

# Devil in Disguise

Lecrae

Where am I going? What I'm living for?  
I rolled the dice on life so tell me what they getting for it  
I'm three shots in, probably depressed  
But crying about my problems ain't gonna get me out this mess  
Ride around playing Scarface, I'm a hard case  
I want to die, but I'm scared of looking in God's face  
Popping pills and powder, trying to kill some hours  
Cause when I'm sober, man I promise I can feel the power  
Of death eating me slowly I'm on my way  
Heaven or Hell? Well that's only for God to say  
I lost some people but I never like to talk about it (nah)  
Hard time, we go through 'em we don't walk around 'em  
I'm too mature to go listen to Black Hippy  
Get trippy, smoke on the sticky, and find a Britney that's pretty, naw  
I know that only pacifies my problem  
There's something deep inside me and I can't seem to resolve it  
My worst days, man I just want to revolver  
My best days I'm blinded by all this fog, huh  
I'm in the ride looking mean, money in the jeans  
Ladies all cling to the fabric like static  
But in the end, you know it's all a bad habit  
Strangers on my Craftmatic, man we all some addicts  
Perfect junkies trying to find who we really are  
Hypnotized by the rims on a pretty car

Why?  
Lord I know the truth, but I'm good in my lies  
If loving this is wrong I don't want to be right  
It keeps pulling me down, so I look to the clouds  
There is the devil, the devil in disguise

They brag about a million dollars like that's supposed to make us cold  
I know better, I seen Jay chase a hundred more  
If he ain't satisfied with it, what's the point in running?  
Just sit here with a blunt and watch these rappers try to stunt  
And break necks for paychecks, if I ain't broke  
I'm still broken; tie a noose into this tightrope  
Then I walk and feel the hellfire on my heels  
But I ain't hurt enough to heal, I don't want to kneel  
If God's real, I believe he became a man  
Otherwise, ain't no other way to understand  
What it's like to be me  
What it's like to be an outcast tempted by all the devil's diseases  
So if it pleases Him to rescue a fool  
I'll be drowning in a pool of liquor to keep cool  
Smoking a Kool, like the old heads do  
Call me Nat King Cole, like I'm gonna spread blue  
Pain a pest, I been trying to smoke it out  
But it never seems to die when I choke it out  
I try to drink it away but my stomach swell  
And what I'm drinking on earth, I'll probably throw up in Hell, well  
Jesus they say You'll take away my cancer  
Accept the mess of a man that I am and give me answers (please)  
They say You died for the selfishness that I'm pursuing  
Before I head to my ruin, turn my eyes to you  
Six shots in and half past sober  
I pray when I wake up the darkness will be over

God, I'm six shots in, half past sober  
Pray when I wake up the darkness will be over