## **Devil's Happy**

Termanology

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

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2 years later Jamell now holding his daughter Facing alot 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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