

Devil's Pie

Rhymefest

{"Oh someday... no I ain't wastin no more tiiiime"}[Rhymefest]

Southside step up, and get you a slice

Eastside step up, and get you a slice

Westside step up, and get you a slice

Northside step up, and get you a slice

Chi-Town step up, and get you a slice

L.A. step up, and get you a slice

N.Y. step up, and get you a slice

It's just a slice of the devil's pie, ah-c'mon[Chorus]

{"Christians all say"} Yeah they say

{"In God we trust"} Uh-huh

{"What we gon' do, when he comes back 'round to us"}

Well it's not for us to say

{"Everyday, yeahhh"}

{"Girls drugs dancers and lust"} Uh-huh, uh-huh

{"What we gon' do when it all comes back to us"}

[Rhymefest]

Look; times is hard, life is hard

I lost my job, baby oh my God

My wife is nauseous, she pregnant as hell

My mistress on the cell sayin she gon' tell

My Uncle in the cell sayin he want bail

My granddaddy can't see, claimin he need Braille

I'm fightin for strength, in the street grindin for cents

I know I'm ahead of my time but I'm behind on my rent

Askin Kanye for money just to pay on my gas bill

He asked me for it back, nigga brush up on your math skills

Nothin plus zip equals zero; he couldn't relate

That nigga ain't been broke since "H to the Izzo"

That's whem my man Biddle stopped by with two little

pills I could put in the bag and sell like Skittles

One for ten, fifteen for two

Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do?

[Chorus w/ different ad libs][Rhymefest]

Take a neighborhood full of hongry blacks

within 3 beeper shops, 2 liquor stores and one laundromat

No banks, just a Check'n'Go, everywhere you go

You don't wanna ask too much though

We gon' make a tasty pastry, that you can't get in a bakery

I picture hopelessness from slavery {*gasp*}

Can you smell it yet, a few churches that almost care

I know you heathens ready to eat, we almost there

Somebody pass a couple of gangs of glocks
 Politicians are quick to cop, sprinkle pie me on the top
 While I, couldn't be faster, recipe for disaster
 Gunshots is the devil's laughter
 Like you tried to play fair and yo' ass lost
 Then you tried to get gangsta, homey you mad soft
 Overcrowded jails puttin pounds on Ashcroft
 Don't forget the glaze, your devils buyin the crack sauce [Chorus w/ different ad
 libs] [Rhymefest]
 Now George Bush step up, and get you a slice
 Tony Blair step up, and get you a slice
 Rumsfeld step up, and get you a slice
 Condi Rice step up, and get you a slice
 Wait, I'ma step up, and get you a slice
 My baby momma stepped up, and got her a slice
 E'rybody step up, and get you a slice
 It's just a slice of the devil's pie, ah-c'mon I said - step right up, hear ye hear ye
 Hear me clearly this here more than theory
 Young males plays the judge and jury
 Black filled with fury first time I met my dad
 Through a cell, wire and phone, wiring home
 Back in my cell and dyin alone, prayin to God
 Like I'm raggedly sewn, askin the Lord - why ain't I home
 Regardless of what I was on, I know you the king
 Tell Satan I don't owe him a thing
 Slingin them O's, and now he got my soul in the sling
 I know I messed up a couple of times
 Bust some nines, on anybody fuckin with mine
 That's when my life got disasterous, I was blasphemous
 I know my momma didn't ask for this
 You got them demons waitin for me with the caskets lit
 Please Lord, let this bastard live [Chorus w/ different ad libs] [Rhymefest]
 Yeah yeah, Chi-Town in the house
 Rhymefest in the house
 Yo Mark, get out here nigga
 We gotta go get up with these girls
 These guns, this pussy... [fades]

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>