

Electric Kool Aid

TV Girl

Acid, my name and reputation
Just a foot soldier in the fated nation
Dealin' dope to these no-hope kids
And living life like a paid vacation
I don't advertise, I just patch addictions
They all wanna rock like Twisted Sister
But no prescriptions, I got what they need
From the top CEO to the lowliest fiend
I make a lot of money off of so-called junk
And they don't give a fuck if it's too much cut
Nah man they would crawl through the mud
Just to get a little taste, coughin' up blood
In the land of the waves, weak kids waste
Dragons get chased
You know what they say
You take one for the pain, two for the sorrow
Take three more if you don't wanna see tomorrow

From grass to ash, dust gets puffed
And these fiends get killed by the things they love
But I don't got time to get too philosophic
I don't make friends, I make a profit
Still got a brand that's on my pocket
The Feds can't stop it
When the block gets hot, I retreat to my yacht
It's hard to eat with these fucked-up streets
That's why you do what you can to make these dead ends meet
I've seen rich girls cop X pills on their dad's credit
I've seen priests get high and go to heaven
Cops pop molly, grannies smoke crack
They got one thing in common: they always come back
I just back up the alley, pull up on the canvas
In a black Caddy 'til they kick the habit
I've got 'em hooked and I don't care if they kick it
I invested drug money in that rehab clinic, bitch

"Lookie here."

"What's that?"

"It's heroin."

"Will it make me sick like the reefers did?"

"Well go on and try it. I dare ya."

"How much does it cost?"

"This one ain't gonna cost you nothin', it's free. Go on. I dare ya."

Tabs, dabs, big bricks of hash
Big chunks of wax, big shards of glass
Coke with no crash, too bad it don't last
Flip the mattress, see my stacks of cash
Say "one more hit then you'll quit it"
Bitch, who ya kidding, pick up the phone, come and get it
Catnip, jenkem, whatever you desire
If I say I didn't have it then I'm probably a liar
But I can take you higher
Higher than a bird on a wire
Hair on fire like Richard Pryor
Peace to sand, giving some smokin' a little bit of riddle
Can have you feelin' like an upstanding citizen

Candy is dandy, but crystal's king
Got that shit that'll make you sing
Got that shit that'll flick your bean
'Til your skin turns green
And your hair falls out like you're Mr. Clean
Got tar so black it absorbs the light
Got lines so white they distort your sight
Got leaves so green that they're almost blue
Plus I pack a MAC-10, and my aim is true
Got these psychedelic pills, the best of all
One makes you large and one makes you small
One makes you crazy, one makes you sane
And I don't care which you get, I get paid the same

"It was just a business matter to Duke, though Marty didn't find it out until later."

"But that stuff costs too much to waste it."

"That's right, kid. You oughta go on the needle."

"That oughta hold me for a while. I hocked my camera to get this stuff."