

I swear that I can feel 'em fucking with me
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Every night I feel 'em fucking with me

I wake up screaming in my sleep every fucking night
Open up my eyes to cold sweat, bloody clothes from my nose, ech
Nothing nice, Father I've killed a man, but I had to do it
Only thing is 'he' is me, damn, how the fuck you couldn't get me through thi
s?!
My skin is bluish, voices in my head saying
"Don't be stupid all you have is in that bag you better use it!"
Cut it, snuff it, puff it, shoot it,
only one I trust now is myself these muthafucka's Judas
Gun in my pillow 'cause all I feel is this paranoia
Holes in my wall from all them nights that I was feeling for him
The devils here but I'm still awake, then I broke the mirror
Why? Cause I seen his face, even my bitch corrupted
I fucked her pussy until it's bloody
took it out and then she sucked it told me that she loved it, Bitch
Everything is black I think I am deceased
I am a ghost without the bed sheets, X speak

If a beast is what I got to be, then so be it
Fuck it, if I got to live it, then y'all gon' see it
Eat it, Shit it, Live it, it's in my blood
That's why I get down like 'What?' from the dirt to the mud
You fucked up thinking shit was sweet, but shit in the streets
Make you split the heat to the back of his head
make you spit teeth only love ones grieve
And I don't wanna have to be the one to tell you shits deep
But man, shit's deep

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Every night I feel 'em fucking with me
Please God tell these demons stop fucking with me
Every God damn night I feel 'em fucking with me
Why? Please God

The streets still the same
Ain't right, if a nigga can't still feel the pain
But still kill the game, still keep real and aim
I get down one way we could keep it that one way or take it to gun play
Let a nigga know, if we going to walk this dog
Or If we ain't gon' talk at all
Make a nigga have to, talk with the 4
That's the only language you know
There you go pop, pop, pop, Now there you go
And I hate that I can see snakes clearly
They don't even try to hide, it's like they be tryin' to get near me
Most of y'all don't hear me, it's like I'm talking to myself
You niggas is so dumb got me feelin' like I'm talking for my health
It's not like I'm talking for the wealth
'Cause there ain't no money in the truth
Shit! I live this shit for real
Y'all make it up in the booth
Till a nigga lose his tooth over something he didn't plan on
Wasn't prepared for, really couldn't stand on

Fuck it, turn the cam on, tie his feet and his hands up and watch him
I'll be back up with that heat to get his tan on
Now that's for fucking with me
And that's for my dog
This because where you're going you're not gonna need that arm
The street's is talking, Uh oh, here they come
Thirsty for that blood, Red rum, red rum
Do you know how it feels to be so mad you would kill?
Or to be so trapped when you scream your throat cuts like jagged pills?
And whenever you close your eyes everything inside you dies
And all the 'high's, crimes, and lies' come alive muthafucka

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