

Pillmatic

Three Xanies down, I'm poundin' Honey Browns  
I'm pillmatic  
The oxycontin got my stomach rotten.  
Pillmatic  
I swear to God I'm not an addict,  
But I'm still at it, dag nabbit I'm pillmatic.

Thinking back on when it all started  
I found pink hearts in mommy's little pocket book  
And took 'em  
Poppin when she wasn't looking  
I guess it runs in the family  
I'm liable to eat any pill you randomly hand me  
Save the greenery  
I'm looking for them labels  
Reading "may cause drowsiness" "be careful when operating machinery"  
Beautiful pharmaceuticals  
Residue in my cuticles  
Sniffin' them when it's suitable  
Wishin' they made 'em chewable.

Catch me in the source with five pills next to my name  
Like fuck five mics I want five vic fame  
If killing pain is the name of the game  
Then im your number one draft pick  
dash quick to the closest medicine cabinet  
Kill the whole bottle  
Never played the role model position  
I'm just livin'  
So take 2 of these and call me in the morning  
I'ma take 4 and finish this 40 cause life's boring.

Chorus

Keep the hydro unless it's codone behind it  
Never have to roam far from home to find it  
Writin' fake scripts like my doctor signed it  
'Til I spelled his last name wrong  
This ain't a song for the kids like the last album  
Put 'em to bed go ahead and turn the valium up  
A couple meds to ease the pain of the papercuts  
The doctor says slow down maybe later butts  
40 milligrams, a 40 and I'm faded  
This world is crazy so I stay medicated  
Percocet, ativan, and colonapin  
When my social lights are out  
They turn them on again  
I need 'em 'til I'm bored again  
Oxycontin, orange juice and gin  
Equals projectile wild style burner on a porcelain  
\*vomits\* Damn boy you alright?  
Yeh, I'm good. I'm good.  
Chorus