

# Clinically Insane

Mac Lethal

It's raining outside right now...  
And it's pretty  
It looks so, it looks so, it looks so pretty  
It's pitch black and I hear birdies chirpin...

Yo

Clinically insane, how I'm feelin, how I'm feelin every day  
The whole entire sky is turning gray  
Hey, clinically insane, how I'm feelin, how I'm feelin every day  
And this is something I cannot betray

Ridin through the city in the gross and arid temperature  
My car is makin noises with the broken air conditioner  
I swear my listeners are gonna dwindle (why?)  
I haven't yet delivered my talents  
It's like I'm such a mental stickler of balance  
The simple fantasy of cleansin my palate  
Is such a bone crushin instrument of malice  
I'm self-tortured, bitch enough,  
The challenges administered by my own friends  
The simple breeze is like a cyclone wind  
The pins and needles under my own skin  
Are like the reasons that I have to carouse  
I cruise, nervous, tryin to capture the muse  
I never actually lose, I only sing the underpaid, overworked, the labor line  
, hymnal factory blues  
I guess the reason that I'm never lookin happy  
S'cause I'm paranoid and worried everybody's lookin at me  
And they're seein somethin undeveloped,  
A punctured relic of myself  
I need to finish the story and fuckin tell it

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(2x)

Sittin at my house, and the temperature's hot  
Because it's summer and my central air conditioners shot  
I wanna be alone, taste the freedom, grumble and I groan  
To recreate the kingdom, fuck I'll get stoned  
Maybe relax and pour wine (naw)  
I took three naps before nine  
My eyes are sore, I got an achey knee cap and sore spine  
Over-rested, takin no synthetic drugs for depression  
That'll leave me with the floaty headed buzz  
They fill my life with happiness and copacetic love  
But when takin emcees, the paranoia's back to break me to pieces  
I give a fuck about the names of diseases  
Or if the cure is the Lexapro of praisin of Jesus  
Cause sometimes a little shaft of sunlight  
Is all I need to pacify the issues that I'm holdin  
Even if the shit is intricately woven and it's braided with my sinister compulsion  
I tell myself I'll get through it

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My doctor told me that depression means I'm sad for no reason  
That's bullshit, I never been happy for no reason  
Bad seeds grow demons, if you block it out you moisten the root  
Just reach inside start choppin down the poisonous fruit  
You gotta try to leave the cloister you hide in  
Crack the bubble open, rub a little ointment inside it  
Fuck the choices provided you gotta aim for your visions  
Your heart is not a brain, don't let it make your decisions  
Boredom breeds struggle, hustle breeds calmness  
The right amount of pressure could break the sturdiest promise  
So don't trust a soul, til you're so comfortable  
Feelin grown up and calm, feelin robust and whole  
But never agonize over your universal role  
Insignificance is such a wild beauty to control  
You got a future to uphold  
So stop always dyin in the moment  
Stop always dyin in the moment

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