

Dopehead

Slaine

Sniveling whimpering crying ass junkie
White on white sneakers, yellow teeth honky
Early in the morning for your dose
Off for the day with your North Shore ho
That bitch is gross
She's your road dog, dog you's a boosting
Herb with the cokeheads bumping Whitney Houston
Stole an iPod always look in truth and
Dude get a month clean then he starts juicing
Nothing these days worse than a dopehead
Up with the birds chirp calling up Lopez
Riding 'round the projects on a little moped
Kid not knowing if imprints on his forehead
It used to make me sad but now it makes me sick
Cause everywhere I go I got these cowards on my dick
Posing for a flick trying to work before a stick
I might be wrong for this but I'm certainly correct

You's a dopehead
Stevie got a TV that he's selling and a DVD
Player plus he's yelling 'bout a VD
That he thinks he caught from Ellen who's a seedy whore
He met at the CD store
They keep on beefing what they should sell the TV for
He's getting queasy cause the ouija board
Says she's gonna dump him
But it still won't say who she leaves him for
He asked the f*cking thing a week or more ago
And it still won't tell him
God damn it Puerto Rican George
Oir, hola, we want that harina
Don't look at my girl, act like you never seen her
Give up the raw chunky
Called him a porch monkey
Vince he's leaving bean town straight for Orange County
Robbing the dopeman is brilliant when you're dope sick
It happens to them twice a week
They just f*cking cope with it
Two days pass and they call him again
Call him a friend with some brand new dollars to spend

I got these dopeheads calling me trading a stolen pistol
But I don't got no more dope, I just got a fistful
Of Methamphetamine Crystal Meth
That I nicknamed Rick James and this bitch refs
Like two sewer rats swimming laps in a cess pool
Smells like death, rotten flesh mixed with vegetables
I mean they both gross wrinkled like old folks
I don't want a pitbull, I don't need a gold rope
Wish I never sold dope, wish I just sold coke
Bleeding cause your veins ain't healing that's no joke
Calling me at four in the morning from a payphone
Why don't you two broke motherf*ckers just stay home
I told you I don't sell 'em stop asking to buy nickels
Holding two house speakers tweaking on a bicycle
And that's they vacation, what I'ma do
With these two scratched games for Playstation 2