

## **VOLUME 2. THE DEATH OF RYAN LEE REID**

**“EGO”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“PILLBILLY BLUES”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“WATCH OUT FOR TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“ALL I DO IS EAT AND WEAR MY MONEY”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“BUSY LIVIN’, BUSY DYIN’”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“DON’T SCOOTER BRAUN ME”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“THE RHYTHM OF TEXAS”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“DAY DRINKING”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“SOMEDAY”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“LIFE IS A RIDE BUILT FOR TWO”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“ROUND TOP DAYS”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

**“FEELIN’ RECKLESS”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

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**“EGO”** by *FOREST CHUMP*

Knock, knock  
It's your ego here  
Thought you ought to know  
That you're a fake and a fraud  
And everybody knows

Knock, knock  
It's your ego again  
One thing I want to add  
Don't bother chasing  
Those dreams that you have  
Cause you're gonna fail and end up looking really fucking sad

E-E-E-go, go fuck yourself  
E-E-E-go, go fuck yourself  
E-E-E-go, I ain't got time for (mother fuckin') your shit

Knock, knock  
It's your ego here  
One thing I want to say  
I'm that voice of  
Doubt in your head  
Showin' up everyday

Knock, knock  
It's your ego again  
Just consider this  
There's no point pushin'  
Tryin' or grindin' cuz  
You ain't gonna amount to shit

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**“PILLBILLY BLUES”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

Well, I'm tryin' to stay out of that three-piece cage  
It's hard to make a livin' slingin' rhythm these days  
When you sell the music that you make online for fuckin' free

But bless your heart, don't you worry 'bout me  
I make two cents for every thousand YouTube streams  
So at this rate, I guess I'll break even in a thousand years

When I get what I want, I don't want it no more  
If I got three pills, I wish that I had four  
Cus' pills and late bills are this pill billy's elegy

God forbid that I should drop one on the floor  
I'll be like Sherlock Holmes on Molly with my four on the floor  
Cus' pills and late bills are this pill billy's elegy

I tried to take my life back in '21  
Woke up in a psych ward, brother, that ain't fun  
But I guess my wife's right though  
I do half-ass everything

Who knew that rock bottom had a basement  
I'd ask God for more time  
But I'd probably just waste it  
Sittin' on my ass, drinkin' beer, and watchin' TV

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**“WATCH OUT FOR TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE”** by *FOREST CHUMP*

Stylish, fun, smart, and cool  
You commanded rooms, went to those fancy \$5 schools  
Never seen anyone do the things you could do  
I fell head over heels in love with you

Watch out for the ones who  
Seem too good to be true  
They'll steal your heart with their devious charm  
And walk all over you

They'll say or do anything to get their way  
Take your heart, leave you broke holdin' a bag of lies  
It's just their DNA

I lied for you, almost died for you  
Raised your kids with my love, in spite of you  
In return, you abused me and used me up  
Pulled a Gone Girl, stole my money and left me fucked

So watch out for the ones  
Who seem too good to be true  
So watch out for the ones  
Who seem too good to be true

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**“ALL I DO IS EAT AND WEAR MY MONEY”** by *FOREST CHUMP*

All I do is eat and wear my money  
Caviar, champagne, foie gras and Balmain

Can't take a chance — it might burn a hole right in my pocket  
And if you're about to buy it, well, then I've already got it

All I do is eat and wear my money  
To fill this deep emptiness I have inside

Ain't got any time for any introspection  
I'm too busy committing financial suicide

Eating and wearing my money is wearing me out  
I make them blue collar dollars, and I ain't Richie Rich

And when it comes right down to it, I have to be honest  
I buy the absolute dumbest fucking shit

Like a cashmere shirt with a sloth on a stripper pole  
It's like nothing I buy will fill this massive hole

I ain't got any time for any introspection  
I'm too busy committing financial suicide

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**“BUSY LIVIN’, BUSY DYIN’”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

Time is passing me by  
Time is never on my side  
Even when I'm with others, I'm all alone  
Just like a cowboy, I was meant to roam

Minutes into hours, into days  
Weeks into months — it's all the same  
If I could tell you, I would be lying  
Am I busy living or busy dying

How do you know what you're supposed to do  
Am I just meant to play Bob Wills and sing the blues  
Well, it's not like I can do anything else  
I'm down too far on this road of life to put it in reverse

