

## Rhyme Rehab

They tried to make me go to rehab, and I said:  
"Great! Let's go! You came just in time!"  
I've got a twisted mind, and my bad habit is rhymes!  
I'm an \_\_\_\_\_, which means I have to have it.  
If I can't, I get \_\_\_\_\_, quiet, and mad,  
I can't stop; I'm a word nerd like Tupac.  
My pen and my pad's like my shield and my sword,  
And I'm ready to conquer any enemy with my metaphors.  
Rhymes satisfy and \_\_\_\_\_ my thirst,  
If nothing rhymed with "thirst" that would be the worst.  
I'd climb into a hearse made from a Ford Taurus,  
I like when people gather to sing in a \_\_\_\_\_.  
I feel \_\_\_\_\_ and joy,  
And happiness, you know, when I \_\_\_\_\_,  
When I somehow get the rhymes I desire.  
But I'm burning! I feel like my skin is on fire!  
Call a fireman! Better yet, call a \_\_\_\_\_!  
Someone who's going to cause trouble like I am!  
I'm like a sailor on dry land until I get my hands  
On lyrics that sound like they line-dance.  
I feel a \_\_\_\_\_ attraction to verses,  
I steal rhymes from Biggie, but I'd never snatch purses.  
When I try to go cold turkey, it only worsens,  
So immediate action is needed, it's \_\_\_\_\_!

I think we lost him doctor. Wait, wait! He's coming  
back...

Oh! Oh! Yeah I'm an addict for rhymes,

It's automatic when I'm writing up the nicest of lines.  
Oh! Oh! Give me a pen and a pad,  
I'm ready to rap and write, so get ready for that. (x2)

I know a few rhyme addicts, but I think none are bad as  
me,  
The need to rhyme pulls me in like \_\_\_\_\_.  
It seems to be a natural force, of course,  
But I can't quite put my finger on the source.  
It's something \_\_\_\_\_, it's difficult to analyze,  
Like the right amount of salt to put on your French fries.  
See, too much of a good thing can be \_\_\_\_\_,  
I once ate a whole jar of mustard and got sick.  
I need to be more \_\_\_\_\_ and more cautious,  
About what I eat so I don't get nauseous.  
I need to \_\_\_\_\_ up a cure for rhyme sickness,  
I must create a remedy with magical quickness.  
I \_\_\_\_\_ to quit, I really hope I can stop,  
But no matter what I try, another rhyme just pops  
Into my head and then falls out of my voice,  
I really am a rhyme addict and it's not by choice.

I think we lost him doctor. Wait, wait! He's coming  
back...

Oh! Oh! Yeah I'm an addict for rhymes,  
It's automatic when I'm writing up the nicest of lines.  
Oh! Oh! Give me a pen and a pad,  
I'm ready to rap and write, so get ready for that. (x2)

## Rhyme Rehab

They tried to make me go to rehab, and I said:  
"Great! Let's go! You came just in time!"  
I've got a twisted mind, and my bad habit is rhymes!  
I'm an [addict](#), which means I have to have it.  
If I can't, I get [sullen](#), quiet, and mad,  
I can't stop; I'm a word nerd like Tupac.  
My pen and my pad's like my shield and my sword,  
And I'm ready to conquer any enemy with my metaphors.  
Rhymes satisfy and [quench](#) my thirst,  
If nothing rhymed with "thirst" that would be the worst.  
I'd climb into a hearse made from a Ford Taurus,  
I like when people gather to sing in a [chorus](#).  
I feel [mirth](#) and joy,  
And happiness, you know, when I [acquire](#),  
When I somehow get the rhymes I desire.  
But I'm burning! I feel like my skin is on fire!  
Call a fireman! Better yet, call a [firebrand](#)!  
Someone who's going to cause trouble like I am!  
I'm like a sailor on dry land until I get my hands  
On lyrics that sound like they line-dance.  
I feel a [magnetic](#) attraction to verses,  
I steal rhymes from Biggie, but I'd never snatch purses.  
When I try to go cold turkey, it only worsens,  
So immediate action is needed, it's [urgent](#)!

I think we lost him doctor. Wait, wait! He's coming  
back...

Oh! Oh! Yeah I'm an addict for rhymes,

It's automatic when I'm writing up the nicest of lines.  
Oh! Oh! Give me a pen and a pad,  
I'm ready to rap and write, so get ready for that. (x2)

I know a few rhyme addicts, but I think none are bad as  
me,  
The need to rhyme pulls me in like [gravity](#).  
It seems to be a natural force, of course,  
But I can't quite put my finger on the source.  
It's something [subtle](#), it's difficult to analyze,  
Like the right amount of salt to put on your French fries.  
See, too much of a good thing can be [toxic](#),  
I once ate a whole jar of mustard and got sick.  
I need to be more [wary](#) and more cautious,  
About what I eat so I don't get nauseous.  
I need to [conjure](#) up a cure for rhyme sickness,  
I must create a remedy with magical quickness.  
I [aspire](#) to quit, I really hope I can stop,  
But no matter what I try, another rhyme just pops  
Into my head and then falls out of my voice,  
I really am a rhyme addict and it's not by choice.

I think we lost him doctor. Wait, wait! He's coming  
back...

Oh! Oh! Yeah I'm an addict for rhymes,  
It's automatic when I'm writing up the nicest of lines.  
Oh! Oh! Give me a pen and a pad,  
I'm ready to rap and write, so get ready for that. (x2)