

# King Heroin

James Brown

Ladies and gentlemen  
Fellow Americans  
Lady Americans  
This is James Brown

I wanna talk to you about one of our  
Most deadly, killers in the country today  
I had a dream the other night, and I  
Was sittin' in my living room

Dozed off to sleep  
So I start to dreamin'  
I dreamed I walked in a place and  
I saw a real strange, weird object

Standin' up talkin' to the people  
And I found out it was heroin  
That deadly drug that go in your veins  
He says

I came to this country without a passport  
Ever since then I've been hunted and sought  
My little white grains are nothin' but waste  
Soft and deadly and bitter to taste

I'm a world of power and all know it's true  
Use me once and you'll know it, too  
I can make a mere schoolboy forget his books  
I can make a world-famous beauty neglect her looks

I can make a good man forsake his wife  
Send a greedy man to prison for the rest of his life  
I can make a man forsake his country and flag  
Make a girl sell her body for a five-dollar bag

Some think my adventure's a joy and a thrill  
But I'll put a gun in your hand and make you kill  
In cellophane bags, I've found my way  
To heads of state and children at play

I'm financed in China, ran in Japan  
I'm respected in Turkey and I'm legal in Siam  
I take my addicts and make 'em steal, borrow, beg  
Then they search for a vein in their arm or their leg

So, be you Italian, Jewish, Black or Mex  
I can make the most virile of men forget their sex  
So now, no, my man, you must, you know, do your best  
To keep up your habit until your arrest

Now the police have taken you from under my wing  
Do you think they dare defy me, I who am king  
Now, you must lie in that county jail  
Where I can't get to you by visit or mail

So squirm, with discomfort, wiggle and cough  
Six days of madness, you might throw me off

Curse me in name, defy me in speech  
But you'd pick me up right no if I were in your reach

All through your sentence you've become resolved to your fate  
Hear now young man and woman, I'll be waitin' at the gate  
And don't be afraid, don't run, I'm not chased  
Sure my name is Heroin, you'll be back for a taste

Behold, you're hooked, your foot is in the stirrup  
And make, haste, mount the steed and ride him well  
For the white horse of heroin will ride you to Hell, to Hell  
Will ride you to Hell until you are dead  
Dead, brother, dead

This is a revolution of the mind  
Get your mind together  
And get away from drugs  
That's the man  
Back, back