

# 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  
Pray to the Junkiemaker  
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