

# D3MONS (feat. DMX)

## Machine Gun Kelly

I swear that I can feel em' fucking with me,  
I swear that I can feel em' fucking with me,  
Every Night I feel em fucking with me, \*gasp\*I wake up screaming in my sleep every fucking  
night,  
Open up my eyes to cold sweat, bloody clothes from my nose, ech, 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 bluish, voices in my head saying "don't be stupid  
All you have is in that bag you better use it!"  
Cut it snuff it puff it shoot it  
Only one I trust now is myself, these muthafucka's 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,  
The devils here but I'm still awake,  
Then I broke the mirror Why? Cause' I seen his face,  
Even my bitch corrupted,  
I fucked her pussy until its 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,  
X speak...  
If a beast is what I got to be Then so be it  
Fuck it, if I got to live it Ya'll gon see it Eat it, Shit it, Live it,  
It's in my blood That's why i get down like, What  
From the dirt to the mud You fucked up  
Thinking shit was sweet, but shit in the streets  
Make you split the heat to the back of his head  
Make you spit teeth only love ones grieve  
And I don't wanna have to be the one to tell you shits deep  
But man, shit's deep I swear that I can feel em fucking with me, \*barks\*  
Every night I feel em fucking with me, \*barks\*  
Please God tell these demons stop fucking with me, \*barks\*  
Every God damn night I feel em fucking with me \*barks\*  
Why?! Please God...  
The streets still the same ain't right, if a nigga can't  
Sill feel the pain but still kill the game  
Still keep real and aim I get down one way  
We could keep it that one way or take it to gun play  
Let a nigga know, If we going to walk this dog  
Or if we ain't gon talk at all make a nigga have to, talk with the 4  
It's the only language you know  
There you go Pop, pop, pop, Now there you go

And I hate that I can see snakes clearly  
They don't even try to hide It's like they try to get near me  
Most of ya'll don't hear me It's like I'm talking to myself  
You niggas is so dumb I feel like I'm talking for my health  
It's not like I'm talking for the wealth  
Cuz their ain't no money in the truth Shit!  
I live this shit for real Ya'll make it up in the booth  
Till a nigga lose his tooth over something 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,  
\*punch\* Now that's for fucking with me, \*gunshot\* And that's for my dog,  
This because where your going your not gonna need that arm, \*machete blade swipe\*  
The street's is talking, Uh oh, Here they come,  
Thirsty for that blood, Red rum, red rum,  
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 I swear that I can feel em fucking  
with me, \*barks\*  
Every night I feel em fucking with me, \*barks\*  
Please God tell these demons stop fucking with me, \*barks\*  
Every God damn night I feel em fucking with me \*barks\*  
Why?! Please God...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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