

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Bowels Of The Devil

Par Body Count

Album : Body Count

Out one night, yo, just chillin' out with my crew

We were actin' wild 'cause I didn't have nothin' else better to do

Got a nine at my waist, stay out my fuckin' face

You fuck with me, right here'll be your resting place

Some ol' sucker, yo, he tried to put a move on me

I shot him in the face, murder, in the first degree

Now I'm sweatin', regrettin', that's not for me

They got me locked in the fuckin' penitentiary

Bowels of the devil

Let me tell you what the motherfucker eats

Its stomach's filled with lost souls

Guts made out of steel and concrete

Bowels of the devil

Listen close, 'cause I've been there before

And you don't wanna die there

They call it goin' out the back door

The back door

The back door

The back door

Walked in the club all the ho's gave me the sex look

They like a nigga like me 'cause I'm a known crook

And my posse's down, we don't mess around

You fuck with us, you'll be six feet underground

That night they got me locked in a row called death

The governor, that motherfucker wants my last breath

That's right, homeboy wanted to pull a switch on me

Up here in this fuckin' penitentiary

Bowels of the devil

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Its stomach's filled with my homeboys

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Yeah

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