

Devil

Swollen Members

[Intro]

Dagger Mouth (yeah) Swollen Members (mm-hmm)
Mad Child, we're strippin it down
We're goin back to basics (yeah)
We keepin it classic now, fuck all that bullshit
Real hip-hop[Mad Child]
Yo I'm losin my mind, spinnin out of control
People think that I'm an animal as far as it go
Used to be the fuckin star of the show
Twenty thousand gettin crazier the harder we go
With my partner Peter Parker I was jumpin like a trampoline
Web spinnin Spider-Man swingin from the scaffolding
Ain't no feelin, like stage divin
Jumping over barricades, Mad human hurricane
Beats by Viking, go greased lightning
Life's so frightenin, there's no rewritin it
And I'm insane, and my name's Shane
And I like pills and doing cocaine
Shane found new friends that feel this anguish
Shane gotta find another way to deal with pain
Shane gotta find another way to deal with shame
Shane gotta find another way to deal with Shane

[Chorus]

Hey yo crowd surfing, stage diving
Life's perfect, keep driving
Sick serpents in my service
Keep feeding, 'til I'm worthless
Now I'm nervous, hands shaking
Sense fakeness, my heart's breaking
Constraining, can't take it
It's too late, you met Satan You make friends with the Devil, you have fun with the Devil
You make vows with the Devil, now who you think gon' win?
You make love to the Devil, definitely have fun with the Devil
You never fights with the Devil
You get right with the Devil
Now who you think gon' win?

[Prevail]

Hey yo mic like a megaphone, live from the danger zone
Overdrive saber-tooth tiger writin crazy poems
Plated chrome shorts, 57's no quarts
Sky dive into court, recordin then win an award
Man overboard, the water is cold and filled with predators

Cloud castin over my team just like a Senator
Competitors I'm chopping up their heads like some
lettuces
Iceberg words Judge Dredd, death sentences
Partner is a venomous Dennis the Menace
Nemesis running for shelter, Sharon Tate, Helter Skelter
Delta Force, air force, four course live shell show
Bring your appetite cause we can feed you 'til you're full
Pull people from the floor to the stage beside us
Once a spectator now a top rated stage diver
Honored combat, clips of highly trained cage fighters
Spacefaze, Silver Surfer, Peter Parker black spider yeah [Chorus]
Crowd surfing, freestyling
Loud music, keep driving
Short circuit, we overworked it
Keep speeding, the road is perfect
Now I'm swerving, hands shaking
Sense danger, my heart's racing
Engine breaking, I can't take it

It's too late, you met Satan
You make friends with the Devil, you have fun with the Devil
You make vows with the Devil; now who you think gon' win?
You make love to the Devil, definitely have fun with the Devil
You never win fights with the Devil
You get right with the Devil
Now who you think gon' win? [Mad Child]
I can hear the crowd screamin, green eyes gleamin
Starin at the corner at a winged horny demon
He look angry, energy is gnarly
Smoke comin out of his nose he start snarlin
Everything was peace, Bob Marley
He's on his sixteen can, hops and barley
Cops make it quite clear they don't like him
Try to install fear, I'm not frightened
That's a bad look, the wrong angle
My ego's outta control, you'll get mangled
That's the trap that he wants me in
That's the trap and you'll feed from my greed and sin [Outro]
Nobody's gonna back me into a corner man!
I'll keep my own fuckin' lawyers, I'll keep my own management
I'll pick my own fucking friends man
You got a problem with authority?
Nobody tells me what to do man
Watch me fuck my whole fucking life up!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>