

Conditions of My Parole

Puscifer

Sweet baby Jesus on fire
I'ma need a damn lawyer and a miracle to pull
My ass outta this
Devil kept poking the bull, so I shipped her ass to Mozambique
Cuz I was over it

Shoulda dumped my gat into the Verde but what if she's a zombie or a Dracula
I better hang onto this
Lordy, with my hand upon the Bible, swear I shot the damn Devil, not a
Bitch, but the po-po don't give a shit

(Ho- ho- hum-...)

Lordy, won't you show a little mercy
I've been on the straight and narrow since the judge had my warden done
Parole me
Red poison, devil kept pokin' so I shipped her ass to Mozambique
Cuz I was over it

Goddamn judge found me guilty of public intoxication, public urination and
Parole violation
But the CSI couldn't find the body to corroborate my bullshit story.
Sweet Jesus don't let the judge release me. What if she's a zombie or a Dracula And tries to fuckin' eat me?
Devil walked away from a bangin' trip to Mozambique

Help me outta this
Help me outta this

Lyrics submitted by Catherine DMode.

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