

My life is- I'm dependent, I can't help it. I started at a young age.

I'm too dependent on it, you know? Drugs and music get me where I wanna go now. But I gotta make the money for it and it's not that easy nowadays.

[Chorus]

My uncle shoots heroin, my father used to do cocaine

My moms used to smoke weed with her friends when I was eight

Smoked weed when I was twelve, sold weed at fourteen

Bombing for peace is like fucking for virginity

Conscious rap is bullshit, gangster rap is a fraud

This is real rap, bang your fucking head through the wall

This is drug music, stuck with a syringe in your arm

I'm the truth like the name of the song

Yo my uncle shoots heroin

[Verse 1]

Bathroom floor, found a syringe

When I was out on the Hydro Tour Howie went out on a binge

The snake bitch I was fucking even took him to cop

A month later he was on the floor looking for rock

Missed a flight to Czech Republic, walked in the path

Of Howie lying in his own puke dying from crack

Cocaine poisoning, he shot the heroin since fourteen

February 2003, he was clean

I helped him out, he kicked crack, dope, and meth

Hosted shows, free clothes, bubblebaths, autographs

T-shirts, soon I'mma make a Howie action figure

Before his latest relapse I'm glad I captured pictures

I love Howie, homie used to change my diapers

To save him I'd have jumped in front of spray from snipers

But this is just something that he's gotta do on his own

I try to get through to him with this song

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

He used to live in my crib, sleep on my couch smoking Newport 100's

Gave me comic books, bought me my first bass guitar

Learned from my grandma how to tell you the future with cards

Watch the sci-fi channel high off of methadone

More addictive than anything injected in the arm

D.T.'s five in the morning waking my moms

Got a search warrant but Howie Tenenbaum is gone

Roaming the streets, he was a superhero to me

When I was five I used to pick the seeds out of his weed

Nodding out, burning cigarette holes in his sheets

Wake up and eat a box of Captain Crunch then go back to sleep

He was a crackhead too, he might still be

A walking relapse, that motherfucker's still on the streets

You tell him right he goes left

Show him right he does wrong

I hope I get through to him with this song

[Chorus]