

# Thrown Away

Papa Roach

I kill the rhyme again  
I'm coming sick and on time again  
Words manifest from deep inside  
Where people hide within  
It's chemical unbalanced on the triple beam, what?  
Fuck what you heard it's about what I seen  
I seen it happen back hand brand to face smackin  
Definite disorder now his mindset is blackened  
The doctors say he got the brain of a murderer  
This rugged style steals your brain

My heart is bleeding and this pain will not pass  
It's not receding and my body's going numb  
A bad trip child rolling stoned keeping high  
He don't know what he's doing  
He just keep getting by  
Thrown away  
I want to be thrown away

He's born sick nothing in his hands but his dick  
He couldn't handle pressure he couldn't handle shit  
For the life he was leading  
Led him down the wrong path  
Where guns blast don't give a shit  
About the gods wrath  
Don't want to talk to the counselor Doctor  
To tell'em what real to tell'em what's proper  
The situations unclear like gray  
And I know it gets worse everyday

I am a mess I've made a huge mess  
I can't control myself  
I'm losing it I've lost it I've spilt all my marbles  
(aaaahh!)

cause I see you inside of me sometimes  
I want to be thrown away  
A hyper spaz and that is me sometimes  
I want to be thrown away  
Thrown away!

Voices in my head, voices in my head  
Don't tell me to do it cause I will, NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!  
Don't tell me to do it cause I will, NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!  
Last remain! Last remain! Last remain!