

Old Ways

Wax

I have no clue what fucking day it is
I can't believe I'm still doing this, man
I don't think my body can take this lifestyle much longer
I wasn't raised to act like this

I ain't left my crib in seven days or more
I haven't showered in three days, haven't shaved in four
There's no reason to be showering and shaving for
When every day is a carbon copy of the day before
The only people that I see anymore
Are my roommates and the clerk at the convenience store
Me and him used to chat in a friendly way
Now he shakes his head and lectures me for drinking every day
Of course I understand him so clear
But I'm lost in the wonderland of cold beer
And the only thing I fear, is being sober, cause the tears
Would come out, so I choose to bum out and dumb out
My brain cells are like Duracells dying
A little juice left, but I'm sure as hell trying
To kill them all, Like Metallica dunny
Rock and Roll lifestyle minus the sex and the money
I'm a dummy

I ain't left my house for days
I've gone back, back to to my old ways
I'm just drinking, sleeping, not eating
Treating everyday like it's the weekend
This is not how I was raised

I don't search for, them women much
Even though I yearn for that feminine touch
It requires too much time and labor
And that's quite the opposite of my behavior
Man, I'm a lazy man, like an old recliner
I want a lazy girl, but I'm too lazy to find her
And I ain't got the time or money to wine her and dine her
Unless she likes Two Buck Chuck and Oscar Meyer
In the mirror I see my reflection
And I always ask it some kind of question
But it never seems to provide suggestions
No guidance or lessons, just my blank reflection
Slick Rick, where the fuck you get your mirror from?
Was it a magic shop or was it Pier One?
I steer clear from self-help books
Instead I spit stupid-ass rhymes and belt hooks like

Man, I don't think I really know what's happening
Am I imagining or are these actual things?
Little moths flying with their flapping wings
Tickling me on my face while I rap and sing
I'm eating happy pills, I'm seeing Daffodils
I haven't opened up my mail, I see a stack of bills
I'm probably too late for the due date
Fuck it I'm a be late, crack another Tecate
Can't see straight but it feels like heaven
I'm dancing with the wolves, man, I feel like Kevin
Costner, I should win an Oscar for acting stupid

This mind state's when I make spectacular music
At least that's how it sounds in my ears
I'm a probably fucking die in less than five years
But it feels so good right now
I'm a make it so somehow I don't have to come down

[Hook]