

Pray to the Junkiemaker

Fishbone

Pray to the Junkiemaker through all types of weather
You will be a slave to the Junkiemaker forever
Fiend for the means while it taxes your mind
You're on the road to the Tombstone CommodeFiend like a hype as you suck the glass pipe
Your soul is cast into a Hellish holeAnd as you're on your knees tryin to feed your disease
The Monkey's on your back got you, beggin' pleasePray to the Junkiemaker
Take a hit wit yer lips
Pray to the Junkiemaker, WHOAYou're jaded the light you no longer see
Burned out, broke down in your misery
Drop to less, you'll soon confess and assume the position
Constipated asphyxiated concludes in Purgatory as statedPray to the Junkiemaker
Pray to the Junkiemaker
It's the death ticket, Can I get a witness
Pray to the Junkiemaker
Take a hit, Wit yer lips
Pray to the Junkiemaker
OOOOOOOOOH, WHOAH
Pray to the Junkiemaker
Take a hit, sit and piss
Pray to the JunkiemakerI ain't talkin' 'bout a physical addiction but a mental spell
It's a moral to this story so listen well
I relate the life I live in full of shit and sometimes Hell
And you will see that the pipe is your reality
Pray to the Junkiemaker
Surrounded by mental shitty
Mental shitty in the city YEHPray to the Junkiemaker
And you will find you'll be a junkie with a zombie mind
Suck the pipe, take your life and you will die
All because you wanted to get high
YEH
In a cold sweat you will
In a deep need you will
In the rock house you will
With a dick in your mouth you will
In a mental rage you will
When your body craves you will
Demonic let's make a deal
In the hospital you will
P.M.R.C. you must be

In the business office you will
In the limousine you will
In the White House in a
In the school house you will
In the church house you will Yes
In the police station they do
Shippin' to the ghetto you Devils
As long as you're married you will
Rocked up in the kitchen you're trippin'
Sellin' your child for the rock pile
In a straight jacket in a
Forced for a divorce of course
In the jail house you will
Way black in the plantation
Trippin' in the bum bus station
Mental m, m, masturbation
50 Skylab Station
And the astronauts got to cop
Killin' off the brothers and sistahs
Twitchin' down six feet under
Crack gettin' under my dunder
Mr. Lucifer him chuckle
Mankind under his buckle

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