

# Psycho Realm, Confessions Of A Drug Addict

Chorus:

What type of drugs do you do?  
And what do you do to get your hands on your shit mothaf\*\*ka huh? ? !!  
What kind of dirty tricks you do to get yourself fixed?  
You're all sick; is it lack of love? or lack of your withdrawal?  
Drugs!! I need femine venoms in the system  
In order to function in the rhythm

You get hook to the look of wild vomen  
And wanna live in the land of the unforgiven  
Habits turn bad ones  
Individuals make 'em poison rituals  
Gotta have it a have it, a habit  
Welcome your traces of an addict  
God forgive me for my bad habits,  
Drug addict needle in my vein, I gotta have it  
To kill the pain, you silly rabbit  
I dig a hole under the sun to hide from the static  
Automatic pressure got to kill it  
Give some act-rite juice so I could feel it  
Ah, now everything is all right  
The eye of the needle cries out to the dark side  
Looking inside through the outdoor knocking  
But society won't let me in so I grab my stocking  
Put over my head and get the dough  
'cause the needle is my God and smack is my soul  
Parahernaila in my domain brings conclusion  
That I'm using but the question is, am I abusing  
Infested in the residence of pico union  
Drug intrusion, color fusion  
Invasion! of your senses maintain relapse  
Dilate eye lenses, my dependence on these chemical artificial dreams  
Is what makes my habit obscene

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Tinted like the darkest shadows, my mind is cloudly subliminal  
Commands will penetrate then I get rowdy conditions  
Drowsy, the sedative brings negative enemies  
I slump down and stay ahead of me  
Powerful like metamphetamines my state is altered  
This here's no lie hydroponic, chronic  
Got you feeling all erotic aphrodisiac, who's got it?  
Alvarado maniacs risk poison time buying dimes  
When you got the fix get in the mix  
There's no denving drug's the only factor  
Got me in the rapture making an addict out of you  
And proceed to capture you mind  
You're mine, choke hold to your whole skull, substance uncontrolled  
Who holds straight keys to locks and unlocks key holes  
The structure of my trip is unstoppable  
I'm 50 hits of the dot all powerful  
We go deranged and remain living the last days in the haze of purple micro  
I remember when I was a high school star  
Had the proom queen, scholarship, brand new car  
It's funny, you never know who your friends are

'til you lose all your sensibilities to the act-rite  
But I'm all wrong; no wonder my family  
Don't wanna have nothing to do with me  
Humiliation, neglect, no respect  
The concept of rehabilitation has been swept  
I wish I was clean a far fetched dream  
But what other way am I going to blow of my steam  
Heaven's all in this bottle of juice making me feel high  
Making me feel loose, get nowhere turn to no one  
Trust me, I don't even trust myself