

Get High

Logic

Not all addicts come from the streets
It's crazy what some people do just to get high

Just to get high, just to get high, just to get high
People robbing and stealing, murdering, killing
Was destined for better things but somehow turned out the villain
A young boy born in a good home
At the playground he would roam
Mother who cared, daddy was there
Church every Sunday giving the homeless his prayers
Soup kitchen with his momma, he helping her feed 'em
Made him feel great as a boy like these people in there really need him
On the road, now we older, he the top of his class
4.2, that's what extra credit'll do
But now he sees the other kids and sees a girl that he likes
He's scared to talk but he might
Body changing, hormones rearranging, he growing confidence
Finally engaging, he asked her out
Praised God like the pastors [?] she said "Yes"
Couple months later fucked for the first time
He's hooked like a cokehead's first line
Now he in love on cloud nine
This girl is everything he cares about
She always on his mind, supposed to go to prom
Even picked out a tux with his mom, in touch with his mom
It was the day before the SAT test when he found out this bitch has been fuc
king his best friend
He's yelling and screaming, heat of a demon
His mom and dad telling him "There's many more fish in the sea"
How the fuck can that be? She promised it would be me
Now he slipping, he falling, feel like he can't get a grip and he tripping
House party first time he hit the weed when it's passed, scotch out a flask
At home he's not the same
His parents don't try to ask what's going on, you never respond
School called, said you're never in class
You was supposed to help the homeless on Tuesday but then you passed
The voice of his momma, now his house is all full of drama
He don't wanna help her, they should be praying to God
Let's be honest, they homeless 'cause they don't have no fuckin' job and the
y lazy
It fuckin' amaze me, feeling crazy
Suicidal, depression, no hope for a good profession
Twelfth grade when he started smoking rocks out a glass, it takes the pain a
way
Now he finally happy at last with no job to support his new habit
He steal from the same church he used to help homeless with their meals
Oh, how it feels for a mother to watch her baby walk around in her heels
Now we addicted to a substance, she don't know how it feels
She tried to save him but he's screaming back and forth with his dad, he's f
uckin' had it
His son has become an addict, thinking erratic
This shit is beyond an invention, my intention is contention
Punching his father in the living room, his mother she tried to break it up
He hits her in the process, is this too much to process?
His father throws him through the front door
Says "You don't want no more, don't come back no more"
No place to stay, it's raining harder than [?]

Feeling like a nobody, just a body to put some motherfuckin' pills in
Years pass, he sees the girl from his class
Scared she'll recognize him but she doesn't 'cause his mass has past her
Makes him feel like he in a simulation
Never facing the things that brought him in this situation
Met bad people, did bad things
Criminal activities [?]
He wants to get sober but he doesn't know how
Been on the street, he's sleeping in boxes and dumpsters for a while
No money for rehab, he mad trying to get clean
He wanna turn his life around but it ain't easy as it seems
Still falling, his skin crawling, the drugs calling, his body withdrawing
Sweating through the mattress in an alley 1AM during summer in Cali
He's starving, he needs a plate, what is his fate?
Soup kitchen he finds himself in, he recognize the place
Looks around the room and recognize the face
It's his daddy, the little boy inside him is scared
His father says "Even though I kicked you out, I was always there
"I'm sorry for what I've done"
"Yeah, I know, son. You're a human at your low, son, it's no fun
I'll help you if you need it, I'll give you a home
Just don't let that cycle repeat it"
He said "Okay, dad, I miss you and mom. Can't wait to see her"
He said "Boy, your mother's been dead for a year"
He couldn't believe it
Last thing he did was strike her down
Spent years away as an addict and now she's underground
Finally found himself but feel like it's too late to break this genetic trait
Pops was there for him like Redditt
Years pass, we gon' dead it
He's finally clean after years in the machine
Twelve months shit but the AA meetings
He's finally seeing the man he always wanted to become
We come from nothing, now he's got a job
And a house of his own, with some crops that he's grown
Vacation on a plane, first time he's ever flown
Anxiety got him shaking, his fingers gripping his phone
Woman beside him said "Don't worry, I get scared, you're no alone
I used to have the biggest fear of flying
Shaking my knee uncontrollably and silently crying"
And then she said "I just let go of all control and let be of what will be and finally I am feeling free
Don't get me wrong, I'm a human, still get a dose of anxiety
But I'm feeling stronger than the prior me"
This made him think and feel better
Before they were done with ascension, they landed
And found out that they were both going to the same common convention
He could feel the tension inside of him like a drug
He was done with Mary Jane, needed a Gwen Stacey
He said "You want some company?"
She said "My name is Tracey, it's nice to meet you
Do you have a number where I can reach you?
Maybe show you some anxiety meditation, could teach you"
Felt like she was the only person that could reach through
Became friends then became lovers
She had a big family, two older sisters and three brothers
That welcomed him in, knew his past, still loved him like kin
And everybody in the family rejoiced when he asked Tracey to marry him
That's when she told him she was pregnant and he rejoiced
But over the months leading to the day he heard a voice
In the back of his head that said his baby is doomed, genetically fucked
From all the narcotics that you consumed

Intrusive thoughts winning the battle
But his therapist say "This is normal, this is okay, it's okay
It means you care, always gon' be there for your family"
Okay and now it's the day, the day
Now she in labor, "God, I gotta ask a favor
I know I done a lot of bad in this life
Not a lot of good but I was wondering
Could you let my baby and my wife have a beautiful life?
I done a lot of wrong but now I'm making it right"