

# Dopehead

Slaine

Sniveling whimpering crying ass junkie  
White on white sneakers, yellow teeth honky  
Early in the morning for your dose  
Off for the day with your North Shore ho  
That bitch is gross  
She's your road dog, dog you's a boosting  
Herb with the cokeheads bumping Whitney Houston  
Stole an iPod always look in truth and  
Dude get a month clean then he starts juicing  
Nothing these days worse than a dopehead  
Up with the birds chirp calling up Lopez  
Riding 'round the projects on a little moped  
Kid not knowing if imprints on his forehead  
It used to make me sad but now it makes me sick  
Cause everywhere I go I got these cowards on my dick  
Posing for a flick trying to work before a stick  
I might be wrong for this but I'm certainly correct

You's a dopehead  
Stevie got a TV that he's selling and a DVD  
Player plus he's yelling 'bout a VD  
That he thinks he caught from Ellen who's a seedy whore  
He met at the CD store  
They keep on beefing what they should sell the TV for  
He's getting queasy cause the ouija board  
Says she's gonna dump him  
But it still won't say who she leaves him for  
He asked the f\*cking thing a week or more ago  
And it still won't tell him  
God damn it Puerto Rican George  
Oir, hola, we want that harina  
Don't look at my girl, act like you never seen her  
Give up the raw chunky  
Called him a porch monkey  
Vince he's leaving bean town straight for Orange County  
Robbing the dopeman is brilliant when you're dope sick  
It happens to them twice a week  
They just f\*cking cope with it  
Two days pass and they call him again  
Call him a friend with some brand new dollars to spend

I got these dopeheads calling me trading a stolen pistol  
But I don't got no more dope, I just got a fistful  
Of Methamphetamine Crystal Meth  
That I nicknamed Rick James and this bitch refs  
Like two sewer rats swimming laps in a cess pool  
Smells like death, rotten flesh mixed with vegetables  
I mean they both gross wrinkled like old folks  
I don't want a pitbull, I don't need a gold rope  
Wish I never sold dope, wish I just sold coke  
Bleeding cause your veins ain't healing that's no joke  
Calling me at four in the morning from a payphone  
Why don't you two broke motherf\*ckers just stay home  
I told you I don't sell 'em stop asking to buy nickels  
Holding two house speakers tweaking on a bicycle  
And that's they vacation, what I'ma do  
With these two scratched games for Playstation 2