

Jackopierce, Drugs Mean War

"Look at that reefer you hold in your hand
Did it come from your backyard or from a foreign land
The answer to the question is the latter of the two
It came off the boat, hit the streets
And somehow got to you

Drugs mean war they don't mean peace anymore
We've got foreign bodies washing up domestic shores
Drugs mean war they don't mean peace anymore
Kids like you and me going down
To the bad part of town just to get our score

The 60's were cool but out of them arose new need
For goodies like cocaine, heroine, acid and speed
Woodstock said OK to drugs
Its obvious from the movie
We'll pop a red, kick back with the Dead
And everything'll look real groovy

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This ain't no kid stuff, or Woodstock
Or Indian folklore

But look at our brothers to the South
Officials walking on tippy toes
Cuz their entire central government
Is going straight up our central nose
Looks like Escobar and Mexicana
Are the men now in control
Buying or killing off their government
In a market black as coal

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Let's all watch shifty-eyed Noriega
Running over their on channel four

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