

The Kinleys

"Confessions of a Drug Addict"

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[Chorus: Duke]

What type of drugs do you do?
and what do you do to get your hands on your shit
mothafucka huh??!!
what kind of dirty tricks you do to get yourself fixed?
you're all sick; is it lack of love? or lack of your
withdrawal?
Drugs!! I need femine venoms in the system
in order to function in the rhythm

[Duke]

you get hook to the look of wild vomen
and wanna live in the land of the unforgiven
habits turn bad ones
individuals make 'em poison rituals
gotta have it a have it, a habit
welcome your traces of an addict

[B-Real]

God forgive me for my bad habits,
drug addict needle in my vein, I gotta have it
to kill the pain, you silly rabbit
I dig a hole under the sun to hide from the static
automatic pressure got to kill it
give some act-rite juice so I could feel it
ah, now everything is all right
the eye of the needle cries out to the dark side
looking inside through the outdoor knocking
but society won't let me in so I grab my stocking
put over my head and get the dough
'cause the needle is my God and smack is my soul

[Sick Jacken]

parahernaila in my domain brings conclusion
that i'm using but the question is, am I abusing
infested in the residence of pico union
drug intrusion, color fusion
invasion! of your senses maintain relapse
dilate eye lenses, my dependence on these chemical
artificial dreams
is what makes my habit obscene

[Chorus]

[Sick Jacken]

Tinted like the darkest shadows, my mind is cloudly
subliminal
commands will penetrate then I get rowdy conditions
drowsy, the sedative brings negative enemies
I slump down and stay ahead of me
powerful like metamphetamines my state is altered
this here's no lie hydroponic, chronic
got you feeling all erotic aphrodisiac, who's got it?
alvarado maniacs risk poison time buying dimes
when you got the fix get in the mix
there's no denving drug's the only factor
got me in the rapture making an addict out of you
and proceed to capture you mind

[Duke]

you're mine, choke hold to your whole skull, substance
uncontrolled
who holds straight keys to locks and unlocks key holes
the structure of my trip is unstoppable
I'm 50 hits of the dot all powerful
we go deranged and remain living the last days in the
haze of purple micro

[B-Real]

I remember when I was a high school star
had the prom queen, scholarship, brand new car
it's funny, you never know who your friends are
'til you lose all your sensibilities to the act-rite
but i'm all wrong; no wonder my family
don't wanna have nothing to do with me
humiliation, neglect, no respect
the concept of rehabilitation has been swept
I wish I was clean a far fetched dream
but what other way am I going to blow of my steam

[All Together]

Heaven's all in this bottle of juice
Making me feel high making me feel loose
Got nowhere turn to no one
Trust me, I don't even trust myself

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