

Junkie

Nas

I kept telling myself I was gonna kick, but I never did
I'm a junkie, I'll be a junkie the rest of my life

I let the flow go where it wanna go, back with Preemo
Let's do it for days of B, I, G, yeah
I 3D printed the studio, D&D reinvented
Me and you know who, Preem, and yeah, y'all, it's been a minute
Come up to the fourth floor through the door, Preemo renamed it
Now it's headquarters under a new location
We aliens like a deity, trust
Man, I have standards, I'm the G-O-D, uh
Bruh, I'm supposed to big kick this habit
Done with it, had my fun with it
Hard to let it go, how could you when you in love with it?
Once upon a time, I couldn't start my day without it
I played it every morning loud while I'm ironing my outfit
In my car just zoning out, straight hot boxing
I need that real dope, I cannot fuck with Suboxone
Medications, they just don't work, my body jerks
R&B playing constant is how I got through the hurt
808 addictions, sound of a DJ mixing
Had to stay away from my young boy 'cause all he listens to
That gritty, that raw, intense, hardcore
But makes me wanna put them on to some much harder songs
I consult a physician, prescribe me a pill
How do I cope? I could die on this hill
Find a rehab for beats and lyrics
A treatment center, counselors said I should be speaking better
Hi, I'm a rapaholic, only been sober since my last installment
Need music with substance, so it's abuse they call it
I'm still sick, hello everybody, now I sit
We all in this circle together, ain't that a bitch?
I brought my brother here with me, his name is Chris
He got a habit just like me, he cannot kick
So again, be smart, 'cause this is fun for me
No matter how nice you are, don't come for me
I'm still a junkie, hip-hop junkie
I need it in my arteries, it keeps calling me

And that's serious as a heart attack
I'm an ancient artifact, we question if your art is fact
I came from the bottom
I need it in my arteries, it keeps calling me
And that's serious as a heart attack
I'm an ancient artifact, we question if your art is fact
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'88 Rucker Park trucks and cars, hustlers they were stuntin hard
Thousand people, cops, hottest summer, y'all
Fresh out the subway cars, young Esco, no bum dress flow
Shopped on '25 to Nike Dunk the God
Stompin' was a little conscious monster
Educated ignorance, lion head, bring on the index flex
Let's get into it bought books caught jux
Stuck between living clean and overcoming lawlessness
Tryna balance

The constitution writers knew the truth but some are liars
A jambalaya combined with crime and the law abiding
Something they saw in N-A-S and then Sony signed him
I'm just a humble giant
Stumble but fall forward, never backwards
What is your dream? I'm my great-great-grandfathers dream
One thing when you make yourself too accessible
Some could lose respect and think less of you
The music electrocutes, it's 'cause I'm a junkie

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I need it in my arteries
It's 'cause I'm a junkie