

## Pharcyde "Devil Music"

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The way that momma raised us was pure faith  
So diablo wouldn't faze us or daze us  
Or lay us down to sleep  
Know the wolf from the sheep  
Or the sheep who cried wolf  
And threw the deadly hoof  
While the wolf was asleep  
I keep my mind a ghost  
Follow my heart the most  
Don't play fools too close  
Sleep with my eyes at post  
So Diablo won't be hostin the game of life  
The knife sits by throats of the young  
and blows death straight through the lungs  
as the mind gets washed by visions of sugar plums  
But we shall overcome cause we ain't dumb  
but we ain't smart, they got the girls by the hearts  
And the niggaz by the nuts  
Ear, tongue and butts  
Yeah, they're trying to fuck us up  
but, shit, you know what's up  
We gotta get with the movement  
and move men soon  
They consume every womb who bares  
beneath the stairs of their doom  
Best believe they're gonna shove em in a tomb  
Chorus: repeat 4X  
Cause Everytime I step to the microphone  
I put my soul on 2" reels  
That I don't even own  
(Bootie Brown)  
Early Saturday mornin I was cartoon gazin  
slowly broke into the kitchen  
to fill a bowl with some Raisin Bran  
  
as I ran up and down the TV stations  
I witnessed Indian Joe  
getting tricked out of this nation  
by a silly hillbilly  
who laughed as the shit happened  
Everything's the same  
the game continued into rappin

Deception is at an all-time high  
You give a piece of your soul  
to receive some crumbs from the pie  
But you know I keep on rappin til the break of dawn  
even though it is my soul that I do not even own  
Chorus: repeat 4X  
(FatLip)  
I was po', nlack and broke  
beyond a shadow of a doubt  
Ass-out, wide open waitin for my shit to come on out  
Speakin about the time before I got signed  
I was coolin behind Coolio in the County Line  
My big brother used to say I was an asshole  
didn't graduate, couldn't handle the hassle  
of high school, why fool  
wit' foolish rules and guidelines  
fuck the cap and tassels  
said forget the trade and tried rhymes  
Hooked up with J-Swift, got with 2-4-2  
me and my nigga L.A. Jay back at S.C.U.  
I grab the MIC one-time  
Check it, 1-2, we in  
freakin' major flavors with my fellow Nubians  
Takin shit to the next level  
Too bad I sold my soul to the fuckin devil

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