

# My Uncle Shoots Heroin (Original Demo)

## III Bill

My life is- I'm dependent, I can't help it. I started at a young age  
I'm too dependent on it, you know?

Drugs and music get me where I wanna go now  
But I gotta make the money for it and it's not that easy nowadays  
My uncle shoots heroin, my father used to do  
cocaine

My moms used to smoke weed with her friends when I was eight  
Smoked weed when I was twelve, sold weed at fourteen  
Bombing for peace is like fucking for virginity  
Conscious rap is bullshit, gangster rap is a fraud  
This is real rap, bang your fucking head through the wall  
This is drug music, stuck with a syringe in your arm  
I'm the truth like the name of the song  
Yo my uncle shoots heroin  
Bathroom floor, found a syringe

When I was on the Hydro Tour Howie went out on a binge  
The snake bitch I was fucking even took him to cop  
A month later he was on the floor looking for rock  
Missed a flight to Czech Republic, walked in the path  
Of Howie lying in his own puke dying from crack  
Cocaine poisoning, he shot the heroin since fourteen  
February 2003, he was clean

I helped him out, he kicked crack, dope, and meth  
Hosted shows, free clothes, bubblebaths, autographs  
T-shirts, soon I'mma make a Howie action figure  
Before his latest relapse I'm glad I captured pictures  
I love Howie, homie used to change my diapers  
To save him I'd have jumped in front of spray from snipers  
But this is just something that he's gotta do on his own  
I try to get through to him with this song yo  
He used to live in my crib, sleep on my couch smoking Newport 100's  
Gave me comic books, bought me my first bass guitar  
Learned from my grandma how to tell you the future with cards  
Watch the sci-fi channel high off of methadone  
More addictive than anything injected in the arm  
D.T.'s five in the morning waking my moms  
Got a search warrant but Howie Tenenbaum is gone  
Roaming the streets, he was a superhero to me  
When I was five I used to pick the seeds out of his weed  
Nodding out, burning cigarette holes in his sheets

Wake up and eat a box of Captain Crunch then go back to sleep  
He was a crackhead too, he might still be  
A walking relapse, that motherfucker's still on the street  
You tell him right he goes left  
Show him right he does wrong  
I hope I get through to him with this song yo  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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