

Pusher

Slaine

Look close at the man in the background
As he moves real calm through a dark bar
Slick when he pass a gram there in that pound
Under pack in the trunk of his parked car
He moves through the winter like a cold wind
Discreet with the style as he goes in
He darts like a shark through the ocean
And meets with the smile like an old friend

Pusher, pusher
Pusher, pusher (pusher)

The poet, the profit
The preacher, the pusher
The people, the power
The product, the pusher

He rolls with the toast on his waistline
And walks with the yag in his pocket
Gets close when he knows he could face time
But some days, there's no way you can stop it
You can sniff, smoke, shoot it or snort it
It's your choice of the way that you rock it
You do what you've got to do to support it
And that's how he stays with the profit

Pusher, pusher
Pusher, pusher (pusher)

The poet, the profit
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Pusher, pusher
Pusher, pusher (pusher)

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He grew up with the hustle and the tricks of this trade
Bumping next to all the kids in sixth grade
When he was told to do the tips, the bricks weighed
Put on a little muscle and he ditched the switchblade
And he ain't been in a cage
But after every close call the adrenaline stays
But he's getting paid
And he ain't trying to live off of minimum wage

Pusher, pusher
Pusher, pusher (pusher)

The poet, the profit
The preacher, the pusher
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The product, the pusher

The calls come early from the dopeheads
And stay awake from the heroin promptly
He starts packing up grams off his rope, then
He's out serving these American zombies
The word spread quick and it came back
Somebody OD'ed on his product
Now they all want bags off the same batch
He tells them, "If you need it, I got it"

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Pusher, pusher (pusher)

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And so it goes with the story of the pusher
The big dreams of the grittiest kids
The quick scheme and the place that it'll put you
And the truth, what insidious is
Behind it all is a snake with the apple
She's known to tell the prettiest fibs
Can't forget about the Jake and his shackle
And the death in any city it lives
In the city it lives, nobody's killing the high
You can smell it in the air, you can feel it inside
When you stop on the pavement, it's thrilling and fly
So a fucked up engagement, and willing to die (willing to die)
So tell me is he villain or not
When his back is against the wall with a million in one shot
To make it alive, there's a war before dawn
The cycle continues and the story goes on