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Domo Genesis "Drugs Got Me Spiritual"

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[Intro]
Fucking drugs got me
Drugs got me spiritual
Fucking drugs got me
Now I'm in my living room
[Verse 1: Domo Genesis]
Why the good will struggle, tryna' see a bigger picture
Painting scriptures bout the trials of a young street
nigga
Mad weed and liquor got me whilin'

Any day could hold my final hour

So I appreciate my mama smilin'

She tried to tell me no weapons against me prosper? I've been sinning so much that praying to god is feeling awkward

These bright lights I see how they turn niggas to monsters

I'm just running through my field of dreams like Kevin Costner

Church, but don't find me in attendance

Cause I feel if niggas is pretending they're not in his image

Don't judge me, a little testy, and the line is thinning So much trouble with my mind, spark a line and get me twisted

Can you dig it? I'm insane nigga, never find the same nigga

Dancing in the rain high off pain killers

And he depressed sitting next to the smith and wes

And in case I feel like questioning

Is there really a heaven? I'm gone

[Hook]

So nigga ask when they look at you They see more than your physical I think these drugs got me spiritual These fucking drugs got me spiritual Still young and dumb going numb in my living room Fucking drugs got me Drugs got me spiritual Fuckin' drugs got me spiritual When they look at you Still young and dumb going numb in my motha' fucking living room

[Verse 2: Remy Banks] My eyes lower than my bucket breh Tryna avoid my future turning grim While wildin' in this world of sin Doing 90 switchin' lanes... Without a care exhaling of the last hit They wanna' know how from living right? Read between the lines open your eyes And see the world through my eyes Weed by the zip extending my high Mix the hoes and ice with balcony view to keep my mind tight Back in the day they tried to play me like a sega Now all these bitches throwing roses at me like I'm vega Shit, I guess I came up from cheifin' on the dutch And making Cali runs just to spend funds like I'm major Motorola pagers on hipster neighborhood gangsters Had me dreaming at an early age to get this paper Now we collecting pay cuts Living out in London next stop is Italy The rest is iceberg history

[Outro] My Niggas rough ride till' you high Rough ride until you die...

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