

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 y
a

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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