

Angel Duster

Run the Jewels

A little toast to the no ones
With a nod to the masters
To the ones with the riches
From the ones who the rags fit
A little smoke for the gone boys
A little nod to the spirits
We're still here runnin' round screaming
They're still here pointing and laughin'
Don't walk away when I talk
I'm tellin' you
Turn around mister
I got a permanent bop
Who the hell do I think I am not
And I'm twice as hot
As about half of hell
I get lighthouse lit up
Get down diduck
The boy got a barracuda bite
You can tellGot hope for the living
Got prayers for the dead
In the sky got whiskey and rye for the voices in my head
Got kush for the pain
Cause the world is dangerous
Driven great men insane
Anchor themselves with angel dust
Somewhere between love and lust
A nut get bust
And a baby get made
It seems that trouble trouble us and follow us
Like all our days
In every holy book it says we suffer that's what it is
So riddle me this from the womb to the tomb why do
We fight to live(RTJ)
A little toast to the no ones
With a nod to the masters (RTJ)
To the ones with the riches
From the ones who the rags fit (RTJ)
A little smoke for the gone boys
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We're still here runnin' round screaming
They're still here pointin' and laughin' (RTJ) Got hope for the living
Got prayers for the dead (RTJ)
In the sky got whiskey and rye for the voices in my head (RTJ)
Got kush for the pain
Cause the world is dangerous
Driven great men insane
Anchor themselves with with angel dust You say you wanna be my leader
I think you wanna be my God
You say you on the side of the righteous
I say I'm gonna hang with the wrong
There's truth where the filth is
There's lies in the law
You want a whore with a white dress
I want a wife in a thong
You love fear and division
I ain't fuck with your symbolism
I don't give a fuck about power
I'll pluck an eye out a pyramid
Cut a ear from a mouse hat
Go Van Gough on a house rat
Find another mind to devour
Motherfucker I'm really not hearin' it A pope is a fraud
A church is a lie
A queen is the same damn thing
You should pray to your fake god that she die
God really exists I tell you like this it reside inside
And anybody tell you different, just selling you religion
tryin' to keep your ass in line
I kill my masters
I mentor none
That means when I die that's it
My style is gone I'm a one of one
One half of the great RTJ
Defeated the odds went to war with the gods
Earned all our scars and came back straight A little toast to the no ones
With a nod to the masters (RTJ)
To the ones with the riches
From the ones who the rags fit (RTJ)
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Songwriters

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