

## Day26

### "The East Side"

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On 8th street avenue b on the east side, there stands a man selling death to the passerby, wicked white evil in powder form, 20 bucks, what a rush, shoot it up into your arm. young girl looking for affection, gives him temptation wrong direction. she bought it up, cooked it up into her rig, she drew it up, tied the knot, veins popped, blood clot, she can't stop, oh well, early the next morning. out again hungry for the same thing. lord have mercy! after 20 months of sickness and addiction, friends call her bluff, a habit needs attention, out patient clinic says take a number, counselor says you must be 18 years or older can't be sick what's the use xanax percocets and now they got you in an institute. instead of being hooked on the dope from the streets, now she's hooked on the methadone for free. well, now she wakes up early in the morning. straight to the clinic to get her prescription. some of the lives are violent, say some of the lives are violent, riiight. say some of the lives are violent, riiight. say some of the lives are violent, riiight. say some of the lives are violent. On 8th street avenue b on the east side, there stands a man selling death to the passerby, wicked white evil in powder form, 20 bucks, what a rush, shoot it up into your arm. young girl looking for affection, gives him temptation wrong direction. she bought it up, cooked it up into her rig, she drew it up, tied the knot, veins popped, blood clot, she can't stop, oh well, early the next morning. out again hungry for the same thing. violence only begets violence. violence only leaves me violent. violence only begets violence. violence only leaves me violent. Hear me now, bang bang bang bang, come for me. yeaah!

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