

## What is Addiction.

Addiction to me is being a slave.  
A slave to the battle, slave to the meth,  
Some feel the only way out is death,  
Hooked on the highs, sick of the lows,  
When the bag is empty, who are your bro's  
Loosing your mind, loosing your health.  
Even the rich loose their wealth...  
You need it to function, without it... lost.  
Loosing your life or freedom, the true cost,  
Hurting your loved ones on crack n crime  
Where are your bro's when you do hard time?  
Locked up in prison doing another lag,  
Was it all worth that pathetic lil bag?  
Years gone bye, my daughters now older,  
Now she's to big to ride on daddy's shoulder  
Missed out on her birthdays, christmases too,  
School trips or taking her to the zoo...  
On and on, the circle of addiction goes...  
Sweet sexy girls turned into crack hoes,  
Bad for your teeth, bad for your skin,  
Weight loss and that sexy toothless grin,  
Some call it P, others call it the crack,  
To me its years of life I'll never get back,  
In denial of being on it or even addicted,  
Pain and suffering I've felt or inflicted...  
Getting in debt or owing gangsters money  
Crack on toast was my manuka honey.  
Expensive to buy but ever so easy to find,  
24-7 wide awake, ya teeth on the grind.  
You might think this poems dark, but its  
still not enough, the addict in me  
still craves a bloody puff...-