

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]