

# Drug Dealer

## Chris Echols

Mr drug dealer

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The night is 75 there was this chick named Janet

A pregnant heroin addict who said she didnt plan it

So never thought to stop, or ever kick the habit

Cos Kirby let her do it and she knew he always had it

Down in his cellar with Trevor another addict

Who was at it like an asthmatic trapped in an attic

Sucking on an asthma pump

Though you never know by looking at him thats the cunt

Who by 1983 was in the national front

Yeah he had a shaved head but still got mashed on drugs

So Kirby didnt mind him hanging round that much

Especially anytime Janet came round to fuck

Get her fix while her kid Chris waited around

A nine year old boy he was healthy and loud

Cos even when she was pregnant she was smoking tha brown

And she was lucky that he wasnt born disabled somehow

Still when youre too loud you get a clap round your head

Kirby aint his dad but he does what he says

Stays downstairs in the cellar with Trev

While Kirbys upstairs giving Janet her meds

At least thats what they tell Chris still he aint that dumb

He knows Kirbys upstairs banging his mum

While h'es left in the basement with some racist cunt

Whos been waiting round for ever for his mother fuckin day to come

Mr drug dealer

What an environment to raise a kid

Round crack dealers, heisters and racist pricks

Trevor looted the place as well as maiming Chris

Left a permanent scar on his face the same as his

With a razor blade yeah takes the piss

Whether you prejudice or not man he's just a kid

But thats what Trevor done no one ever saw him after that

6 years past now Kirbys hookin up the crack

Its the new drug everybodys going crazy for

1989 the year Chris started selling draw

Picking up from Kirby, scar there beneath his eye

Think after everything that's happened he would treat him right  
But palmed him off with just another ounce of weed  
Cos a quarter of the bag is a bunch of fuckin seeds  
Hundreds of them and twigs the size of fuckin trees  
But if he ever moaned he get a slap across his cheek  
1990 is the year that really took its toll  
Cos that's the year his mother Janet took an overdose  
Of heroin and died, god rest her tortured soul  
Now he's left to fend for himself all by his own  
It's 1995, now that he's older stress weighs on his shoulders  
Heavy as boulders, but he hides it from his olders  
He's been living on the far side since he was a youth  
But the way he lives now is a far cry  
From the way he, did in the past cos he's  
Made his way up from sellin ounces to bars of weed  
Out In the streets, where people do their nasty deeds  
He sees em making money so he wants a larger piece  
He's a man now, 21 years of age  
It's been a couple years since Kirbys palms were raised  
Lost in anger, ended up across his face cos he's a man now  
And Kirby knows he's past his stage of gettin beats  
Still that don't change the way he treats  
Chris when he comes round to his, to get his weed  
Kirby dont like his attitude he's cocky now believe  
So again he palms him off with more twigs and fuckin seeds  
But Chris aint havin none of it he aint no little kid now  
He squares up to Kirby who really dont look that big now  
And really cant do shit now but pay Chris what he owes  
In weed but also pride cos that what Chris takes when he goes  
Kirby knows he's getting old, and that's what really hurts  
He aint cut out for this work the way he once was upon a time  
But he dont know no other way to make a living on the grind  
Selling drugs is all he's been, his only way of getting by  
Then the cops come round, undercover feds come shut him down, lock him down  
15 years away from now, the youth will grow big and strong and take control  
of it all, that's the way it goes

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