

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
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(- 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}

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