

Of The Devil

Wrekonize

Speaking of the devil
I feel the spirits make me mellow
Jaundice Khalifa, my style's black and yellow
Cadence is catered, yours is section 8, ghetto
Let's get it straight, I'm tryna push the same pedal we're moving
I'm just trying to keep from falling on the track wrong
And for your amusement, I'll be seducing your black swan
I won't be breathing long enough for me to stack bonds
Live fast, die young and drink until the Jack's gone
I make music for the fuck of it
Ever see a dollar I'll consider that some lucky shit
This ain't '93 bitch labels are bombin'
And I'm Tyler Durden stacking soap bars in my apartment
They throw genres and sub genres honestly
These dumb lamas obviously ain't born to honor the future
It's a lot if we gamble it up and possibly amateur luck will probably spot ya
Well probably...
I speak in code hoe, kick some kinda cryptic
And my laundry often has the fresh smell of natural mystic
I walk Miami like I own this mo-fucka
That's a joke my little brother but don't take me for no sucka
See cause momma ain't raise no fool
I may just chase my dreams but I still make sure my plate's full of food
And I suggest you chill and wait for the news
Cause I'll be God damned if I'm slammed for the faith of the few

The devil won't go won't let me sleep
I'm just tryna find a way back home
(Tryna find a way back home)
The devil won't go won't let me be
It's like he knows something I don't know
(Knows something I don't know)
The devil won't go won't let me sleep
I'm just tryna find a way back home
(Tryna find a way back)
The devil

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She probably hates me and my hellos
I stab some other tramp she wants to stab me with stilettos
Gimme a Disney break Geppetto
Highschool fools acting like monogamy's a meadow
I stalk through like a lion "hey gazello"
Let's cut the talk and take a walk down to the bordello
We're only here once right pass me the jello
But don't be all surprised when in my eyes you see I've let go
I make music for the rebels
Ear drums bleeding, red rum blame the treble
But blame the TRL fellows
The programing on repeat and when we sleep they feed us retro
Love the bacon and I'm stuffed with hatred
You've been tough and taken with our bluff it's ancient
The games changed that's an understatement
And If I'm not one of Miami's best out
Then I'm underrated

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