

# Angelsnuggler

## Run The Jewels

A little toast to the no ones  
With a nod to the masters  
To the ones with the riches  
From the ones who the rags fit  
A little smoke for the gone boys  
A little nod to the spirits  
We're still here runnin' round screaming  
They're still here pointing and laughin'  
Don't walk away when I talk  
I'm tellin' you  
Turn around mister  
I got a permanent bop  
Who the hell do I think I am not  
And I'm twice as hot  
As about half of hell  
I get lighthouse lit up  
Get down, Diduck  
The boy got a barracuda bite  
You can tell  
Got hope for the living  
Got prayers for the dead  
In the sky got whiskey and rye for the voices in my head  
Got kush for the pain  
Cause the world is dangerous  
Driven great men insane  
Anchor themselves with angel dust  
Somewhere between love and lust  
A nut get bust  
And a baby get made  
It seems that trouble trouble us and follow us  
Like all our days  
In every holy book it says we suffer that's what it is  
So riddle me this from the womb to the tomb why do  
We fight to live  
A little toast to the no ones  
With a nod to the masters  
To the ones with the riches  
From the ones who the rags fit  
A little smoke for the gone boys  
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We're still here runnin' round screaming  
They're still here pointing and laughin'  
Got hope for the living

Got prayers for the dead  
In the sky got whiskey and rye for the voices in my head  
Got kush for the pain  
Cause the world is dangerous  
Driven great men insane  
Anchor themselves with angel dust You say you wanna be my leader  
I think you wanna be my God  
You say you on the side of the righteous  
I say I'm gonna hang with the wrong  
There's truth where the filth is  
There's lies in the law  
You want a whore with a white dress  
I want a wife in a thong  
You love fear and division  
I ain't fuck with your symbolism  
I don't give a fuck about power  
I'll pluck an eye out a pyramid  
Cut a ear from a mouse hat  
Go Van Gogh on a house rat  
Find another mind to devour  
Motherfucker I'm really not hearin' it A pope is a fraud  
A church is a lie  
A queen is the same damn thing  
You should pray to your fake god that she die  
God really exists I tell you like this it reside inside  
And anybody tell you different, just selling you religion, tryin' to keep your ass in line  
I kill my masters  
I mentor none  
That means when I die that's it  
My style is gone I'm a one of one  
One half of the great  
Defeated the odds went to war with the gods  
Earned all our scars and came back straight Angel Dust  
Angel Dust

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