

# Devil's Pie

D'Angelo

Fuck the slice want the pie  
Why ask why, till we fry  
Watch us all, stand in line  
For a slice of the devil's pie  
Drugs and thugs, women wine  
Three or four, at a time  
Watch them all, stand in line  
For a slice of the devil's pie

Who am i, to justify  
All the evil in our eye  
When I myself, feel the high  
From all that I despise  
Behind the jail or in the grave  
I have to lay, in this bed I made  
If I die, before I wake  
Hope the Lord don't hesitate

Get 2 heaven, went through hell  
Tell my peeps, all is well  
All them fools, whose soul's 4 sale  
Sitting next to the Jezebel  
Demons screaming, in my ear  
All my anger, all my fear  
If I holler, let them hear  
In this spinning sphere

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Main ingredients 2 this dish  
Goes like this, here's the list  
Materialistic, greed and lust, jealousy, envious  
Bread and dough, cheddar cheese,  
flash and stash, cash and cream  
Temperatures, at a high degree  
Where niggas come 2 feast

Hell's this, all about  
Apocalypse, ain't no doubt  
Everybody's ho'ing out, all the loot all the clout  
Right or wrong  
Do or die  
Only the vengeance, will pacify  
Watch your back  
And so will I  
In these days and time

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Ain't no justice  
It's just us  
Ashes 2 ashes  
Dust 2 dust  
Time has come, for most of us  
2 choose in which, God we trust  
I know I, was born 2 die  
Searching 2 find  
Piece of mind  
With eighty five, dumb and blind  
There can be no compromise

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