

Dancing With The Devil, Pt. 2

Babyface Ray

I don't want to hope
I don't want to hope, I want you now, yeah
Oh, yeah

They wanted me to change, ain't think this shit come with distance
Experience and repititon, I always stay on my pivot
I ride and smoke with my homies, I never tell 'em the vision
I do my dirt by my lonely, I probably won't get a visit
I'm thinkin' 'bout all my aunties and uncles, and how they're feelin'
"Ray, how you get it and shit? Your parents raised you a Christian"
I'm pullin' up in valet, I hop out clean and I tip 'em
They let me in through the kitchen, I'm only here for some dinner
Was a bench player, startin' five, bad bitches, harmonize
Front row, shawty wanna go, we keep lockin' eyes
Chanel low, Chanel high tide, I cannot decide
Get this money, no more droppin' fours, no more droppin' fives
Leavin' Prada, creepin' in Dior just to buy some slides
It get low, you look like a play, it's hibachi time
My shades need change and the Forgiatos crawlin'
I'm lockin' down the D, I'm gettin' back on offense
I'm wakin' up early just to make it to the office
Blue collar, blues out the foreign, blue money
A house on my wrist, invested two hundred
My Chrome Heart specs clear lenses my new buffies
Talkin' 'bout it get you crossed out, just do somethin'
That nine to five ain't workin' for you, go move somethin'
It's common sense to tell you who got it and who frontin'
That loud mouth prick with them jewels, my dude front 'em
I'm flyin' bitches, chasin' the sun, it's been a minute
That rappin' only added more fuel, I been that nigga
I'm turnt out, outside in the mix, still in my city
I feel like Weez' back in '010, I need a Bentley
I need my pint man on tour, I need a kidney
You turn your back, you get fucked over, that's word to Ricky
I can't leave that cup alone, I'm toxic livin'
How come all the tough ass niggas the ones snitchin'?
You gotta run your bankroll up to stop the bitchin'
I wake her up to bags and cars with red ribbons
I left ten, really wasn't trippin', her head different
I'm standin' ten like Ken and passed the head nigga

And real niggas, they'll never die, they party in the sky forever and ever
Got money on my mind, on Monday to Monday, I can't fuck up my schedule
Right now, I'm cleanin' out my closet, I just went and got an AP skele'
You gotta have your footwork right when you out here tryna dance with the devil (Yeah)

I been dancin' with the devil for some years, done shed many, many tears
The streets done, they got me beefin' with my bro about a bitch that ain't his (Ain't his, oh, yeah), ayy
And I'm done showin' all these niggas love 'cause it's never sensitive
The type of money to turn yo' homie to a homicide (Yeah)
Like shit ain't been the same since Lil' Drama died
I done put bands on niggas' head (Yeah)
Tryna paint the city red (Yeah)
"Got a problem," niggas said (Yeah)
Got a brother in the feds (Yeah)

My other partner, he turned fed
My only therapy is meds
'Cause it's fuckin' with my head
Yeah, it's fuckin' with my head
R-E-S-P-E-C-T, I die behind a check (Yeah)
Never die behind a bitch (Yeah)
The whole plan was to get rich (Yeah)
I'm like money makin' Mitch (Motherfuckin' money makin' Mitch)
Shit, I would ask these niggas what the fuck they on, but they ain't on shit
(Yeah)

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