

## Muphin

### "Smoke Stained"

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[Verse 1] It's the nicotine that brings the smokescreen  
To my bigger dream, swept into the river stream An  
inner beam of addiction Now it's like I'm contradicting  
if you took the time to listen Admitting that this shit just  
ain't right But I'm tryna find the light, I smoke a pack a  
night I might just get them patches But right now could  
you please just pass those matches? Spastic so I spark  
it up backwards A short walk and I'm totally knackered  
Another packet, wondering if my lungs will hack it The  
fact is this is some sad shit I got shear talent like Trem  
but it doesn't help when My throat twists and bends  
with a buildup of phlegm Suspense my projection and  
when I'm stepping I get out of breath when I've  
exceeded my limits I've cheated myself out of my  
fitness Now I'm clouded with this shit An intense stench  
that makes the wench wanna hide I may look alright on  
the outer but you don't wanna see the inside Charcoal,  
ash, black crap and gunk I just wanna spit out this junk  
A real punk in his truest form, the smoke does swarm  
So now you've been warned cause I'm smoke stained  
[Chorus] I'm smoke stained (so smoke stained) So  
smoke stained (yeah I'm smoke stained) I'm smoke  
stained (you're so smoke stained) Just so smoke  
stained (I'm smoke stained) I'm smoke stained (so  
smoke stained) Yeah I'm smoke stained (smoke  
stained) I'm smoke stained (just so smoke stained) So  
smoke stained (I'm smoke stained) [Verse 2] This ain't  
the shit that'll get you mellow This is the smoke that'll  
make your fingers yellow This is the wack shit that  
makes you feel real shallow I was "Hello, Mrs. Ciggy"  
She was quick to hit me, shifty and quite bitchy Now it's  
like I fuck her fifty times in three days I know there's  
more than three ways to get away And now I believe  
you when you'd say it's a waste of your pay I lay on my  
back and think maybe I should've got into the crack  
Nah but seriously man I ain't fucking with that Hope my  
lungs don't collapse In fact I've got an aunt with  
emphysema That should be inspiration enough to get  
these lungs cleaner But you're a dreamer if you think  
that'll make me stop Now what I've got to do is chop  
down the numbers Maybe a couple a week instead of

like a hundred Or none, that could bring my lungs up to  
the summit With nice fresh air, let's hold that moment  
And now I've spoke it, I'm choking the smoke back out  
there My lungs are out there and I'm smoke stained  
[Chorus]

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