

# 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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