

Rhymefest, Devil's Pie

{"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 when 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)