

Gotta B Tha Demonz

By: J.V. / 02/16

Everyday I wake up, I find a new scar or bruise,
Fighting in my sleep, never win more than I lose.
Blood on my pillow, blood drops on my sheets,
Feel like I'm trapped! Grim tryin to kill me in my sleep.
I start thinking about, the day I had previous,
what altercations I had, what aggressor was mischievous?
Did I do somebody wrong? I think about my past,
How I stole from mom's, is that why my dreams are bad?
I woke up, with three scratches on my leg,
one on my calf, blood drops where I lay my head.
Knuckles bruised up, like I've been in a fight,
it's gotta B tha demonz, that I struggle with every night.
Sometimes I'm really scared, to go to sleep,
because whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.
It's gotta b tha demonz, that cause me to struggle,
come from every side, nobody to rescue me from trouble,
These demonz attack me, like it's some type of sport,
the 3 scratches on my leg, has the marks of the devil's pitchfork.
I know I'm not perfect, and I make mistakes,
Demonz come when I'm vulnerable, the intemous lie & wait.
10 times outta 10, I wake up sweating and screamin
with new scratch marks on my body. Damn!

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