

# Immortal Technique, Dance With The Devil

[Verse 1]

I once knew a nigga whose real name was William  
his primary concern, was making a million  
being the illest hustler, that the world ever seen  
he used to fuck moviestars and sniff coke in his dreams  
a corrupted young mind, at the age of thirteen  
nigga never had a father and his mom was a feen  
she put the pipe down, but forever yeah she was sober  
her sons heart simultaneously grew colder  
he started hanging out selling bags in the projects  
checking the young chicks, looking for hit and run prospects  
he was fascinated by material objects  
but he understood money never bought respect  
he build a reputation cause he could hustle and steal  
but got locked once it didn't hesitate to squeal  
so criminals he chilled with didn't think he was real  
you see me and niggaz like this have never been equal  
I dont project my insecurity's at other people  
he feeded for props like addicts with pipes and needles  
so he felt he had to prove to everyone he was evil  
a fever minded young man with infinite potetial  
the product of a ghetto breed capatalistic mental  
coincidentally dropped out of school to sell weed  
dancing with the devil, smoked until his eyes would bleed  
but he was sick of selling trees and gave in to his greed

[Hook]

Everyone trying to be trife never face the consequences  
you propably only did a month for minor offences  
ask a nigga doing life if he had another chance  
but then again there's always the wicked at new and advanced  
dance forever with the devil on a code cell block  
but thats what happens when you rape, murder and sell rock  
devils used to be gods, angels that fell from the top  
there's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot

[Verse 2]

So Billy started robbing niggaz, anything he could do  
he'd get his respect back, in the eyes of his crew  
starting fights over little shit, up on the block  
stepped up to selling mothers and brothers the crack rock  
working overtime for making money for the crack spot  
hit the jackpot and wanted to move up to cocaine  
for filling the scarface fantasy stuck in his brain  
tired of the block niggaz treating him the same  
he wanted to be major like the cut throats and the thugs  
but when he tried to step to 'em, niggaz showed him no love  
they told him any motherfucking coward can sell drugs  
any bitch nigga with a gun, can bust slugs  
any nigga with a red shirt can front like a blood  
even Puffy smoked the motherfucker up in a club  
but only a real thug can stab someone till they die  
standing in front of them, starring straight into their eyes  
Billy realized that these men were well guarded  
and they wanted to test him, before business started  
suggested raping a bitch to prove he was cold hearted  
so now he had a choice between going back to his life  
or making money with made men, up in the cife  
his dreams about cars and ice, made him agree  
a hardcore nigga is all he ever wanted to be  
and so he met them friday night at a quarter to three

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

They drove around the projects slow while it was raining  
smoking blunts, drinking and joking for entertainment  
untill they saw a woman on the street walking alone

three in the morning, coming back from work, on her way home  
and so they quietly got out the car and followed her  
walking through the projects, the darkness swallowed her  
they wrapped her shirt around her head and knocked her onto the floor  
this is it kid now you got your chance to be raw  
so Billy oaked her up and grapped the chick by the hair  
and dragged her into a lobby that had nobody there  
she struggled hard but they forced her to go up the stairs  
they got to the roof and then held her down on the ground  
screaming shut the fuck up and stop moving around  
the shirt covered her face, but she screamed the clouts  
so Billy stomped on the bitch, until he broken her jaw  
the dirty bastards knew exactly what they were doing  
they kicked her until they cracked her ribs and she stopped moving  
blood leaking through the cloth, she cried silently  
and then they all proceeded to rape her violently  
Billy was meant to go first, but each of them took a turn  
ripping her up, and choking her until her throat burned  
a broken jaw mumbled for god but they weren't concerned  
when they were done and she was lying bloody, broken and broos  
one of them niggaz pulled out a brand new twenty-two  
they told him that she was a witness of what she'd gone through  
and if he killed her he was guaranteed a spot in the crew  
he thought about it for a minute, she was practicly dead  
and so he leaned over and put the gun right to her head  
(Sample from "Survival of the Fittest" by Mobb Deep)  
I'm falling and I can't turn back  
I'm falling and I can't turn back

[Verse 4]

Right before he pulled the trigger, and ended her life  
he thought about the cold pain with the platinum and ice  
and he felt strong standing along with his new brothers  
cocked the gat to her head, and pulled back the shirt cover  
but what he saw made him start the cringine studder  
cuz he was starring into the eyes of his own mother  
she looked back at him and cried, cause he had forsaken her  
she cried more painfully, than when they were raping her  
his whole world stopped, he couldn't even contiplate  
his corruption had succesfully changed his fate  
and he remembered how his mom used to come home late  
working hard for nothing, cause now what was he worth  
he turned away from the woman that had once given him birth  
and crying out to the sky cause he was lonely and scared  
but only the devil responded, cause god wasn't there  
and right then he knew what it was to be empty and cold  
and so he jumped off the roof and died with no soul  
they say death take you to a better place but I doubt it  
after that they killed his mother, and never spoke about it  
and listen cause the story that I'm telling is true  
cuz I was there with Billy Jacobs and I raped his mom to  
and now the devil follows me everywhere that I go  
infact I'm sure he's standing among one of you at my shows  
and every street cypher listening to little thugs flowe  
he could be standing right next to you, and you wouldn't know  
the devil grows inside the hearts of the selvish and wicked  
white, brown, yellow and black colored is not restricted  
you have a self destructive destiny when your inflicted  
and you'll be one of gods children and fell from the top  
there's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot  
so when the devil wants to dance with you, you better say never  
because the dance with the devil might last you forever