

Say what it's good for, good for funkin' around  
Say what it tastes like, nothing but you always want more  
Pray that it fend off evil off of you like a whore  
Take the streets and ride a reef and pull the sucker down

Crucifunkin'

Say that the flags of your soul still suckin' around  
Feels like you're living ten feet underground  
Stay in the doghouse, scratching with your hand in your mouth  
Take your feet and put 'em in and eat and chain the temple down

Crucifunkin'

Crucifunkin'

Crucifunkin'

Stay in your goat house, stay in the morgue  
Live for the moment when your body's pulled  
To live for a castle that's floating in the sky  
Might be really silly if your soul forgets to rise, yeah

Crucifunkin'

Crucifunkin'

To tether my suspicions  
I've gotta hold with everything I know  
Yeah, to ride on my condition  
I gotta push, well, on and on

Well, this disease has got me down  
My fingers scrape the ground  
'Cause all I see doesn't fit  
My head is spinning 'round  
You know the gaunt they push while they're greasing pockets  
Taking people in their greed has got me down  
And so I'll get away from burning silver steeples  
And crucifunkin' on, yeah

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Well, get off your cross and dance!