

# Conditions of My Parole

Puscifer

Sweet baby Jesus on fire  
Ima need a damn lawyer and a miracle  
To pull my ass out of this  
Devil kept pokin' the bull  
So I shipped her ass to Mozambique  
Cause I was over it

Shoulda dumped my gat into the Verde  
But what if she's a zombie or a dracula  
I better hang on to this  
Lordy with my hand upon the Bible  
Swear I shot the damn devil, not a bitch  
But the po po don't give a shit

Lordy won't you show a little mercy  
I've been on the straight and narrow  
Since the judge and the warden done paroled me  
Rat poison devil kept pokin'  
So I shipped her ass to Mozambique  
Cause I was over it

God damn judge found me guilty of public 'toxication  
Public urination and parole violation  
But the CSI couldn't find the body  
To corroborate my bullshit story

Sweet Jesus, don't let the judge release me  
What if she's a zombie or a dracula  
And tried to fuckin eat me  
Devil walked away from a banging trip to Mozambique  
Help me outta this [4x]