

## Lauren Pritchard

### "Devil's Happy"

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Scrathes - Ain't the devil happy, haha  
But now I can tell the depths of hell for evils I've done  
Ain't the devil happy, haha  
But now I can tell the depths of hell, the depths of hell  
Ain't the devil happy, haha  
But now I can tell the depths of hell for evils I've done  
Ain't the devil happy, haha  
But now I can tell the depths of hell, the depths of hell

Yeah. I got story to tell this cat named Jamell  
Got the 22 shells with perells (Pirellis) on his wheels  
He was one of youngest on the block one of the livest  
Never the type hide his burner when he hear the sirens  
He was runnin' the city, runnin' with the grittiest,  
grimiest niggas  
Hustlin all night up with insomnia  
Watching the fiends glock in his jeans  
And he visualized the life of Tupac in his dreams  
Swimming in papes swimming in cake buckin' at jake  
Beating a case then he fleeing the place  
You the deal; money - power - respect  
Dreams of a privat jet coke connect  
Hoding techs he be set, but  
As of know dude stuck on the cement  
With bucket full of gin and a couple of his men  
And still his mom dukes had to struggle for the rent  
So the man walked around with a bundle in his hand  
Trying to make shit right packing it up (2-5)  
With the right amount of cut he better make shit right  
Cause it ain't no refunds in the street, just guns in the  
street  
And twelve year old niggas runnin' with heat  
Ain't the devil happy

2 years later Jamell now holding his daughter  
Facing a lot of problems cause his whole baby mama  
And his life is gettin' colder and harder  
But he was older and smarter  
At least he of the block now though  
But this young gun spitter met a young dumb sister  
It was love a first sight soon as the nigga toungekissed

her  
Now he was trapped it's foul but now it's rap  
And he was dumb enough to have a seed with her  
She ain't have no ambition in life no guidance  
No vision in life just strippin' at night  
In the crib she was christian and nice  
But like to be on the block where niggas bustin like  
Israelites  
Jamell was mistaken I don't know what he thinkin'  
When he found the ho she was drunk and half naked  
With a bunch of hoodrat birds that that pass they shit  
Off to any dude like they body ain't sacred  
Now he's startin' to reminisce he can't take it  
Put the burner to his dome and his hearts racin'  
No he's faced with a decision and gotta make it  
Does he hate his life so much that he would take  
(Blaow)

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