

Magic Affair, Thin Line

You better believe, you better get off this thin line
Awake from your dream, and see it's a world gone crazy.

1 Adam 19, crack's the hype seen,
Needle to the vein, as your life just seems,
To take a dive, straight to hell and past the gates,
You wanna turn on back, it's too late.
'cause the monkey is now a gorilla,
Just for one hit you turn into a killer.
Is that a life, answer quick, you're dying,
I'm clean homeboy, from the drug I am prying,
You, away to see a better day,
Than in a coffin as the preacher pray.
Don't get me wrong, see I grew up hard too,
No to hard drugs, thieves, and even thugs.
So now I travel, save souls, and rescue
Before I can help, you gotta help yourself too.
And by the way, you're not alone in this subject,
Grab my hand, and help to come correct.

The spoon is there, oh oh, where's the lighter.
Heroin cooks, pow it's time to feel higher,
But wait a minute, your heart skips a beat,
On your back, and now you're dead meat.
So how you feel, for dying for nothing,
Sweat pours down, and you're huffing and puffing,
And you're praying to god, please save me.
I'll be good, and swear to behave see,
It's a problem, a dealer dis you,
Take your life and say they don't miss you.
For a 10 dollar toke, they're crazy.
The woman and manhood goes through the maze "G";
You're not dirty, much less a dead rat.
Eaten alive by the drug dealing cat.
And by the way, you're not alone in this subject.
Grab my hand and, help to come correct.