

Funk Mission

8Ball & MJG

Don't get high off your own supply

Used to be my best homie now I can't even trust ya
Must'a got turned out by a busta
Smokin fine reefer wasn't enough so
You graduated now you stuff your nose with that white ho
Niggas beginning to think powdered lips make em hip
Look at the other fiends, recognize where you slipped
Cause I remember the times we was smokin bud and drinkin wine
Now all of a sudden, out of nowhere you sniffin lines
And I'm able to say through all my pains and all my pressures
I kept my nose closed workin to keep my shit together
And why in the fuck you need a sniffin friend?
To sniff shit with yo ass, cause yo ass got conned in
Think again cause even if I'm having problems
Experimenting with other drugs ain't gon help me solve em
I tried fry and what in the fuck did it do for me?
Not a damn thing now that fry shit is history
Somebody's walkin around don't even know they own name
A couple of years later you'll be doing the same thing
I got love for the ones who had love from the jump
But go and tell my brothers fight the funk

Look at ya, trying to be like super fly, you fucked up
Now your world is a plastic bag of white dust
Sucka, busta, don't come round me with that
Real niggas use crack to make they pockets fat
We don't need no more zombies walkin dead amongst us
And fake brothas who corrupt the mind of our youngsters
Cocaine one way or another leaves the permanent scars
A life of drug abuse or worse, a life behind bars
To some it's not a easy choice but it ain't hard for me
Fuck that white bitch cause I don't never wanna be
Somewhere trying to make up some kinda lie to say
Why this mothafuckin nose bleed won't go away

You got a fat piece of toilet paper stuck up in your nose pipe
You can't smell shit cause you been snorting through the whole night
I ain't tryin to say that I'm better than the next man
I understand anyone can do what they know they can
But you can't if you constantly looking for a way out
Stay out my path I ain't tryin to put the hand out
I lay out truth in stone so you can get deeper into the shit I'm sayin
While my tape is playin, need to listen up
Excuses, you keep using, who you foolin?
Nobody but yourself cause that cocaine rulin
Now who's in fuckin charge of your decisions?
As long as you continue to fuck around with funk mission

Don't get high off your own supply

Do you remember back in the day when niggas used to say
Don't get high off your own supply and make that pay
Paper, cheese, fetti, chips, grip, flo, stacks, loot, green, whatever you wa
nt to call that shit
Now on the serious tip for real here's what I've been thinkin
Our world is fucked up and it ain't just for one reason

Baby's come into this world hooked on drugs with aids
Hypocrites use religion just to get paid
But in my neighborhood I seen somethin hella drastic
It was tragic, it left a victim in a casket
Let me take ya back to sometime in the 70s
When old heads used the snow like we smoke weed
That shit was cool then but now let's take another look
Instead'a powder packs now you need yo shit cooked
Them cool niggas that used to kick a fro' and wear them stacks
He that nigga today starving tryin to buy some crack
Now some people say that all drugs is bad drugs
And in they eyes I'm a junkie cause I smoke bud
And so then God please forgive me for I have sinned
And forgive those who lived for the funk