# Devil's Pie

## Rhymefest

Oh, someday
No, I ain't wastin' no more time
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
Christians all say
(Yeah, they say)
In God we trust
What we gon' do
When He comes back 'round to us
(Well, it's not for us to say)
Everyday, yeah
Girls, drugs, dancers and lust
And what we gon' do
When it all comes back to us
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?
Christians all say
In God we trust
What we gon' do

When he comes back 'round to us
(Well, it's not for us to say)
Everyday, yeah
Girls, drugs, dancers and lust
And what we gon' do
When it all comes back to us
Take a neighborhood full of hungry blacks
Within three beeper shops, two 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
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 devil's buyin' the crack sauce
Christians all say
In God we trust
What we gon' do
When he comes back 'round to us
Everyday, yeah
Girls, drugs, dancers and lust
And what we gon' do
When it all comes back to us
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 me, hear me
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 disastrous, 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
Christians all say
In God we trust
What we gon' do
When he comes back 'round to us
Everyday, yeah
Girls, drugs, dancers and lust
And what we gon' do
When it all comes back to us
Yeah, yeah, Chi-Town in the house
Rhyme fest in the house
Yo, Mark, let's get out here nigga
We gotta go get up with these girls
These guns, this pussy

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