

## Low

Tech N9ne

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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