

My Uncle

III Bill

My life is- I'm dependent, I can't help it. I started at a young age.
I'm too dependent on it, you know? Drugs and music get me where I want to go now. But I gotta make the money for it and it's not that easy nowadays.

[Chorus]

My uncle shoots heroin, my father used to do cocaine
My moms used to smoke weed with her friends when I was eight
Smoked weed when I was twelve, sold weed at fourteen
Bombing for peace is like fucking for virginity
Conscious rap is bullshit, gangster rap is a fraud
This is real rap, bang your fucking head through the wall
This is drug music, stuck with a syringe in your arm
I'm the truth like the name of the song
Yo my uncle shoots heroin

[Verse 1]

Bathroom floor, found a syringe
When I was out on the Hydro Tour Howie went out on a binge
The snake bitch I was fucking even took him to cop
A month later he was on the floor looking for rock
Missed a flight to Czech Republic, walked in the path
Of Howie lying in his own puke dying from crack
Cocaine poisoning, he shot the heroin since fourteen
February 2003, he was clean
I helped him out, he kicked crack, dope, and meth
Hosted shows, free clothes, bubblebaths, autographs
T-shirts, soon I'mma make a Howie action figure
Before his latest relapse I'm glad I captured pictures
I love Howie, homie used to change my diapers
To save him I'd have jumped in front of spray from snipers
But this is just something that he's gotta do on his own
I try to get through to him with this song

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

He used to live in my crib, sleep on my couch smoking Newport 100's
Gave me comic books, bought me my first bass guitar
Learned from my grandma how to tell you the future with cards
Watch the sci-fi channel high off of methadone
More addictive than anything injected in the arm
D.T.'s five in the morning waking my moms
Got a search warrant but Howie Tenenbaum is gone
Roaming the streets, he was a superhero to me
When I was five I used to pick the seeds out of his weed
Nodding out, burning cigarette holes in his sheets
Wake up and eat a box of Captain Crunch then go back to sleep
He was a crackhead too, he might still be
A walking relapse, that motherfucker's still on the streets
You tell him right he goes left
Show him right he does wrong
I hope I get through to him with this song

[Chorus]