

Witching Hour

Sadistik

I'm blowing smoke circles like a halo, lay low
Drifting off the trees I spark, just to get to sleep it off
Always look so purple when I stay so, Kano
Ripping out my beating heart, just to rip a beat apart
Listen to the secret art of arteries and speak a song
That all the people seem to sing-along to call on me
I call it me, my apologies if I'll mislead you
All to think I need you to all agree
I'm Hunter S. when I puff the cess
I'm so Bukowski with the alcy
(A Haole off that Muai Wowie while he's soundin' drowsy
While he's prowling with the sleep-
deprived kings inside the county that I live)
206's unofficial eulogist
Sadistik motherf*cker, Cody Foster was the pseudonym
I shoot the gifts with these two gold lips, uh
That Midas kiss, f*ck around and get your title stripped

I'm seeing double like I like my whiskey sours
It's 3 AM, that's the witching hour, give me power
Give me power, give me powder
Sacrificial concubine
Let me plow her

Underground's hot, Chronos to Hades
Bone most the ladies give 'em Rosemary's babies
Rose gold machetes in a rose gold Mercedes
All the vices in my city, I'm like Tommy Vercetti
Getting dome in the Chevy, put 'em on and we're steady
Leave you alone if you let me, to go home when you're ready

Nacho Picasso my shrine is a booth
My mother merely mortal, but she grinding with Zeus
After nine she said "poof" golden egg, mother goose
Most these niggas act fairy, someone hiding the tooth
Take it out his own mouth, to remind him it's proof
They be blinded by the light, cause behind that is truth

I see, violence in the violet lens
Violins play vile hymns inside my head
(And I'm Orion's gem, sacrificed like Mayan men
Since I was ten, demons prying, who invited them?)
It's like "Of Mice and Men" when John Steinbeck said
What was it? (I forget Ah f*ck it, light the spliff)
Live a legend, die a myth, this is where the lightnin' hits
What they'll say
(f*ck today, I be on my pirate ship
I be on my viking shit, fighting and igniting shit
All I did is light her wrist, now Dionysus dyking it)
You know you're faded when you can't take the step, so
Space cadet, I might go Eraserhead, place your bets
(Wasted vets, tasting sweat, OG Kush laced and wet
Out here tryna make a rep, but really you won't make a speck)
Face of death, day of dead, stumble toward a bayonet
They collect Elliott Smith with a plate again
(Cage you in, major friends, murder's what they major in
Major sins, tattered limbs, strapped up in the abdomen)