

Phoenix

Satyricon

Bloody ink on my pad spelled suicide
Michael Jackson even passed cause you scrutinized
 Fuck illuminati lies, say I'm lucified
 Baptised in the gutter, motherfucker you decide
 Cause the ride come with doors that be suicide?
 Or the thighs on my whores, they be super-sized?
 Good and bad happen, wars, nigga chose a side
 Now all hail to the Lord like you do to God
 Who am I? Lord Flacko
 Painting vivid pictures, call me Basquiat Picasso
 Capo Head Hancho, now my following's colossal
 Ain't no boxer, Pacquiao, but got the chopper en todo caso
 It's like you heard, God spoke
 I've seen the ghetto gospel
 The choir like my reefer and the preacher got my eyes low
 Shits to Mary Jane to make me see from singing high notes
 The bible or the rifle...goodnight folks
 Bloody ink on my pen spelled suicide
 Kurt Cobain even died cause you scrutinize
 It's a fine line between truth and lies
 Jesus Christ never lied, still was crucified
 That's why I never judge another nigga
 Life's a bitch, but that bitch in love with other niggas
 3 to a bed, sheets, no covers nigga

 Dirty kitchen, no supper in the cupboards nigga
 Sucker niggas, wassup my niggas
 So my new attitude is like "Fuck the niggas!"
 I grew up with niggas but don't fuck with niggas
 I don't trust them niggas, ain't got no love for niggas
 Had the gold grills shining like them southern niggas
 Kept it trilla, now the whole world fuckin' with us
 Meanwhile you treated all of us like other niggas
 Now your world is in my palm, take cover niggas
 I shall ever pour, Lord pick me up
 Ever since a baby, two deuce in sippy cups
 Ever since them diapers and my zip-me-ups
 Now I'm walking on my own, y'all, wish me luck
 Where do we lie?

Tell me where do we stand?
Where do we go?
It's all part of the plan
Where do we lie?
Tell me where do we stand?
Where do we go?
It's all part of the plan

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