

MF Doom "Substance Abuse"

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you know I don't smoke anything, don't sniff anything, scared of needles I don't even take Tylenol but I'm still on drugs too.

when you're trying to fill a void instilled by the thrill of choice, there drugs, there drugs
when you're drowning amongst the answer like preserve and surf with cancer, there drugs, there drugs,
when you attempting to get wagon, dive in a rift of pavement, there drugs, there drugs,
your religion is a drug ,
your invention is a drug,
her attention is a drug,
if you listen its my drug,
there drugs, there drugs, there drugs, there drugs.

Overdosing on over-potent bloody hell marrys and thais,
a Tabernanthe or what have your back two if you care to decide that,
running aloof in substance abuse is also something for you,
because once your a devout addict you promise dozens anew ,
reasons to lead your life or lead through a streak of strife,
as long as your up in a pew with your users coming with you,
that's how drug dealers love it, keep the clientele coming,
cause guys like any other hustlers always try to run with the scheme and agility of any other rustler,
parallel thoughts of eternal life,
you and you other revived addicts can call it divine plan,
and use the bible to back peer pressure cause gods word is right,
and all of the idle stages profess as the final stages, abuse in their primal rages search for high to try new faces,
Here's a word of advice since ya know that ya right

Sniff coke off sermons of Christ and roll the L with bible pages

:Chorus:

See the street pharmacist, hiding a product in the ???,
might allow you a few injections until you hooked then
its over,
The next step is withdrawal of emotion's and bank
account,
if its potent you'll play you out forces motions that
make you bounce,
what ever hatin' you say for the love of it,
?????,
till your veins overload or sniff until your nose
explodes,
you want that monkey inside your back so wear more
host and soul,
No one wants nickels just dimes and smoke with you
sometimes,
and help you see life differently with pcp and dust
lines,
i swear i just saw ??? in that last orgasm,
maybe she's addicted just watch that whore spasm,
you come up with excuses and use them to feel
unjudged,
what ever keeps you together, yo its still a drug.

yo i'm not an addict I mean I cant stop using this any
time I want plus this stuff its all good for me, right? why
should i quit?

:Chorus:

Drown my pain shoppin for clothes, keep thoughts off
the here and now,
eyein the size of my problems, when i'm high i can
stare them down,
maneuvering fast and mastering my own domain,
past the tense of asterisk after this it goes pro-fain,
losing grip on reality, falling up, its bottomless,
trying to find an Islams of the follems dichotomous,
my problems is the mountain-us, the solemnly sounds,
lets rain on the root of evil, cause those problems to
drown,
all hopeless imperial scheme my focus, material
things,
auxiliary powered depleted releases the fear of my
dreams,
addict ravaged, I, atmos magic, I, disgrace n' sadness
embracin habits through madness, why,

This is the weight of the world, you try fighting
centrifugal force,
Till the voice in your mentalist force and see how the
injury falls
we do drugs to see the world the way we wanted them,
Its the feeling of a millionaire spending a hundred
grand.

:Chorus:

Now consider yourself addicted.....

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