

All About Dope

Leeway

Time bomb against will, and all you feel are chills. You're doing more time and losing more mind.

Still it's something you can't find.

Keep on trying to win, but the itch keeps doing you in. you're calling it quits, but the shoes fits, and you don't know where to begin.

You know you got it all wrong.

The lower east side of New York City. A sob story that'll make you pity.

Boys In a game with no one to blame but himself and its all his shame. There is no answer in search for a high. No matter what you endure, no matter what you try.....cause it's all about dope.

Here's the story about a boy and his plan.

Trying to be a man. Buyin' bags for the price of ten, but his arms won't mend.

Within the pleasure is pain and all the pleasure is pain. Still nothing remains and all the pleasure is pain.