

Hell Boy

Seth Sentry

So the greatest trick that the Devil ever pulled
Was convincin' the world he really weren't real, for real?
Yo, how you think that makes me feel?
Cause my favourite was when I tore that table cloth
From under your four course meal and none of it spilled
But I didn't even mean that trick
So I kick it on the floor like eat that shit
You better still leave that tip
Ah relax bitch, I ain't even get fired it was me that quit
There ain't no one on my level of malevolence, none, there's me, that's it
I forgot how fun being devilish was and I'm relapsin'
So quick shorten my rehab stint, that shit's boring I need that hit
Got withdrawals, I itch for it, my skin crawls and my fleas have ticks
I've been dormant, just relaxing, just ignoring these weak rappers
What are critics on your dick for? When my Pitchfork review reads like this.
..

Man, I been bad since I was just a little teenage imp
Puttin' secret shit in The Beatles hits that you can only hear when you run
the melody backwards
And I'm demented, fuck around get your teeth smashed in, buddy now let me see
that grin
Someone else tellin' me I stink when I wreak havoc, I'ma kill, bring the beat
back in

Whoa, damn, this kid's dope
Yo, what's his name? Mephisto?
Well that's a shame, yeah, I switched it though
It's Hell Boy, let's go

My spirit animals really a pterodactyl
With steel mechanical talons to snatch unaware rappers
Get dragged from your beds napping and yanked through the air backwards
Get ragdolled and spear tackled then strangled from weird angles, I'm sayin'
I'm rude and nasty, I'm super cocky, yeah who can stop me
These dudes'll prolly spread rumours 'bout me, fuck Illuminati, I'll ruin their
party
What ya looking at me for? That ain't my posse, get off of that reefer
These rappers all selling their souls to me, now all I want is a refund

Whoa, damn, this kid's dope
Yo what's his name? Mephisto?
Well that's a shame, yeah I switched it though
It's Hell Boy, let's go

As a kid they called me Mephisto, red imp at a blue light disco
Walk in with a cloud of thick smoke, puff pentagrams and get brimstoned
Your chick all up on my pitch fork, I take the soul if she sinful
My number's 666, call but down here I can't get-get signal "Hello"
Divine comedy; I'm funny as a funeral
Slapping struggle rappers right out of their uniforms
Your hubris humour is really not cute no more
Tour de force man you know wrap rings around you and your crew like I opened
a jewelry store
So cue the horns and I don't mean tubas
I more meant these deformities on my forehead keep ruining my human form
So I gotta snapback and I glued it on, hats off now, boy you been warned
Please do respond, truly yours, Lucifer, but you can call me

Hell boy (yeah, you can call me)
Hell boy (yeah, you can call me)
Hell boy (yeah, you can call me)
Hell boy
Hell boy

Damn, damn, this kid's dope, this kid's dope
What's his name? What's his name? Mephisto? Mephisto?
That's a shame, that's a shame, I switched it, though, I switched it, though
It's Hell Boy, it's Hell Boy, let's go (let's go)

Hell boy
Hell boy
Hell boy
Hell boy