

# D.R.U.G.S.

## Ab-Soul

I can't help myself, I think I need some help  
I can't help myself, I think I need some help  
I can't help myself, I think I need some help

I say I love my mama, Lord knows I does  
I love my family, my cousins, that's my blood  
I love this music, it come from up above  
I love my niggas and I love my bitches  
I love everybody that's listenin'  
If you rich or poor, so what?  
The whole world we livin' in  
Everything that's livin' in it  
Trees down to the bugs  
Can't forget about my plug  
'Cause last but not least I love drugs  
I love drugs  
I can't help myself, I think I need some help  
I can't help myself, I think I need some help

They say the apple don't fall far from the tree  
Apple a day, it keep the doctors away  
I wonder if my father got more faded than me  
But I can't ask him, 'cause the doctors couldn't save him, baby  
My mama clean as holy water, hallelujah  
We total opposites, I'm dirty as this Fanta mix  
We Qualitesters, we can't find no Hi-Tech, I ain't lyin', nigga  
Act stashed on the low for the high, nigga  
Whole squad full of them codeine fiends  
OG by the OZ, and I still owe the weed man down the street  
Monster magic off them Xannies, I might have me one  
Mix it with the syrup, Perc' on top of that  
Then I'll be numb, if I don't wake up, tell 'em

I love my mama, Lord knows I does  
I love my family, my cousins, that's my blood  
I love this music, it come from up above  
I love my niggas and I love my bitches  
I love everybody that's listenin'  
If you rich or poor, so what?  
I love the whole world we livin' in  
And everything that's livin' in it  
From the trees down to the bugs

Can't forget about my plug  
'Cause last but not least I love drugs  
Last but not least I love drugs  
(Purple still comin' in)

Molly got me rollin', got me rollin', nigga  
I got the sniffles, need a box of tissues (Blow it!)  
I got some issues, I ain't talkin' about a newspaper  
Talkin' about the issues that come with this new paper  
My new bitch in the next room in the nude, nigga  
Broad day, blinds openâ€”see the view, nigga?  
Cornea, so scarred can't look myself up in the eyes  
But if I could I would say: "Who is you, nigga?!"  
What's become of Herb III's son?  
Wasn't for these abortions I'd probably be on my third son  
That was they decision, for the record  
Just clearin' my conscience  
That don't make it better, nigga  
You know I know better, nigga

I love my mama, Lord knows I does  
I love my family, my cousins, that's my blood  
I love this music, it come from up above  
I love my niggas and I love my bitches  
I love everybody that's listenin'  
If you rich or poor, so what?  
I love the whole world we livin' in  
And everything that's livin' in it  
From the trees down to the bugs  
Can't forget about my plug  
'Cause last but not least I love drugs  
Last but not least I love drugs  
I can't help myself, I think I need some help  
I can't help myself, I think I need some help

You ain't never seen a junky so fresh  
You ain't never seen a junky so fresh  
Think I need some help  
You ain't never seen a junky so fresh  
You ain't never seen a junky so fresh, so fresh, no  
I think I need some help  
Junky so fresh  
You ain't never seen a junky so fresh, so fresh, no  
I think I need some help  
I love my mama  
You ain't never seen a junky so fresh, so fresh  
You ain't never seen a junky  
Lords knows I does  
I think I need some help, I need some help

I love my mama  
I need some help, I need some help  
Lord knows I does  
Can you go find me some help?

That's what I'm sayin'. That's why you don't need a Xan, cuz.  
I said time flies Didn't you hear what I said?  
I said time flies. Time flies, love fades  
Goddamn, man!

Married to marijuana, addicted to cigarettes  
Codeine's my concubine, cocaine confidant  
Adderall Admiral, absolutely, give Danny credit  
Perc' 30 flow, exactly how Saudi said it  
Season pass to Xanny land, Hennessy in my piss  
Can't forget I'm psychic off them psychedelics  
And for the kids lookin' up to me for what I've seen  
No, I don't need any of these things to do anything  
Soul

All my brethren, I pray for your mercy  
And that you alleviate my pain  
You that dwell in the glory of God  
Listen to the sufferance of this  
Your humble servant  
Grant me health, well-being, and happiness  
Amen

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>