

# 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 Commode  
Fiend like a hype as you suck the glass pipe  
Your soul is cast into a Hellish hole  
And as you're on your knees tryin to feed your disease  
The Monkey's on your back got you, beggin' please  
Pray to the Junkiemaker  
Take a hit wit yer lips  
Pray to the Junkiemaker, WHOA  
You'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 stated  
Pray 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  
OOOOOOOOH, WHOAH  
Pray to the Junkiemaker  
Take a hit, sit and piss  
Pray to the Junkiemaker  
I 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 YEH  
Pray 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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