Minutes into hours, into days  
Weeks into months — it's all the same  
If I could tell you, I would be lying  
Am I busy living or busy dying

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**“DON’T SCOOTER BRAUN ME”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

Remember all those nights  
You made me stay up till five  
Writing draft after draft of love song for you  
Because of your fragile ego inside

Since I write all the music  
And all the lyrics too  
I'll take these chords you loved  
And write some dumb ass lyrics just for you

Don't scooter Braun me  
Or force someone to write love songs for you  
Don't scooter Braun me, abusin' and usin' someone  
Is a scooter thing to do

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**“THE RHYTHM OF TEXAS”** by *FOREST CHUMP*

That rhythm of Texas, is one of my favorite things  
Just behind the beat of life, with a little bit of that Texas swing  
You got all kinds of people, livin' life and doin' all sorts of things

When it comes to places, there's no place I'd rather  
Freedom, family, and BBQ are the only things that I need  
That rhythm of Texas, well it's the right rhythm for me

The rhythm of life, well it's a funny thing  
Some folks like it fast, so they can accomplish all sorts of things  
But others in life, well they like to take things real slow  
And some folks like to live life swingin', on the 2 and the 4

It's home to Willie, Leadbelly, Ragtime King, and Western Swing  
DJ Screw, and Selena, and a place where Bob Wills is still the king  
That rhythm of Texas, well it's the right rhythm for me



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**“DAY DRINKIN’”** by *FOREST CHUMP*

A little day drinkin’

Is just what i’m thinkin’

To help take away

some of life’s pain

I don’t need yoga or meditation

A six-pack beer-cation’s all that I need

There’s nothin’ finer

Than an appointment with Dr. Shiner

To help take away

some of this pain

It’s 10am and the doctor is in

I’m day drinkin’ that day away

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**“SOMEDAY”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

Someday you will be 16  
And drive your first car  
Someday you'll be 21  
With your friends at the bar

Someday you'll steal a kiss  
And then fall in love  
Remember — someday  
Might not come for you

Some flames in life  
burn twice as bright, but half as long  
They inspire others  
Whose fires aren't as strong

Though brief their glow  
They're a gift from above  
Their light shines on  
Through those that they loved

Someday you'll be 23  
With your whole life ahead of you  
Bursting with passion  
You'll follow your dreams

Someday you might get married  
And then settle down

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**“LIFE IS A RIDE BUILT FOR TWO”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

Up and down and round and round  
Life is a ride built for two

No one knows where their life will go  
Or how their story will end

Life's drops will be steep  
Life's success is too brief  
But it's all about  
That company that you keep

And if you lose your hair  
Don't fret cuz I'll be there  
To cut off all of my locks for you

Just hold my hand real tight  
And I'll be right by your side  
Because this ride is built for me and you

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**“ROUND TOP DAYS”** *by FOREST CHUMP*

I'll never forget  
Our first time we went away  
Falling in love all the while  
During those Round Top days

Losin' ourselves and each other  
Time seemed to stand still  
I wish I could go back  
To those Round Top days

Round Top days  
Created by God from above  
Memories that fill two lifetimes  
Where we fell in love

Round Top days  
Twin souls on fire in a blaze  
I'll never forget those memories we made  
Those Round Top days

Gee, ain't it funny  
How time slips away  
And what it does to love  
Along the way

Now the only thing left  
That survived the theft of time  
Are the fading memories of  
Those Round Top days we left behind

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**“FEELIN’ RECKLESS”** by FOREST CHUMP

TEXAS  
TNT  
RECKLESS  
Well I guess that’s me

Turn down life’s troubles  
And pump up that bass  
I’m about to get down like a rodeo clown  
And I’m gonna need my space

I’m feelin’ reckless  
Got that devil in my soul  
Don’t give a damn my man  
Cus’ I’m outta control

Turn it up loud, I’m redneck proud  
Only came here to do two things  
Kick a little ass and drink some beer  
Cus’ I’m a one man wreckin’ machine

HOUSTON  
HURRICANE  
RECKLESS  
Might as well be my middle name

A little more drinkin’  
A little less thinkin’  
GOOD TIMES  
Are my philosophy of mind



