

Absynthe

Sick Jacken

Organized religion is a racket, what
Dirty priests got you on your knees (macking?) Tough
All the that hype (?) Got me backing up
Dudes telling church girls "come, let's get back and fuck"
All the while cruising the isle with the basket out
Give me dough and I'll forgive your sins for now

Wow

What a deal, give me 2 up and "wow?"

I ain't the only one

all man women and child

Only God can be the judge of me, though

But people still pass judgement, all based on company flow

Yo

My crew is solid as fuck

Just so you know

We keep it tight as hetero asshole

(I say get humble ? I believe in higher being constantly am i unseen Hustling I'm not a fiend False city in my
routine)?

Spoon with the sugar and put in the flame, the only thing I worship is my mother and the game

(ABSYNTHE)

all saints and all sinners

Balance that is all in us

Nobody is righteous Skeleton shows your cold as ISIS

True turns men to mice,

Everything shall come to light

Yea I make mistakes but fuck you if you ain't coming right

Get up off your high horse you got got whores and fight wars

Like everybody out here floss

And you get high of course

Don't trip, no love loss

But I'll be damned if I'm the one crucified on the cross

Don't take this like I'm anti'

But you won't catch me saying "Hallelujah" in a church with my hands high

This don't make me a bad guy

At least I tell truth

I don't know why ya ass lie

Man, just let me get back to this drink

Cus I really give a fuck what any of you may think
All I need is spoon with a sugar cube and put it in the flame,
The only thing I worship is my mother and the game

(ABSYNTHÉ)

(YEAHH)

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