

Hand of the Devil

8Ball & MJG

Hid behind the garbage can, waited for the manager
He looked kind of shady, I don't think that he can handle a...
Nigga that's ready to pull a TEC-9 in his left arm
If he steps on, he gon' really do himself harm
Keepin' calm, snatch the cheese from his hand
Thinkin' about a getaway route, I jacked him for a van
Jumped into the thang, slammed the door, hit the gas
Now I get this feelin' someone's lookin' at my ass
Looked into the rear, it was his prejudice-ass wife...
Balled up on the seats cryin', "Please don't take my life"
I grabbed her by her hair - "Hush, bitch, don't speak"
And doin' about 110, then released her into the streets
I'm pushin' a van, I made my move toward Motel 6...
To rob a trick who had got himself hooked up with a bitch...
Who had only one intention - to pinch him, was bein' paid
The bitch went down with The buster was gettin' played
My mind started thinkin' the bitch is only for gankin'
The shit started stankin' as soon as I started drankin'
The first spirit told me to pay her and let her go
The devil told me, "How in the fuck can you trust a ho?"
My hands started shakin' and mentally, I was breakin'
My hunger for the thrill of a kill begun achin'
I'm takin' all the money, proceedin' to bust a rapin'
Swiss army knife tight on the wrist and I started tapin'...
Her mouth up, pullin' the couch up and A knife held to her neck through the
back of the seat cushion
I'm takin' the loot, then breakin' her loose from the scenery
Checkin' my tracks, constantly watchin' my back
What does it mean to be...
Totally paranoid, thinkin' my past gonna catch up with my ass?
Livin' my life so fast, people wonderin' how do I usually last
Don't question me unless you down on my level...
So you can understand about the...

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Clappin' in my undercover bucket, Thinkin' about the fat liquor nigga hit fo
r yesterday
Now, finally the horrors of my hustle will not haunt me
No more will I have to jack these niggas...
And leave them bodies in the street
Driftin' to another place, halfway through my blunt
A whole Ninquén and a fifth of gin to get shit crunk
No dirt on my mind until I seen him
\$100,000 Benz with gold-tone rims
I said no more will I ever take another man's shit...
Until I seen that Rolex when he hit that cigarette
Instinctively, I start to follow him and make my scheme
At the same time, wonderin' why do I do these things

Could there be a force stronger than our ones we know?
Unconsciously controllin' things we do and how shit go
Now I'm reachin' for my Glock, my only tooler
Hopin' this time I don't even have to use her
At the same time, this nigga felt like eatin' Taco Bell
At the same time, he did not know he 'bout to catch hell
Pulled up on the lot a bit fast, I'm a little anxious
Ready to get my serve on like a motherfuckin' waitress
He must've noticed me, then balled out the lot fast
But I can't let him pass with them out-of-state tags
I hit the gas to the floor and made them dogs holler
Tinted windows hidin' me inside my '78 Impala
Now I'm twisted, angry, blood boilin' like some coffee
Hearin' voices that go, "Let him go and don't be foolish"
But there's a louder voice drownin' out my good intentions...
Screamin', yellin', forcin' me to complete my mission
Listen, temptation put me in this situation
But somethin' good is the reason for my hesitation
In the end, I took his car, his jewels and his life
The devil made me do it

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