

Grean Charles R

"Body & Soul"

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Intro:

(inhaling) My last time gettin' high

Verse 1:

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 medicene
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

Hook:

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

Verse 2:

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 gotta quit before my future unfolds
This shit got the best of my body and soul

Hook

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

Verse 3:

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 dog's food
A lost soul in the ghetto like a whirlpool
In a shack with 5 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 Gridlock'd

Hook (x2)

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