The Devil Made Me Do It

The DJ Producer

You hide behind your eloquence
And some sound advice
But what's beneath your gross concern,
Ain't nuthin' nice
Manipulate us once again,
To see your way
But you all extort the chart, the cause,
And you go disarray
It had to be the will of god, but the devil made me do it
There's no solution to this method
Of passing the buck
But there's one thing you can be sure of,
His will remains stuck
But she'll look good and that's all that matters,
That's how you were taught
In this situation you had no control
To be distraught
It had to be the will of god, but the devil made me do it
When it comes to the verbal stinger
You can surely talk a good game
You're really good at pointing the finger
You're a pro at placing the blame
You're unbelievably good, but unbelievable just the same

'Cause it's you that seems to be missing from every picture
That you frame
It was the devil, god made me do it
And if it's any one of the screws at fault
Well it's certainly not yourself
And if the question is pointed in your direction
You deflect it to someone else
It's too late, we all participate in the kill party
And read each other's thoughts with the R-A-D-A-R
And ever increasing folly
It had to be the will of god, but the devil made me do it
When it comes to the verbal stinger
You can surely talk a good game
You're really good at pointing the finger
You're a pro at placing the blame

You're unbelievably good, but unbelievable just the same
'Cause it's you that seems to be missing from every picture
That you frame
The super rich blame the poor, and the hungry blame the fat
The preacher blames the sinner, and the republican blames the democrat
The abuser blames the victim, and the society blames the music
It just had to be the will of god, but the devil made me do it [X5]

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