

## Dope Fiend '94

III Bill

[Verse 1]

Let me get that needle, pass it,  
When it comes to the get high, baby I'm a junky bastard  
The fastest, so I'm a flow exempt me  
Let me get a dozen bagels and a ???  
Now please arrest me, officer,  
'Cause I started lookin' in the Nautica  
Polo, Tommy Hillfiger sweater  
Mr. Woody Harrilson couldn't do no better  
I'm Natural Born to the motherfuckin' letter  
For pleasure, I dig out your brain like treasure  
Take your blood pressure, examine, measure  
Discover, twenty years ago I fucked your mother  
I'm a born junky, I'll never recover

[Chorus x2]

Let me get that needle, pass it, when it comes to bein' the dope fiend,  
Kid I got's to have it  
Let me get that needle, pass it, when it comes to the get high,  
Baby I'm a junky bastard

[Verse 2]

I be gettin' voodoo raw like Greek sex  
I'm searchin' for six chicks wit' sloppy tits hangin' off their chests  
Fuck kickin' flavor in your ear,  
I'd rather kick you in your fuckin' cunt, then rip off your brassiere  
I'm here, Mr. I-double-L-B,  
A-double-L, puffin' on a nick a crack in my jail-cell  
They pay me well for my services  
When I murder kids, I orgasm  
Then I get rid of the evidence  
Left up on the scene of the crime  
I spit back inside of my mouth when I rhyme  
Bloody, little punk ass, rudy-dudy  
Let me get your crack-rock and all your money  
Sonny, I'm a fuckin' sick  
I'm a six-inch it in then toss you in the lake like Ricki  
Illin' like a handy-capped spaz  
Peep the soup-bass, rippin' out the frame of your ass

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

Walkin' through the rain, I saw you  
You were holdin' hands, I'm startin' to feel like Orange Juice Jones  
I don't really care if you just returned your glasses  
I'm a take a butcher knife to your sorry asses  
(?) Stop fantasizing about pizza-pies wit' (?)  
Body parts n shit, get your fuckin' throat slit  
'Cause I'm a modern crazy guy, you're all gonna die  
So why even bother actin' fly on the plane to Chicago  
Call Hertz rent a rental car  
Think your crazy 'cause you got a scar  
Think again, I'll cut you again  
I'm a put that doody-casserole inside of your mother's oven

[Chorus x2]