

Blasphemy

Death Plus

I hate all of this shit
Can't take none of this shit
No longer, I can't live
Can't get with none of this shit
My vision, it is black
I cannot see a thing
I keep lookin' around for solutions but this place is empty
Gotta get the fuck out, and get up on another path
But everywhere I go the devil stay up on my ass
Gotta get this cash, and I'm smoking on this weed, mane
Stayin' on my hustle but I see death's face up in the smoke every time I ash

Triple six, pentagrams on the fuckin' walls
My house on fire and in the basement's a burning cross
Got witches and devil bitches licking on my balls
This ain't no horror picture, ain't no way to turn it off
Hell nah, I been cursed with some evil shit
I'm in some kind of hell, what's this place I'm trapped in?
The devil is laughing, I ain't livin' too happily
In this world of blasphemy, I know life is past-tense, yuh