

## C-Rayz Walz

### "Drug In My Vein"

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[Verse 1]

Hip hop like drug in my veins  
Killing me harshly  
This could be (?)  
Don't start me  
In street life I'm hugging the flames  
Get this heat off me  
Tie the knot, eating not driving right in the iron hot seat  
I love hip hop for the lack of something worse to do  
I spit high then just rock, this is impersonal  
Free shows, flee flows, wonder if I'm breaking even  
Eating (?), worth of snacks just to start breaking even

[Verse 2]

Hating seeing what I love misused and abused  
Mind bleeding, confusion, focus, a loser succeeded  
I ask questions to answers and define reason  
Like cancer to a cigarette lung having fun, still  
breathing  
Smokers suck pot, no pun intended  
I'm tryin' to get big in the Bronx like Pun intended  
I'm still booking if your looking, still juking, still crazy  
Just got my straight jacket on, quickly lock it

I thought that I was all about it  
But my mind remained clouded from weed, without it  
What you read about it?  
Crazy man ran through the train car crowded  
Strapped with bang-bars, dramatic  
Expression in face destined to taste it  
While finessing the basics  
Essence of ancients like P.A.Z.E  
Keep it ten steps ahead like the KGB  
Beasts watching me harder than Jay-Z streets  
Cage me now, the search found a crazy nut  
You mangle cops  
That's coming from the stage we rock  
Stoned, earth and home all alone  
With the peace of the block grown to daddy unknown  
Had his son known pop would he have left it alone?  
Never

Out with the chrome, build the treasures of doom  
Represent home  
Slay to lay the rest of this poem to it's long lost kite  
unflown  
How long this gonna be going on?

[Chorus] {4X}  
Hip hop like drug in my veins

[Verse 3]  
In real life I'm still light and move at the speed of it  
A bad child on the mic, sometimes I just need a hit  
The difference of right and wrong  
Open mic and writing a song  
Someone I love or a chick that I like looking nice in  
thongs  
While you rush to work and rude people step on your  
feet  
I'm coming from the studio thinking deep, listening to  
beats  
You think that I wake after I rest in peace  
I live heavenly in hell, feeling well writing the heat

[Chorus] {2X}

[Verse 4]  
They puting math(?) improper on us, want us dead  
Plus they couldn't care less if every corners red  
Hunted like cornish hens  
Even men making honest ends, born to sin  
Walk and take me out tournaments  
From hanging like ornaments to self-inflicted  
infortunates  
Do it to yourself like "who taught you this?"  
Bought you for a portion now  
Abortion is a landless mask  
And yeh my mans work the plans to command this cash

[Chorus] {4X}

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