

Fishbone, Pray To The Junkiemaker

Pray to the Junkiemaker through all types of weather
You will be a slave to the Junkiemaker forever
Fiend 4 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
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It's the death ticket, "Can I get a witness!";
Pray to the Junkiemaker
"Take a hit, Wit yer lips!";
Pray to the Junkiemaker
"OOOOOOOOOH, WHOAH!";
Pray to the Junkiemaker
"Take a hit, sit and piss!";
Pray to the Junkiemaker
WHOAH!

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!
Mental shitty, Ho!
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