my pain
They screamin' my name
Tryin' to keep me in the conscious world

I'm thinkin' about my mom
My sister and my girl
I'm prayin' to God
Don't let this go too far
As they rush me into the St. Luke's O.R.
They pull the bullets out my chest
And give 'em back in a jar
Now I'm wearin' this scar
'Cause I tried to play hard

Mr. Ford, I'm afraid I have some bad news for you.
What are you talkin' about?
It would appear that one of the bullets grazed your spine and damaged the cord.
So what are you tryin' to tell me?
Well, it's safe to say I don't think you'll be jumpin' around anymore.

Yo, this can't happen to me
I just can't believe it
Trapped in a wheelchair
A paraplegic
There ain't no rehab
There ain't no therapy
For the rest of my life
Somebody's gotta take care of me
And people stare at me
With pity in their eyes
And every mornin' I rise to a life of despise
And ever night I think I might never rock the mic again
'Cause my brain's fucked up on percacet and vicadin
Might as well be heroin pulsin' through my veins
Gotta kill 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 twenty somethin' years old (years old)