

## Drug Music

## Non Phixion

What is the most important thing in-in Uncle Howie's life?

Drugs... drugs and music

"My drug music, theraputic to the user" - Mobb Deep

{\*scratches\*} Non Phixion - slam dance to it

(Verse One)

Y'all valley of the dawgs, married to the moms

Fuck carry at the proms sabotage your god with the chron

Call my Dusk wildin I rapped any time for Black Helicopters

Smash a teleprompter blast in front the Black Sabbath concert

First role hospital nurse blow

Life is good in the hood and when I skis it snows

Portable hard drugs sawed-off shotguns we got thugs

Get my cock sucked by rock groupies and pop sluts

Weird chicks, with big titties and pierced lips

Exotic dancers in love with Bill da fuck you think

Catch me at the barge whipping of the drugs n drink

Bloods n crips coke dealing thugs n pimps

Under the influence of things I bring to drug music

To shootin you up, and dope you with decomposed narcotics

Its dialibolical, your like a crack head prostitute

Without the loot, witness the music thats responsible

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(Verse Two)

Fighting a war inside my mind, im all lost the more i find

The more I ride toward the skies, open wide rain warm

You get ya brain torn, brain storm till the pain gone

We gon unify the streets against the beast so get your gang on

Hang on for life, o.d, relevant drugs

Herione buzz, my team some intelligent thugs

Y'all fear emotion, my crew pack the dance floor

Like dance more me and my man's whore snap y'all like ham haul

Its like a jungle sometimes we life in gangland

Brooklyn, criminals thieves thugs and hoodlums

Cats'll pull they gun out, take over ya drug route

Then blow off ya legs n feet n order you to run out

I'm in a three piece on the streets like peace peace

But got guns for you cats who wanna see a cease beat

I dont breathe right, my life dont seem right

I dont see nights, and wont until my whole family eats right

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(Verse Three)

I cop this buick with the seats pulled out in the back ways

I keep an ugly pack a villians like killers and crab gangs

Some are religious fastness, some are hype, some others blastin

Some are dead or in jail fathers or young bastards

I pump the drug music, abuse beats I been through it

S.P's and MPC's, OC's and QP's

Coke rocks to M3's Get jerz to VP's

Work our way up, we dont give a fuck who gets stuck

Getchu ate up, we saw the world layin the cut

I coulda went to college, stay in bed with drug scholars

Prayin for bricks, fancy whips plants n kicks

Exotic chicks...tounge pierced blow with the pussy flicks

Like click click, the papparattzi trippin off six

Ripping off kids, the shorty cat who whips with the clip

Like I'm in vegas with a trunk a coke  
Up in ya projects and ya never know I'm sellin soap  
Smellin the dope  
Hold the pope in Brooklyn how we took his wallet plus his laptop  
Jumped in the whip, skidded to the neighbor's crack spot  
"My drug music, theraputic to the user" - Mobb Deep  
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