The Product

Tom Sinclair

[Intro - Freeway - talking (echo)](Poison)
Stay away boys and girls
[Verse 1 - Freeway]Uh, it's crazy how they gotta get high to get hot
They smoke la to get hot, they pop pills and what not
You need to hear this, I'm the codeine in your syrup
The coca from the coca leaf, a necessity to hip-hop
I am heroin's drip drop
I'm equivalent to a zip lock of chronic from your cess spot
You wanna rap, huh? You up next, huh?
You wanna compete with the rest, well I'm your best option,
I make you quick with the tongue
You can take me when you achin, make your achings go away
I'm popular in the States, they even take me in Jamaica
Only thing, you gonna need more product when you're done
I promise you when you done, there's more product to come
I even supply coppers and doctors and ball players
A few politicians, some Jews, a few Christians
I even got some Muslims off their Deen, I'm mean
[Chorus]Yes, I am the product, I am the narcotic
That right's the World's dependent on me
Yes, I am the product, instead of Hooked on Phonics
I got everybody hooked on me
Yes, I'm the product, I am the narcotic
I got all these rappers workin for me
Yes, I'm the product, I am like "The Chronic"
I got Dr. Dre "Detoxin" off me
[Verse 2 - Freeway]Uh, Game too, Snoop too
If you gettin lifted off the reefer, you too

All the people smokin, lookin at the beef on YouTube
I even got rock stars groups, U2
I move through crews
Me and music go back, I even had Ray Charles singin the blues
Uh, had people on parole singin the blues
They addicted, they took me in so quickly, they want back
I attract most of your favorite people that rap
They get grabbed with me quickly and get put on the news
Too bad, that's the down side to things
But I make 'em hot, that's the upside to that

I even snatch celebrity couples like Whitney and Bob
I even had Britney, ask Kevin Federline
I feel so bad, he was workin so hard
He was feedin her heart and I was feedin her mind, come on
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Freeway]This is your brain on drugs, people listen, it's your brain on drugs
No rehearsal, it's like that commercial with the egg in the pot
Your mind fry when your brain on pot
Choose the lesser of the evils, either use me or not
I bet you die when you ain't on top
I bet you cry when the number that you got
Ain't the number that you had and you no longer in the number one spot
You used to act so bad but now you are not
I can make you act right, just put me in the crack pipe
Everybody wanna see you back on the mic
You need a energy boost, you need some smack in your life
People even try to go to rehab and kick me
But somehow they always seem to get me back in they life
I'm there when singers sing and writers write
Peep my movement, when people clueless
I just keep 'em precise, uh
[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/