

I gotta stop or I'ma die
All I know is I gotta try
I don't know why I keep getting high
But I gotta stop or else I'ma die

Addicted, strung out, smoking 'til my lungs out
Sniffing blow my brains out can't wash the bloodstains out
I partied with dancers, drug romancers
I know this not the answer that people die from cancer

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Inhale, exhale, I'm living in hell
Need a 12 step program holy shit God damn
This fucked up society so fuck my sobriety
This wicked shit inside of me so I can't go out quietly
Broadcasting live from Detroit's East Side
You'll never catch me in a Police ride
I've never been questioned by the FBI although I've tried every
method just to get high

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