

See I'm a suicidal kid with no future
I'm quicker to bust your face with a baseball bat before I shoot ya
The BBQ and brass monkey hittin' up the food truck
The I take my chick right back to the crib and straight to Kama Sutra
That Schema Posse bitch I don't give a fuck about no hip shit
Now this that cruisin' down the highway gettin' dome pimp shit
With the big junt in your face, them 12's knockin' like the police
And best believe I'm worshippin' the Earth and listen to no priest

Nah, this that you don't really give a fuck about a thang shit
With the little bit the pimp
Ridin' solo in yo donk shit
I'm bringin' back that funk that make the devil wanna twist
We groovin' like it's 1975, psychedelics in my fist
Nah, feel that liquor travelin' through you torso
And lay yo head back blow that smoke into the ozone
You sacrifice you soul for a cult and you don't even know
If not for Allan Watts I woulda been dead a long time ago

Well bitch I never listen, pay attention to that hoe shit
Mothafuckas yappin' like a bitch but they don't know shit
Crucify yo body then pretend I didn't know
What I was really doin' plead insanity in court

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Never the one to be one in believin' that one of my demons didn't know I'm a
Heathen
Debatin' the meanin' of Genesis ready to die
Like a fuckin' swine
Keep on believin' a reason to murder the ones that don't believe in believin'
'
I am the Anti-Christ I'm here to put an end to all them hopes you feedin'
Keep it G and mothafuck a Sunday morn in prison
Bitch I had it up to
Here
With all of that shit you Christen
Missin' me with your focus
If Hocus Pocus turn water to wine
Sounds like the wool is over your eyes
I don't sympathize

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