

Devil's Got A Hold

Travis Barker

i tossed i turn, cant 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 'em leave me alone
devils got a hold of me
devils got a hold of me
devils got a hold of me
(devils got a hold of me)

pen in my right hand, beat on repeat
he hates when i'm writing so the thing on my nightstand starts ringing, lighting up,
vibrating and all that
i don't wanna see no wall crack
i just wanna perform at the biggest place in the world cause i'm dope like them four packs
sitting in, writes on my window sill
making sure everything stays on chill
? wearing all white ? 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 touring?"
i turn and seen his whore that i used to fiend for that aint never let me score
looking at me like i'm something she aint never ever saw
so a one hour run somehow turned into 24
wifey callin', i hit ignore
my priorities is poor, listen lord

(nickel)
my life is like a box of chocolates, i work hard for it
plus i am awkward, uh
i am an addict's son, plus i am an addict son!
i am an 8k addict, uh, travis drums
i am the lead done factor thats why i got an edge on rappers
i am red rum backwards
i 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 canon, i buy chincillas
my bitches rocking luci-furr after they say tannon
now can you say tannon better yet say dannon
the coupe look just like yoghurt, i fly i aint landing
i am the bank bandit
i got a buying problem
i goes in and walk out with all the money but i aint rob 'em

i'm talking, i'm talking,
he talks, i listen
gps on my position
just living, just hanging out with the opposition
can't take the heat, get the f-ck out the kitchen
stupid, ya'll, think it was just me
i belong in prison crazy by my own admission
on a mission to grab a podium
let me tell the public that i'm self-destructive
i aint looking for no help, f-ck it

look for a way to get high
i'm still alive, 6 million ways to die and still a few more left to try
?
we just going back and forth feeling like tenants standing underneath rain
what are we sayin', friends and family wanted me to change
but its too late cause my feet is getting comfy on the flames, check it
i don't wanna be another n-gga with no gold
no fame, success, n-gga, no hope
sleep in the corner in soho
my uppers down, its no dough
f-ck it they aint put me under yet
think what you wish i aint got one regret

my automobile is not a bentley
he knows that my pockets empty
the devil, so consequently he gotta tempt me
standing 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 wispers of scriptures, satan is narrating
i heard you got a safe in your crib so i'm there waiting
nobody safe in your crib, when i'm in that staircase i'm bare-faced
possessed by what you possess, i'm hell raising
and i just left somebody's father a quadriplegic
told em not to move or get shot to egypt
he did not believe it
he's losing 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 'em outta 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