

# ThxSoMch, When The Devil Speaks

I know it ain't punk  
If we're not fucking until we fed up  
I know it ain't love  
If we're not blowing each other's heads off  
I know we don't stop  
Till we start hurting ourselves a lil  
And we go ayo, ayo, ayo, ay-

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Yeah, huh  
Have you ever felt like you're a dummy on a hunt?  
Have you been addicted to the taste of your own blood?  
Feel like my whole life  
I just been tryna find the love  
But now I'm staring down the barrel of a semi-auto gun  
Wanna quit, I take some shit that make me feel, ooh  
'Cause every day I wake up it's just ch ch boom  
I just hope my family doesn't see this and go ayo, ayo, ay

Guarantee  
It's cest la vie out here  
Trippin' off shit I don't know  
'Cause I don't care  
Hittin' off the light  
If I can't sleep then I can't bear  
Hate on me or leave me be  
I don't care  
'Cause no one hating me more than myself that I'm aware  
I don't need no counsellor  
Bitch I need your fucking prayer  
When the devil speaks, he says to me  
Aw man, I think there's something wrong inside of your head

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I know you been chewing on the same old piece of gum  
I know you been moving out your mind, it's to and from

Hoping that the leaves would change our colors  
But now I'm standing on the ledge and acting like I'm 'bout to jump  
'Till I shoot that shit it bubble up and make me, ooh  
'Till my momma tell me "Stop, not cool"  
Took that shit and now I need another to go ayo, ayo, ay

Oh, they want me dead  
So put a gun to my head  
Aw yeah, now we talkin' shit I like  
Next step I need the chair  
I don't need no counsellor  
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