

God Bless the Feigns

Esham

Shit, alright, that's pretty funky, I like that
Let's do some cool shit, you know, Sex Pistol style
Yeah, alright

God bless the fiends, I'm makin' all this cream
I thought it was a dream; my reality's obscene
They chasin' dopamine, they have no hope it seems
I felt the same way when I saw her in them jeans
I was [?] out, she got my pockets [?] out
And I was just tryna see what that thing 'bout

I was fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin'
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ndin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin'

God bless the fiends, strippers and g-strings
Got big basketball dunkin' bitches on my team
God bless the fiends, syrup, promethazine
I'm sippin' on that lean and I'm smokin' mad greens
God bless the fiends for boostin' them flatscreens
They caught him on camera with the video stream
God bless the fiends by any and all means
She was strung out on meth since her sweet sixteen

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ndin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin'

God bless the fiends for whatever it's worth
God bless the fiends; the meek inherit the earth
God bless the fiends with no self-esteem
God made dirt; it don't hurt to be clean
God bless the fiends, the dealers and triple beams
I heard somebody scream, then a police siren
God bless the fiends; I thought I seen a ghost
God bless the fiends, relapse and overdose

I was fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin', fiendin'
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