

Let The Devil In

Grieves

Got 35 notches on the belt
Fire in the sky with 5 records on the shelf
Stress-related symptoms in my health
Said I couldn't take it with me, watch me drag it all to hell then
I pour another bottle on my grave
Ain't nobody care about you when you step up off this stage
Plus the doc told me I should count my days
Said the poison in my body's like a bullet to the face

Yeah I am going off, bitch I'm going off
Pressure hangin' round my neck like a holy cross
Turned that lightin' in a bottle into Molotovs
Pain tatted on me like a motherfuckin' coat of arms
If you thought that it was different then you goin' soft
Everybody knows, go and play the Leonard Cohen song
Bad days, long nights, and strong medicine
If you can hear it knockin' you's about to let the devil in

It'll be a cold day in hell
Ain't nobody ringing my bell
Glow like the sun, but I run in the night
They let a devil grab a hold of the mic (killa)
It'll be a cold day in hell (let's go)
Ain't nobody ringing my bell
Glow like the sun, but I run in the night
They let a devil grab a hold of the mic

Yo
That's 35 trips around the sun
Runnin' outta gas with 9 bullets in my gun (count 'em)
That shadow on my shoulder weighs a ton
Y'all pretend like my experience with hell was just for fun, nah
Go and take me to the river with my sins
Ain't a man alive without 'em, you can write that in my skin
Plus the preacher told me time was runnin' thin
Said if I don't make a change they won't ever let me in

Yeah I'm going mad, bitch I'm going mad
That stress feelin' like I'm walkin' over broken glass
I slapped forever in the face with an open hand
Swollen glands growin' in my neck like a watered plant
If you thought I couldn't make it then you full of trash
Blindin' motherfuckers like the glare from a solar flash
It's bad days, long nights, and strong medicine
If you can hear me knockin' you's about to let the devil in

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They let a devil grab a hold of the mic (killa)
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