

## O.F.T.B "Body And Soul"

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My last time gettin' high

Fallin' in love ain't no joke  
Some praise dope like the Catholic praise the Pope  
I'm looking at my life through the hour glass  
How much longer in this world will I last?

Boostin' basein' one of the cops chasin'  
Big time, I be, facin' in need of a vacation  
Got hooked in a year, never kicked the habit  
First day on the streets, I still had to have it  
Body and soul

Back on the scene, a full-fledged, fiend  
Pull a scheme and get high by all means  
A quarter spoon a day is my medicine  
I ain't never had a high that was better than

When I'm nodding, drifting in my own zone  
I wanna be left, all alone  
Some front, like they high, but they ain't high  
The ultimate high is when you die

Please tell me why. I'm hooked on this dope  
It's got me feeling out of control  
I can't deny, no, no, that I need help  
It's taking over my body and soul, body and soul

Being addicted to this dope makes me wonder  
Will it be another dose, that'll take me under  
Or another dope fiend with the same habit  
Puttin' a knife in my back like a street savage

And the road that I travel, is a dark route  
From one stop to another, then the jail house  
It seems that I'm waiting on my day to pass  
Methodul is what I'm on, no, I can't last, body and soul

As I withdraw, dripped with sweat, to make it through  
the night  
But trying to kick this freakin' habit is a strong fight  
I seen my girl overdose, it's been 3 days

Impulses convulses, send me in a daze

I can hear 2Pac tellin' me to be strong  
But my nigga, got stoned and left us out here, alone  
I know I got's to quit before my future unfolds  
This shit, got the best of my body and soul

Picture your dreams on a triple beam  
Don't underestimate the power of the bitches

I'm lost and turned out, do anything for a fix  
Dying slow and can't seem to kick the habit  
Shot up, so much dope, I can't find a good vein  
But when I ain't high my whole body's in pain

So, everyday I'm searching for that dogs food  
A lost soul in the ghetto like a whirlpool  
In a shack, with five other dope fiends  
Who got tracks, damn near, lower than a soul train

And it's a shame, 'cause all it took was one hit  
Straight to the vein now they got a nigga, losin' it  
A true hustler, having money, turned junky  
I wanna stop but they say I can't shake the monkey

Off my back, I even tried to go cold turkey  
But all it did was make me, fiend more and mentally,  
hurt me  
Quickly running out of time, I got to watch the clock  
So, on McDownly Street, caught up in gridlocked

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