

Devil In Disguise (feat. Kevin Ross)

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

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