

Drugs In My Pocket

Madchild

Fuck this economy
Cigarettes and red bull

I am the provider with the spider and the Viking
And on the typewriter, I am divider of the titans
Faster than a motorbike and brighter than a bolt of lightning
Tight is when I hold the mic explode and show the world excitement
Totally enlightened and walking on a different path
When I hit a verse it's like a fucking car collision crash
The rate of rebuilding my life, it isn't fast
I don't care how rich I get, I'm never flying business class
Put me in economy; I don't care who you bunch of stars
Like it's astronomy and I am an anomaly
The type of verses that I spit could be a real problem
Ill goblin climbing up the hill, hobbling
Still squabbling; unidentified flying object
They wondering whats inside my closet
Little, green martians and Sci-Fi projects
And big, furry monsters with eyes like targets
Carcass with a parka wearing a motorcycle helmet
Help me: I'm a psycho with a knife and mental illness
Give me a gun; I am troublesome
Cause I'm quick to pop a rapper like he's bubble gum

[Hook:]

I got drugs in my pocket and I don't know what to do with them
Drugs in my pocket
I got drugs in my pocket and I don't know what to do with them
Drugs in my pocket, drugs in my pocket
He put drugs in my pocket, man, I thought that I was through with them
Yeah, drugs in my pocket
I got drugs in my pocket and I don't know what to do with them
Drugs in my pocket, drugs in my pocket

Got a red under my bed
There's a little, yellow man in my head
I'm a bipolar polar bear zipping up a polar fleece
Drinking Polar Ice and Pepsi Cola on a coral reef
Every lyric that I spit is an oral feat
Elbows on my knees, head in hands thinking 'poor, old me'
I keep a strap tucked; at least a sharp blade
Cause kids be playing more games than an arcade
And I am not afraid: I will shoot you dead
There's more snakes in this club than Medusa's head
I'm still underground: call me Tomb Raider
While I rap with iron jaws like Moonraker
You keep lying while you tell the kids your cool fables
I'll chop your fucking head off and leave it on the pool table
I'm not too stable: I am off my rocker
I'll lift you while making noises like I was Chewbacca
I'm fucking dope, like I could cook the rock up
He's a malacka and I'm down to knock his fucking block off
So thank-you, Mr. Ron Cavanaugh
My friend's in jail for more keys than a grand piano
When I say I'm hot, that means that I'm too hot to handle
If I don't make it in rap, to Willie Nelson: I can rock a banjo

[Hook]

I got a .38 special in the pocket of my hoodie
While I shake my pill bottle see if I still got some goodies
Give me a gun: I am troublesome
Quick to pop a fucking rapper like he's bubble gum
I swear I'll stab him with a sharpened lead pencil
Cause rappers, they got great, big heads like Fred Flintstone
I'm Michael Myers with a pair of pliers
First I'll eat your eyes and then I'll set your hair on fire
Now call me Jason with a hockey mask
Midlife crisis and I'm still a little, cocky brat
I'm tired of all these copycats
I need some help: I've never felt this fucked
Cause I had everything and then I had to self-destruct
Now I've got nothing but I swear that I am not complaining
Signing out from Canada: Van' city where it's always raining