

Goombay Dance Band

"Drug Music"

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What is the most important thing in-in Uncle Howie's life?

Drugs... drugs and music

[Hook]

"My drug music, theraputic to the user" - Mobb Deep
{*scratches*} Non Phixion - slam dance to it

(Verse One)

Y'all valley of the dawgs, married to the moms
Fuck carry at the proms sabotage your god with the
chron
Call my Dusk wildin I rapped any time for Black
Helicopters
Smash a teleprompter blast in front the Black Sabbath
concert
First role hospital nurse blow
Life is good in the hood and when I skis it snows
Portable hard drugs autoshotguns we got thugs
Get my cock sucked by rock groupies and pop sluts
Weird chicks, with big titties and pierced lips
Exotic dancers in love with Bill da fuck you think
Catch me at the barge whipping of the drugs n drink
Bloods n crips coke dealing thugs n pimps
Under the influence of things I bring to drug music
To shootin you up, and dope you with decomposed
narcotics
Its dialibolical, your like a crack head prostitute
Without the loot, witness the music thats responsible

[Hook 4X]

"My drug music, theraputic to the user" - Mobb Deep
{*scratches*} Non Phixion - slam dance to it

(Verse Two)

Fighting a war inside my mind, im all lost the more i
find
The more I ride toward the skies, open wide rain warm
You get ya brain torn, brain storm till the pain gone
We gon unify the streets against the beast so get your
gang on

Hang on for life, o.d, relevant drugs
Herione buzz, my team some intelligent thugs
Y'all fear emotion, my crew pack the dance floor
Like dance more me and my man's whore snap y'all
like ham haul
Its like a jungle sometimes we life in gangland
Brooklyn, criminals thieves thugs and hoodlums
Cats'll pull they gun out, take over ya drug route
Then blow off ya legs n feet n order you to run out
I'm in a three piece on the streets like peace peace
But got guns for you cats who wanna see a cease beat
I dont breathe right, my life dont seem right
I dont see nights, and wont until my whole family eats
right

[Hook 4X]

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{*scratches*} Non Phixion - slam dance to it

(Verse Three)

I cop this buick with the seats pulled out in the back
ways
I keep an ugly pack a villians like killers and crab gangs
Some are religious fastness, some are hype, some
others blastin
Some are dead or in jail fathers or young bastards
I pump the drug music, abuse beats I been through it
S.P's and MPC's, OC's and QP's
Coke rocks to M3's Get jerz to VP's
Work our way up, we dont give a fuck who gets stuck
Getchu ate up, we saw the world layin the cut
I coulda went to college, stay in bed with drug scholars
Prayin for bricks, fancy whips plants n kicks
Exotic chicks...tounge pierced blow with the pussy flicks
Like click click, the papparattzi trippin off six
Ripping off kids, the shorty cat who whips with the clip
Like I'm in vegas with a trunk a coke
Up in ya projects and ya never know I'm sellin soap
Smellin the dope
Hold the pope in Brooklyn how we took his wallet plus
his laptop
Jumped in the whip, skidded to the neighbor's crack
spot

[Hook 4X]

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{*scratches*} Non Phixion - slam dance to it

