

Insane Clown Posse "Guess My Religion"

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Guess My Religion by Insane Clown Posse
Why is everybody
always playing with God? (X3)

Ain't that a bitch?
The church house getting rich
And I'm looking like dookie on a stick
As soon as I walked in, they couldn't wait
To pass that fat ass collection plate
And before I could stick my dollar in
The ushers were making rounds again
To get here I had to catch a ride
And these motherfuckers talking about 20 percent in
tithes
Telling me its for the homeless and those with no
where to go
But at night, the church doors close
The poor get a cup of soup if they lucky
While the pastor peeps a black screen and he gets
stucky
He says he talks to God on Facebook
The congregation cheats the whole place crooks
I don't give a fuck about your blessings
You want to know my religion, why don't you guess it?

Why is everyone always playing with God? (x4)

I got to talk about these snakes behind the pulpit
Cause they full of that bullshit
It's no wonder they think they large
When these motherfucking members treat they ass like
God
They pulled a man in outta wheelchair
He backflipped across the stage to get paid
They went to the next town more money made
It ain't even real wine, it's Kool-Aid
Half the choir hit the weed that morning
They can't help it, church is fucking boring
I'm sick and tired of my homies getting killed
And the pastor is saying "It's God's will."
Fuck the enemy is what I said

I won't turn the other cheek bitch
I'll bust your head
Put your hands on me, it gets scary
I'm a put your ass in a cemetery
There's so much about religion I find odd
There's no middleman between me and my God
I don't give a fuck about your blessings
You want to know my religion, why don't you guess it?

Why is everyone always playing with God? (x4)

Just because you got a collar and big book
Don't mean that you ain't a sick crook
So many ways to be misled and get paid
Who are you to tell me when I'm saved
Real believers would practice what they preach
And praise the Lord more than one day out the week
Another reason they ain't repenting
The church house be having some fine ass women in it
And that's why the preacher can't spread the word of
the Lord
Cause he be looking just as hard
It's the blind trying to lead the blind
And you wonder why people are so behind
The vows, you don't want the truth
He's jacking off the other side of the confession booth
All this shit is way out of hand
All these motherfuckers doing the hook behind the
choir stand
You getting mad cause I'm questioning your merit
But bitch, dammit, if the shoe fit, wear it
I don't give a fuck about your blessings
You want to know my religion, why don't you guess it?

Why is everyone always playing with God?
(There's no right or no wrong, way to the..)
Why is everyone always playing with God?
(It's so evil and wrong, I'm famous) x2

Yeah, some of you motherfuckers phony as hell
Jumping up and down, catching the Holy Ghost
Spinning all up in the air and shit
When you fall on me, I'm going to knock you smooth
out
I don't give a damn, I ain't even playing
Fake fucks, coming to church on Sunday with a
motherfucking hangover and
shit
Still drunk, selling weed in the pews
I see you bitch

Why is everyone always playing with God?
(There's no right or no wrong, way to the..)
Why is everyone always playing with God?
(It's so evil and wrong, I'm famous) x2

Why is everyone always playing with God?

Sniffing coke in the bathrooms
Spiking the holy water
(Why is everyone always playing with God?)
Fake ass nuns, half you hoes dancing players
(Why is everyone always playing with God?)
I see you hoes turning tricks in the back
You bitches
(Why is everyone always playing with God?)
Drunk ass preacher, nothing but a
(Why is everyone always playing with God?)
Trying to grab a little boys ass cheeks
Keep your dick out the choir you little perv
(Why is everyone always playing with God?)
Fucking old ass pedophile
I seen the preachers car parked outside the Sunrise
Health Spa
There goes your donation money
Hookers and crack
You fucking bitches
All these poor ass old people don't know any better
Give all their money to that snake on the stage
Just sitting there in that pink Cadillac
Classic bo-hand
And a big ass chinchilla all the way down to his ankle
bones
You fucking old ass crooks

But hey man, let the whole congregation sing!

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