

Devil Boy

Tech N9ne

Who the hell is Satan?
And why I gotta be 'em?
I ain't worshiped Nathan
So why you gotta see 'em?
When you look at me is it the Imagery?
It's gotta godly evils not my energy
I pose as angels clothes is mangled
Instead of girbeaus and kangols
The ho's still dangle I chose the angle
Of souls who tangle
With foe's those who stain
Yo brain so bane though painful
Shit is what they like, hit is what they might
Spit his stuff in life, shit is fuckin' tight
But some people think it's an evil experiment
Some people is fearin' it,
Those who do Beatles is hearin' it
Sincerity is neezle sin
People who look and never listen
They thinkin' that I'm the tyranny of evil men
But I just tell it like it is dude
My life story's quite gory
Spittin' even if it is rude
So ain't no brimstone I ain't Jim Jones
So put your grins on listen to them songs
And you will see that they be classics
Verbal gymnastics you call me Lucifer
Go to hell you bastard

They call me devil boy, they call me devil boy
The way I come is sick
And I'm on some other level boy
They call me devil boy, they call me devil boy
Cause I am not the everyday
I'm not no mellow boy
They call me devil boy, they call me devil boy
And those who know me
Yes they know that I am well annoyed
They call me devil boy, if you call me devil boy
You're going to all burn in hell

Hot Christians pop my disc in
Stop the dissin', squat and listen
I never say hail Satana
I'll never bail out and sell out
And sell gay drama
Hey mama they trying to crucify me like Jesus
Religious groups deny me like skeezers
We mic pleasers rip it and write heaters
Niggaz that ain't pleased
With quickness are light readers
I said Anghellic, then let the man sale it
I let the fans smell it, then I expand relish
But the devil tried to stop me that's JCOR
They thought I'd crumble
When it's rocky and stay poor
Deus Vobiscum we playas go get some sprayers

And hits 'em with layers of slayer inscriptions
That mean God be with you
We split dude then hit you
With pistols whip you
Then giggle never dissing nizzle again
I talk about the rain, I talk about the sun
I speak about the pain, I speak about the fun
I'm sayin' that I'm bad, I'm sayin that I'm good
I'm saying this to the suburnites and every hood
Yaw act like I'm sayin'
(I love Lucifer I will kill all of you)
Mother Fucker I ain't step into the lime light
To devil worship in front of kids, get yo mind right

They call me devil boy
But I don't like that
Those who recite that
That's where the fights at
'Cause Imma tight cat
Who hella write rap
Even a slight crack
And I'll be right back
To the devil worshipers at my signings thinkin'
I'm narly (huh)
I just want to go to your parties
So I can run through all your goth bitches
And rock bitches
Take 'em on the block and now they 2Pac bitches
I love the dark side with horror
Got archives I'm sure
You got hard lives
Missourah is our side
And it's hella depressin' hella a stressin'
Retgression back to depression
A hell of a lesson
This where it gets more sick
Don't respect poor pricks
Who listen to this album and then say exorcist
You dense, hence the word Ang it means good
Hellic it means bad
You didn't catch it you should have
Idiots make me want to bust it (rebel toys)
Tried to explain now I say fuck it (several ploys)
Foolish title I can't touch it (devil boy)
'Cause I talk backwards (suseJ sevol uoy)