

# Devil's Got A Hold Of Me

Travis Barker

I toss, I turn, can't sleep, at night  
I punch, I kick, I claw, I bite  
It seems, that I, can't win, this fight  
Hands together if you there, tell him leave me alone  
The devil's got a hold of meeee  
The devil's got a hold of meeee  
The devil's got a hold of meeee  
(- The devil's got a hold!)

Pen in my right hand  
Beat on repeat, he hates when I'm writin so the thing on my nightstand  
start ringin and lightin up, vibratin and all that  
I don't wanna sell no wall crack, I just wanna go perform at  
the biggest place in the world cause I'm dope, like them four packs  
sittin in writes on my window sill, makin sure everything stays on chill  
Right shoulder wearin all white sayin "Joe chill"  
Left shoulder wearin red sayin "Pay yo' bills"  
So that raw metaphor that I, thought of before  
I don't remember no more  
Cause I just ran out the door to meet a fiend by the store  
And I heard, "So you off tour?" And I turned, and seen this whore  
that I used to fiend for that ain't never let me score  
lookin at me like I'm somethin she ain't never ever saw  
So a one-hour run somehow turned into 24  
Wifey callin I hit Ignore, my priorities is poor  
Listen Lord

Nickel... c'mon  
My life is like a box of chocolates  
I work hard for it, plus I am awk-ward, uhh  
I am a addict's son, plus I'm a addict, son  
I am a AK addict, uh, Travis drums  
I am the lead dump factor, that's why I got a edge on rappers  
I am redrum backwards  
I'll see your crew and get deep so you can respect it, jump me!  
I signed a deal with my maker, Satan's my record company  
I got a K cannon - I buy chinchillas  
My bitches rockin Luci-furs after they Satan-in  
Now can you say tannin? Better yet say Dannon  
Your coupe look just like yogurt, I fly I ain't landin  
I am the bank bandit, I got a buyin problem  
I goes in then walk out with all the money but I ain't rob 'em

I'm talkin, I'm talkin he talks, I listen, GPS on my position  
Just livin, just hangin out with the opposition  
Can't take the heat get the fuck out the kitchen  
Stupid y'all, think I'm just spittin  
I belong in prison, crazy by my own admission on a mission  
to grab a podium, audience, let me tell the public  
that I'm self-destructive, I ain't lookin for no help, FUCK IT!  
Lookin for a way to get high, I'm still alive  
Six million ways to die, still a few more left to try  
{?} is Red Bull, pills is hittin, still a slight medic'  
We just goin back and forth, feelin like tennis  
Standin underneath rain, wanna be sane, friends and family wantin me to chan  
ge  
But it's too late cause my feet is gettin comfy on the flames

Check it! I don't wanna be another nigga with no gold (nah)  
No fame, success nigga no hope (nah)  
Sleep on the corner in SoHo, like up is down, there's no dough  
Uhh, fuck it, they ain't put me under yet  
And think what you wish, I ain't got one regret

My automobile is not a Bentley, he knows that my pocket's empty  
The devil's so consequently, he gotta tempt me  
Standin on the block you should not offend me  
I rock a semi, like Prada Fendi  
I don't think the spirit of God is in me  
Just wicked whispers of scriptures Satan is narratin  
I heard you got a safe in your crib so I'm there waitin  
Nobody's safe in your crib, while I'm on that staircase, I'm bare-faced  
Possessed by what you possess, I'm hell raising  
And I just left somebody's father a quadraplegic  
Told him not to move or get shot to Egypt, he did not believe it  
He's losin blood and I'm cold-blooded like I'm anemic  
I need a doctor, I'm psychotic, maybe I should watch "The Secret"  
Or see a priest and I might just chill  
Or will I blow him out of the confession booth, like on "Righteous Kill"  
Kill kill kill - God when I write this will  
I hope I seek some forgiveness cause {my life was real}

Devil's got a hold of me  
D-d-devil's got a hold of me  
Devil's got a hold of me...  
Devil's got a hold of me  
D-d-d-d-devil's got a hold of me  
Devil's got a hold of me...