

# 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)