

Leftover Crack "Homeo-Apathy"

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scabies and gentleman
from all the way in the back of the foodstamp line
and straight outta motherfuckin' lo-cash
that crackrocksteady beat drums on
so raise your motherfuckin' pipes in the air
for the good, the bad & the leftover crack

ya got yer midnight dragon yer dope and yer dust
yer skin rots away & yer mind & soul rust
yer solutions all splinter, but the pain is ok
'cuz yer brain is all numb as yer body decays
i feel that long black cloud, it's coming down
9th & C

everything i do in life slowly takes it's toll
the bad decisions that i make seem out of my control
and growing up in NYC it never was much fun
ther fumes are like a pack a day & buildings block the
sun

fuck the sun that cloud is coming down

9th & C

you never were much fun to me
you stab & tell me not to bleed
you evict the youth right out of me

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