

Evil (feat. Gavin Castleton & Amber Rose Tamblyn)

Danny!

[Hook: Gavin Castleton]

Evil, I feel the sickness running under my skin

Father, when I get up to heaven, gonna let me in

People who judge me, but I know they haven't been where I've been

I know the day's gonna come when I've gotta repent

But until then, I just keep runnin' and runnin' and runnin'[Verse 1: Danny!]

I keep on runnin'

But I don't know where I am goin'

The shit is just mind-blowin'

Surrounded by circus clowns and I'm sick of the pie-throwin'

Ridiculous, I ain't knowin'

Where to locate my saneness

Ooops, I meant to say sanity, Danny is brainless

Ooops, I meant to pray near this canopy bed

Too bad there's too many hookers layin' in it, Danny is shameless

You lames just shuck and jive like Andy and Amos

Co-signed by two giants, y'all still don't know who D. Swain is?

I'm sayin'[Hook][Verse 2: Danny!]

Was thought to be a pleasant guy my entire life

But somethin' snapped in me, nowadays I ain't wired right

Paranoia got me feelin' like I'mma die tonight

Somebody gon' merk the kid

For all of the dirt I did

I swear I'm only human, but I'm

One step away before the evil consumes him

Engraved in his tomb, with a reputation in ruins

Y'all know the deal

I act aloof to hide that I'm real scared

Thought I outran my demons, rear-view mirror, they still there[Hook][Bridge: Gavin Castleton]

You wanna criticize me

But yo I don't know what to tell ya (don't know what to tell ya)

You wanna crucify me

But yo I don't know what to tell ya (don't know what to tell ya)

You wanna hold down me, I swear

Don't know what to tell ya (don't know what to tell ya)

You wanna pop shit at me

But yo I don't know what to tell ya (don't know what to tell ya)

Only God can judge me[Hook]Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat

Sometimes I don't

Sometimes I feel like movin' my feet
Sometimes I don't
Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat
Sometimes I don't
Sometimes we make you move ya feet
Sometimes we don't[Verse 3: Danny!]
I'm evil than a motherfucker
Fuck yeah I claim it, come and see me you motherfuckers
I walk the line between a saint and a sinner, nigga
We're all the same, you think we ain't? Guess again, my nigga
Came to the game, stole a loaf of bread to feed myself
Read 'tween the lines, it paid off, now my records sell
I got the feeling that you're tryin' to judge me, well
H-E-L-L, y'all can go to hell
E-V-I, LSometimes I feel like doin' a beat
Sometimes I don't
Sometimes I feel like movin' my feet
Sometimes I don't
Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat
Sometimes I don't
Sometimes we make you move ya feet
Sometimes we don't[Hook][Outro: Amber Tamblyn]
Father forgive me
I'm not the daughter I should be
Now he's in a coffin off Grand Street
Should've kept his hands off me

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