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 thats 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 thats 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
Its 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
Its 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 thats 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, thats the way it goes
Mr drug dealer
Mr drug dealer
Mr drug dealer...

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