

Machine Gun Kelly, D3mons (ft. DMX)

I swear that I can feel 'em fuckin' with me (Fuckin' with me, fuckin' with me...)
Oh, I swear that I can feel 'em fuckin' with me (Fuckin' with me, fuckin' with me...)
Every night I feel 'em fuckin' with me (Fuckin' with me, fuckin' with me...)
Hear me wit a feel of ugh

I wake up screaming in my sleep every fuckin' night
Open up my eyes to cold sweat, bloody clothes from my nose
Erhk - 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 this?
My skin is blue-ish, voices in my head saying
"Don't be stupid all you have is in that bag you better use it" (Do it, do it, do it)
Cut it (Cut it), snuff it (Snuff it), puff it (Puff it), shoot it (Shoot it)
Only one I trust now is myself, these motherfuckers 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 (Hey)
The devil's here (gunshot)
But I'm still awake (gunshot)
Then I broke the mirror (Why?)
'Cause I seen his face
Even my bitch corrupted
I fucked her pussy 'till 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 (Boo!)
X speak

If a beast's what I got to be, then so be it (What?)
Fuck it, if I got to live it (Uh), then y'all gon' see it (Do it)
Eat it, shit it, live it - it's in my blood
That's why I get down like bud, from the dirt to the mud
You fucked up thinking shit was sweet, but shit in the street (Ah)
Make you split the heat, to the back of his head, make you spit teeth (What?)
Leave his loved ones in grief
And I don't wanna have to be the one to tell you shit deep
But man, shit's deep

I swear that I can feel 'em fuckin' with me (Why?)
Every night I feel 'em fuckin' with me (Why?)
Please God tell these demons stop fuckin' with me (Why?)
Every God damn night I feel 'em fuckin' with me (Why?)
Please God

The street's still the same
Ain't right, if a nigga can't still feel the pain (What?)
But still kill the game (Come), still keep real and aim
I get down one way, we could keep it that one way or take it to gun play (Yah)
Let a nigga know, if we going to walk this dog (Uh)
If we ain't gon' talk at all (Come on)
Make a nigga have to, talk with the 4 (Eh), that's the only language you know
There you go, pop pop pop, now, there you go (Woo)
And I hate that I can see snakes clearly (Nah)
They don't even try to hide, it's like they be trying to get near me (Come on)
Most of y'all don't hear me, it's like I'm talking to myself (Ah ha)
These niggas so dumb, got me feeling like I'm talking for my health
Ain't like I'm talking for the wealth, 'cause there ain't no money in the truth (Ah ha)
Shit, I'll live this shit for real, y'all make it up in the booth (Oh)
Till a nigga lose his tooth over some shit he didn't plan on
Wasn't prepare 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 (gunshot)
And that's for my dog
This because where you going you not gonna need that arm

The street's is talking, "Uh oh, there they come"
Thirsty for that blood (Redrum, redrum)
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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