

dodging the devil

Mereba

Damn

You stuck dodging the Devil the older you get

Youth grants grace, growth grants grit

With that grit comes this known opposition, like addictions, evictions, convictions, lost visions, love riddled with truths hidden, world trippin'

Shit's just glitchin', man."

Here come the Devil, talking to you with a smile and shovel, ready to bury you and your lil' hustle

And give some bills and a brand new muzzle

The piece of peace that your perfect would release into the world would be a poison to the Devil

So every chance is taken to take your light, and sell it back to the sky, and for twice as high

You're wise now, though, know it. Do not plant a seed in your mind, if you do not wish to grow it

You're fast motion kept in focus

Cash calls some people worthless

But what's chess to Hocus Pocus

Pale folks' papas deemed what work is

The broken people ain't always the brokest

As for the Devil, show it. No ruler can size you

No ruler should rule you, but the one that never binds you

Realize too, All that will try you is designed to unwind you, define you, but you do get to decide if this tide will capsize you

The Devil's been lied to

The Devil can die, too