

D'Evils (Produced by DJ Premier)

Jay-Z

This shit is wicked on these mean streets
None of my friends speak
We're all trying to win, but then again
Maybe it's for the best though, 'cause when they're seeing too much
You know they're trying to get you touched
Whoever said illegal was the easy way out couldn't understand the mechanics
And the workings of the underworld, granted
Nine to five is how to survive, I ain't trying to survive
I'm trying to live it to the limit and love it a lot
Life ills, poison my body
I used to say 'fuck mic skills,' and never prayed to God, I prayed to Gotti
That's right it's wicked, that's life I live it
Ain't asking for forgiveness for my sins, endz
I break bread with the late heads, picking their brains for angles on
all the evils that the game'll do
It gets dangerous, money and power is changing us
And now we're lethal, infected with D'Evils
We used to fight for building blocks
Now we fight for blocks with buildings that make a killing
The closest of friends when we first started
But grew apart as the money grew, and soon grew black-hearted
Thinking back when we first learned to use rubbers
He never learned so in turn I'm kidnapping his baby's mother
My hand around her collar, feeding her cheese
She said the taste of dollars was shitty so I fed her fifties
About his whereabouts I wasn't convinced
So I kept feeding her money 'til her shit started to make sense
Who could ever foresee, we used to stay up all night at slumber parties
now I'm trying to rock this bitch to sleep
All the years we were real close
Now I see his fears through her tears, know she's wishing we were still close
Don't cry, it is the (beat?)
In time, I'll take away your miseries and make 'em mine, D'Evils
My flesh, no nigga could test
My soul is possessed by D'Evils in the form of diamonds and Lexus's
The exorcist, got me doing skits like Homie
You don't know me, but the whole world owe me strip!
Was thought to be a pleasant guy all my fucking life
So now I'm down for whatever, ain't nothing nice
Throughout my junior high years it was all friendly
But now this higher learning got the Remy in me

Liquors invaded my kidneys
Got me ready to lick off, mama forgive me
I can't be held accountable, D'Evils beating me down, boo
Got me running with guys, making G's, telling lies that sound true
Come test me, I never cower
For the love of money, son, I'm giving lead showers
Stop screaming, you know the demon said it's best to die
And even if Jehovah witness, bet he'll never testify, D'Evils

Songwriters

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