

# 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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