

Dealer With It

I used to be a drug dealer. I used to sell Mandy and pills. I made so much money, kept it in a treasure chest in my room. People, they would come and they would go getting their fix. You look at me with disdain. But the Offy sells to those that slur I used to sell to the clever. They were getting degrees. They were all from money, came to me for their E's. I made kids dance all through my Uni years. They would all party hard. Fantastic sex on E. Forever friends. Hearts fully open for the first time. Love pouring out. Cuddles and kisses. Embraces like you've never felt. So open, so free no more parents nagging away, we all thanked the E.

They all partied hard. Still got their degrees. Council estate kid taking their families fees. So thanks to the kids of the Doctors and Lawyers, Politicians and City Physicians. You paid for my degree. Not that I want it. It means nothing to me. Just did it to show that I could. So what do you feel looking at me. Knowing what you now know. Do you look down on me? They all had a good time no danger in sight. Look all around you dynamite.

Pubs and shops and Supermarkets give you alcohol to pump into your guts It forced upon you everywhere you go. By parents, by University. It's the Governments brew. Everywhere you go, everywhere you turn there's someone trying to pump it into you. As if its goo for your health. But if you only knew the truth. But if you knew would you listen, would you change? So ingrained in you, in society and all that we do. My Granddad was an alcoholic and died one too.

In 2010 the Lancet published a study. Professor Nutt ranked the most used drugs. According to which were the most Nutt's. For society and you. Mushrooms came last with a score of 6. Acid scored 7. Alcohol came first with 72. And the smack, this is gonna shock you. 55 for a dive into that world we all criticise. So look at what you're putting into you. The Government employed the most renowned Professor in that field. They didn't like the facts he found. With the best evidence around. Didn't fit the manifesto. We just gave him a million pound. That Professor's a Nutt. That's how they turned it around. Maybe alcohol is a way of control. You sit there and drink it as if it's the norm. But if I cut up a line and did it on your table. You'd turn up your nose as if I'd just shatt on your lawn.

Now I've done it all so I can have an opinion. Smack is officially better for you than the alcohol in your home. Mind-altering substances have to be banned. If you tried a few more you'd see how profound. This society we live in telling me what to do. Let me list to my heart it will show me the truth. Not these Eton schoolboys from afar. I'm a grown man, I'll put into my body whatever I want. Something that grows in a field. I can't dry it out at home and have a beautiful journey alone. The fact is I do no harm. To myself or anyone else. I'm expanding my mind. They don't want that. See the plants are our teachers. They give us this helping hand. Let us see into our own minds. To heal us, to feel us, move evolution along. So get stuck into your pint and your narrow mind. Look down on me for what I have been. When in fact you do each other so much wrong. So remember Heroin's been better for you all along

