

Demons Surround Me

Bizzy Bone

Bizzy (Slowed
down): Demons surround me
all the time.

Bizzy:
Demons surround me
all the time.
demons surround me
all the time.

Now pick up your
psychic line.

Now pick up your
psychic line.

Bizzy:
Nobody believes. Nobody believes. Nobody believes
me, even my baby girl. See I was raised up on that
ouija in my crazy
world. Better take it easy. Sang: Outta my mind,
outta my mind, outta my mind, outta my brains, brains.
7th Sign time, in a line,
shine, fin to bye-bye, die die, bang bang. Hit 'em
with that woo-woo, and that flip-flop flown-n-low.
Steady as we roll. Maybe
you don't know, oh. Get away for safety, in a
coma-like state, invade me. Everyone say: 'Hey, hey,
he's crazy.' Premenitions,
kick pushin' daisies. Wait, they chase to slay me.
Paranoid. Mortal to the paranormal. Jumpin' out
portals. Kinetical energy
formal in the global get warmer. Mormons may mourn,
may Messiahs be born, torn in the purgatory. Sworn to
violence, silence,
word my bond. Get ya story on, call me, saw me
in the army gatherin' in harmony. Hardly in all we be
so salty.

Bizzy:
Demons surround me
all the time.
Demons surround me
all the time.
Now pick up your
psychic line.
Now pick up your

psychic line. Bizzy:

Talk to the walkin' dead, crossroads, call on the
Rev., lost souls. And I'm off in a coffin' tossin' my
memoirs, oh no. In the closet,
come open the door, what do you see? A funeral.
Usually closest to kosher 'til I see some loved ones,
don't go. Get it crucial,
pick up the psychic line, future to before time in
the sinister mind of spiritual wicked, intertwined
with weak souls, come kick it.
Written, rewind, get it, look out, hit it, rise. Dig
it, wig out, feel it, ride. Mimic, die. Nigga, fly.
Boom bye-bye. My kind in time,
7th Sign, 7th Sign (7th Sign). Time after time get
mine, gon' get mine. Pick up the phone line, pick up
the phone line, ready for
truth on the loose? Got a dime or two and I'm
liable to tell you, only if you know, wooo. He flew
right bye you, true, demons
follow and resume from the womb in the tomb. I fool
you, boom, boom, boom. B-b-b-boom, boom, boom, boom,
boom, boom. Bizzy:
Demons surround me
all the time.

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

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