Devils

Lil Boosie

Devils

Devils

Devils

We talkin' 'bout

Devils

We talkin' 'bout

Devils

We talkin' 'bout

Devils, devils

Man, it's payback, for all da months dat I laid back For all da blunts dat had me lazy and crazy

It's drama time, I'm gettin' ten for a show

Album ain't even dropped, when it's dropped I'm gettin' mo

Wish I could go down every street

But da fuckin' narcotics say I got death on me

Niggas they try to rebel me

But it's motivation, I'mma keep gettin' money, gon' Soulja hate me Da judge looked at me and said, "How you doin' Boosie?"

He called me by my nickname, what you think, I'm stupid?

Bitch, you wanna railroad a nigga and lose me in the system

But like C-Murder and Mack, I refuse to be a victim, nigga

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Look, Look

See where I'm from nigga, it's do or die

Nigga tell you he gon' kill you, you gon' shoot or die

Dem devils got dem youngsters wildin' out at twelve nah

And hollin', muthafuck jail, dey goin' to hell nah

See I'm from Baton Rouge better known as Rattin' Rouge

Da police know yo ass dirty 'fore you even do it

I'm so gutta, so gangsta, so in da streets

I'm so freaky, so nasty, so in da sheets

My cousin life, da grandpa, wife and then it's mandatory

Da judge aint nothin' but the devil, him and the jury

I seen a nigga die in front of me, eyes rolled back

They threw da choppa, police set him like, hold dat

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

Get up off me

Can't even ride and get high 'cause them devils out They catch me on a back street, they gon' knock me off Yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout the law, ya'll some fuckin' devils Up in school you got blues, now ya 'bout wateva Hoes tryna get money, tryna sell dat cat Devil get yo ass away, I won't pay for dat Don't he get ya at the wrong place at the wrong time? Now you gone for a very long time Damn, you hit the pin and you heard that fuckin' door slam He was ya shoes, ya zoos, and ya wam-wam He was witcha in dem times when you ain't give a damn He was the liquor in ya hand sayin', "Kill me, man" He that lil' nigga cross town hatin' on ya hard But he aint ready to go to war, dat's dat fuckin' devil Devils, get up off me Devils, get up off me Devil

Get up, get up

Devils

Get up off me

Devils

We talkin' 'bout

Devils

We talkin' 'bout

Devils

We talkin' 'bout

Devils

We talkin' 'bout

Devils

We talkin' 'bout

Devils

Devils

Devils

Devils

Be on da look out, nigga

Dey got devils out, Chea

Believe dat, Boosie, bad azz

It don't get no realer den this, nigga

I'm da only one drop shit like this

We talkin' bout devils

Lyrics provided by

https://damnlyrics.com/