

Drugs Got Me Spiritual (ft. Remy Banks)

Domo Genesis

Fucking drugs got me
Fucking drugs got me
Now I'm in my living room
Why the good will struggle, tryna' see a bigger picture
Painting scriptures bout the trials of a young street nigga
Mad weed and liquor got me whilin'
Any day could hold my final hour
So I appreciate my mama smilin'
She tried to tell me no weapons against me prosper?
I've been sinning so much that praying to god is feeling awkward
These bright lights I see how they turn niggas to monsters
I'm just running through my field of dreams like Kevin Costner
Church, but don't find me in attendance
Cause I feel if niggas is pretending they're not in his image
Don't judge me, a little testy, and the line is thinning
So much trouble with my mind, spark a line and get me twisted
Can you dig it? I'm insane nigga, never find the same nigga
Dancing in the rain high off pain killers
And he depressed sitting next to the smith and wes
And in case I feel like questioning
Is there really a heaven? I'm gone
So nigga ask when they look at you
They see more than your physical
I think these drugs got me spiritual
These fucking drugs got me spiritual
Still young and dumb going numb in my living room
Fucking drugs got me
Fuckin' drugs got me spiritual
When they look at you
Still young and dumb going numb in my motha' fucking living room
My eyes lower than my bucket breh
Tryna' avoid my future turning grim while whilin' in this world of sin
Doing 90 switchin' lanes on the van wyck
Without a care exhaling of the last hit
They wanna' know how from living right?
Read between the lines open your eyes and see the world through my eyes
Weed by the zip extending my high
Mix the hoes and ice with balcony view to keep my mind tight
Back in the day they tried to play me like a sega
Now all these bitches throwing roses at me like I'm vega
Shit, I guess I came up from cheifin' on the dutch

And making Cali runs just to spend funds like I'm major
Motorola pagers on hipster neighborhood gangsters
Had me dreaming at an early age to get this paper
Now we collecting pay cuts
Living out in London next stop is Italy the rest is iceberg historyMy Niggas rough ride till' you high
Rough ride until you die
(Repeats until beat slows down and fades out)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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