

D.R.U.G.S.

Ab-Soul

I can't help myself, I think I need some help

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I say I love my mama, Lord knows I does

I love my family, my cousins, that's my blood

I love this music, it come from up above

I love my niggas and I love my bitches

I love everybody that's listenin'

If you rich or poor, so what?

The whole world we livin' in

Everything that's livin' in it

Trees down to the bugs

Can't forget about my plug

'Cause last but not least I love drugs

I love drugs

I can't help myself, I think I need some help

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They say the apple don't fall far from the tree

Apple a day, it keep the doctors away

I wonder if my father got more faded than me

But I can't ask him, 'cause the doctors couldn't save him, baby

My mama clean as holy water, hallelujah

We total opposites, I'm dirty as this Fanta mix

We Qualitesters, we can't find no Hi-Tech, I ain't lyin', nigga

Act stashed on the low for the high, nigga

Whole squad full of them codeine fiends

OG by the OZ, and I still owe the weed man down the street

Monster magic off them Xannies, I might have me one
Mix it with the syrup, Perc' on top of that
Then I'll be numb, if I don't wake up, tell 'em

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I love everybody that's listenin'
If you rich or poor, so what?
I love the whole world we livin' in
And everything that's livin' in it
From the trees down to the bugs
Can't forget about my plug
'Cause last but not least I love drugs
Last but not least I love drugs
(Purple still comin' in)

Molly got me rollin', got me rollin', nigga
I got the sniffles, need a box of tissues (Blow it!)
I got some issues, I ain't talkin' about a newspaper
Talkin' about the issues that come with this new paper
My new bitch in the next room in the nude, nigga
Broad day, blinds openâ€”see the view, nigga?
Cornea, so scarred can't look myself up in the eyes
But if I could I would say: "Who is you, nigga?!"
What's become of Herb III's son?
Wasn't for these abortions I'd probably be on my third son
That was they decision, for the record
Just clearin' my conscience
That don't make it better, nigga

You know I know better, nigga

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Last but not least I love drugs

I can't help myself, I think I need some help

I can't help myself, I think I need some help

You ain't never seen a junky so fresh

You ain't never seen a junky so fresh

Think I need some help

You ain't never seen a junky so fresh

You ain't never seen a junky so fresh, so fresh, no

I think I need some help

Junky so fresh

You ain't never seen a junky so fresh, so fresh, no

I think I need some help

I love my mama

You ain't never seen a junky so fresh, so fresh

You ain't never seen a junky

Lords knows I does

I think I need some help, I need some help

I love my mama

I need some help, I need some help

Lord knows I does

Can you go find me some help?

That's what I'm sayin'. That's why you don't need a Xan, cuz.

I said time flies Didn't you hear what I said?

I said time flies. Time flies, love fades

Goddamn, man!

Married to marijuana, addicted to cigarettes

Codeine's my concubine, cocaine confidant

Adderall Admiral, absolutely, give Danny credit

Perc' 30 flow, exactly how Saudi said it

Season pass to Xanny land, Hennessy in my piss

Can't forget I'm psychic off them psychedelics

And for the kids lookin' up to me for what I've seen

No, I don't need any of these things to do anything

Soul

All my brethren, I pray for your mercy

And that you alleviate my pain

You that dwell in the glory of God

Listen to the sufferance of this

Your humble servant

Grant me health, well-being, and happiness

Amen