

Devil's Game

Spouse

Yeah, nickels please
Yeah can I get a Heineken?
Thank you

World cup on the flat screen silent
Chips stacked up like a castle on an island (Stacked)
Mustard colored nickels, winning so I'm feeling like I'm all that
A bag of chips plus a couple pickles
Aroma of tobacco in the chamber
As the slot machines babble out in eastern Pennsylvania
I started out with two Franklin's, I'm up to eight but
Old Asian lady next to me too much makeup

I look away, never envision the wheel
But my number kept falling like drunk bitches in heels (Twenty nine)
See I don't change, I always stay the same
Since this Russian chick in Cleveland told me it's the Devil's game
I had past bummers but made cash from it
Since last summer betting only black numbers
Today's no different, so I'm sticking with it (Sticking with it)
Black 29, hit twice, magnificent

I shoulda colored out but kept playing like a idiot
Castle started crumbling, I'm playing just the minimum
Two, red kept falling like a bloodbath
Down to just a hundred so I'm plotting on a comeback
Dude sits next to me, he lights a Camel
Exhales the smoke in my face and on my flannel
What kind of douche motherfucker is this?
So I'm plotting on his death as I pepper my chips

My number hits, but he's smoking in my grill piece
I hate cigarettes even though I smoke the ill weed (Smoke the ill weed)
I'll place one more bet and then color out
My triumph quickly turned into a bumner now
The number falls, red 21 fuck
I've been here before
But the dealer put the marker on 18 by mistake
And then she cleared the board

I didn't have chips on either square, so I started bouncing
But the cigarette dude winks and makes an announcement
He's like, "yo, that's not fair
You put the marker on 18, that's the wrong square
You already wiped away the chips from 21
But me and this guy had the chips stacked to the sun" (We did)
He's pointing at me, the dealer says "oh shit"
She got no way to verify, so we both hit

I started five to one, each on five mix
That's the grip equivalent to Pringles truck full of chips (Stack 'em up)
I gave him daps, bounced, that's just the predicate
Then me and Jay Caron drove to Connecticut