

## Funk Mission

8Ball & MJG

Don't get high off your own supply

Used to be my best homie now I can't even trust ya  
Must'a got turned out by a busta  
Smokin fine reefer wasn't enough so  
You graduated now you stuff your nose with that white ho  
Niggas beginning to think powdered lips make em hip  
Look at the other fiends, recognize where you slipped  
Cause I remember the times we was smokin bud and drinkin wine  
Now all of a sudden, out of nowhere you sniffin lines  
And I'm able to say through all my pains and all my pressures  
I kept my nose closed workin to keep my shit together  
And why in the fuck you need a sniffin friend?  
To sniff shit with yo ass, cause yo ass got conned in  
Think again cause even if I'm having problems  
Experimenting with other drugs ain't gon help me solve em  
I tried fry and what in the fuck did it do for me?  
Not a damn thing now that fry shit is history  
Somebody's walkin around don't even know they own name  
A couple of years later you'll be doing the same thing  
I got love for the ones who had love from the jump  
But go and tell my brothers fight the funk

Look at ya, trying to be like super fly, you fucked up  
Now your world is a plastic bag of white dust  
Sucka, busta, don't come round me with that  
Real niggas use crack to make they pockets fat  
We don't need no more zombies walkin dead amongst us  
And fake brothas who corrupt the mind of our youngsters  
Cocaine one way or another leaves the permanent scars  
A life of drug abuse or worse, a life behind bars  
To some it's not a easy choice but it ain't hard for me  
Fuck that white bitch cause I don't never wanna be  
Somewhere trying to make up some kinda lie to say  
Why this mothafuckin nose bleed won't go away

You got a fat piece of toilet paper stuck up in your nose pipe  
You can't smell shit cause you been snorting through the whole night  
I ain't tryin to say that I'm better than the next man  
I understand anyone can do what they know they can  
But you can't if you constantly looking for a way out  
Stay out my path I ain't tryin to put the hand out  
I lay out truth in stone so you can get deeper into the shit I'm sayin  
While my tape is playin, need to listen up  
Excuses, you keep using, who you foolin?  
Nobody but yourself cause that cocaine rulin  
Now who's in fuckin charge of your decisions?  
As long as you continue to fuck around with funk mission

Don't get high off your own supply

Do you remember back in the day when niggas used to say  
Don't get high off your own supply and make that pay  
Paper, cheese, fetti, chips, grip, flo, stacks, loot, green, whatever you want to call that shit  
Now on the serious tip for real here's what I've been thinkin  
Our world is fucked up and it ain't just for one reason

Baby's come into this world hooked on drugs with aids  
Hypocrites use religion just to get paid  
But in my neighborhood I seen somethin hella drastic  
It was tragic, it left a victim in a casket  
Let me take ya back to sometime in the 70s  
When old heads used the snow like we smoke weed  
That shit was cool then but now let's take another look  
Instead'a powder packs now you need yo shit cooked  
Them cool niggas that used to kick a fro' and wear them stacks  
He that nigga today starving tryin to buy some crack  
Now some people say that all drugs is bad drugs  
And in they eyes I'm a junkie cause I smoke bud  
And so then God please forgive me for I have sinned  
And forgive those who lived for the funk