

How could I be so down at a time like this, when im high like this
When the billboard charts when your major tours overseas when I fly like thi
s
I've be thinking about the people that need me
They needy and all of the pain that I might miss
Sooner or later it seeks me reach me then bleed me, deep in the rain inside
my pit
Im goin down now, because my mom frowns
In a research psychiatric center without her son around
And im deep off in this hole
When im out here rockin shows (they say)
I SHOULD BE HYPED CUZ MY LIFE IS SO ROCK N ROLL
But I feel like the Grinch mixed with Ebaneezer Scrooge
Let the fever ooze up out of me clouded me never eager to
Let up when im in an interview they probably thinkin they gonna hinder dude
Cuz he be lookin like he might offend the rule
Never intricate to remember blues
Because is always right here
With the hennessy and light beer
Let it enter me and fight fear, yea
I know I quit but I started back
The homey called the gat
And my bodyguard Nicholas jus had a heart attack

I'm sinking again, I'm drinking again
Drownin and Wildin you breathin' again
Is easy to sin when you bleeding within'
Needin the grin, cheese and recede in the spend
Lower than low, lower than low
Thats how I feel in the morning
Lower than low, lower than low
That's how I sound when you callin'
Lower than low, lower than low
Im high but feel like im falling im sorry but I feel lower than low

My smile is forced
My style is warped
Morale is corpse
Now that my really good pound is torch
I'm just gone with the wind & I'm home with the gin
To the dome when I spin
I'm a zone cause the phone must be roamin again
Another tone im alone now don't want me to spin
Time with I'm just mind this
Might find miss nine missed
I find my mind in this line dish
Dine quick not even a second for mindless
IN A MIDDLE OF A TIME WHEN THE MUSICS FLYIN I'VE DEPLETED MY KINDNESS
Low like the grasses, low like po folks on gratiot
I'm so below the casket, ragged pulse up the maggots
Why do I feel this illness, im lookin for somethin to come and kill this a l
ittle bit
I got my head in the hills cause the real shit is momma is sufferin takin pi
lls with the stillness
And I feel it
I cant shake it
In any case my space is the basement

I cant erase my embrace of encasement
Im chasin hatred my taste not complacin
So as I go to the flo
The industry finally opened the door
But now im in the mothafucka all I feel is, low

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