

# Stoned Junkee

UGK

Snap, crackle, and pop goes the big bowl  
Nigga fiendin' but steady holdin' wit' a tight hold  
No more crack but steady pullin' wit' a tight pull  
All fucked up and eyes redder than a red bull  
Look at that, I bet she don't know where her kids at  
Used to be all that, now she's dating Mr. Crack  
Had her first when she was 13 now he's 11 years  
And he standin on Texas, sellin' rocks and drinkin' beers  
She got another girl, she's 8, stayed with her aunt and uncle  
But uncle's sick, cause every night she's suckin' on  
Her uncle's dick, who can she tell? Nobody gives a fuck  
She tells anybody she fucks him she'll get fucked up  
So the shit keeps goin' on for another six  
14 and now she's tired of suckin' uncle's dick  
Got a .38 from her girlfriend in school  
Went home, loaded it up and cold smoked the fool  
Cause he's a

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Lord, lord, lord  
Lord, lord, lord  
Lord, lord, lord  
Lord, lord, lord

I live in every city, I stand on every block  
I'm beggin' from everybody so I could smoke any and every rock  
You see I'm homeless, I'm broke, I stink  
I got some fucked up teeth and I'm addicted so I can't  
For them kids lunch money, a child I would choke  
And clothesline your granny for some change so I could take a toke  
You see I'm not in my right mind,  
So I'm hopin' that I can get some dope in my system by night time  
So to make a lil' cash, I might wipe me a windshield or pump gas,  
Or take your purse and dash,  
Try'na to make a deal witcha, huh  
But if I can't get a dime for 6, fool I'm 'bout to get cha  
Don't fuck up and let me taste it  
Cause I'mma chip your shit, take my lil' piece and freebase it  
I ain't nothin' but a clucker, your typical glass dick sucker  
Basehead, geekin' motherfucker  
Just call me a...

And I'm still rollin' a fattie but I'm dippin' it into that water  
And makin' me a wet daddy, the green monster  
Tameka be tellin' me not to do it  
But everyday I find myself full of that fuckin' embalming fluid  
Yeah, so you can certify me as a fiend,  
And if you smoke dip fool you know what I mean  
Now let me lean to the motherfuckin' left  
Start walkin' fast and get my blast by my goddamn self  
That's how it goes, movin' slow in the south  
A stone cold junkee with some drugs in his mouth  
High till I die, and fry is all it takes  
Don't make me catch a case by pumpin' them slugs in your face

I'm at the geekin' stage so you better not trust me  
And I'll still buck you down, motherfucker if you buck me  
So close the top of the toilet cause it's finna get funky  
I'm smokin' like a fiend cause I'm a stone cold junkee

[ad-libs till end]