

Kyle Young

"Met The Devil Last Month"

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I met the devil last month
And I can't shake the image from my head,
Never this much have I
Felt the way I feel today
Feel my skin peel away
Nothin' feels real to me
Redbull still awake
I just wanna have wings and grab things
Like a bag of weed, cash spree
Million dollar give away
Still a product in the race
Kill them all literally
You can't fathom my life until it's history
Write a book on Kyle's hooks
Kyle is a beat
Grab a hearse this rapper's verse,
Try it get deceased
My moms left when I was 6 months old
Tried to warm back up the flame
But the bitch got cold
So I sniff that snow
Hit that 'dro
Drink until I'm shit-can blowed
I jus want some X-O's
Fuck a tic-tac-toe
Imma spit that flow
Till I'm filthy stinkin' rich
I resent that goal
Damn and I hit that ho
Bitch tried to run her mouth and her lip got swole (uh)
Yea that's a chick I know,
Fat ass, big tits, and some sick ass dome
Funky little attitude so that shit must go
But I can make her toes curl, show the clit it's role
I'm the shit and it shows
Belligerent independent, I'm a prick that flows
(Chip on my shoulder)
In some hipster clothes
They use to call me white boy now I fit the mold
That's some bullshit,
Niggas do whatever the TV say

Me, I invented the show
Now excuse me for a moment while I clap for myself,
I met the devil last month and I asked him for help
Now excuse me for a moment while I clap for myself,
I met the devil last month and I asked him for help

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