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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