

The Devil

Urban Dance Squad

Clock strikes two, man I don't know what to do
shall I take that stop, shall I go on through
on the path, that leads to home
or an app that makes sure I'll roam
for a little while, crack a little smile
get that style, some of the bros call wild
all the lights are red and attract
like a magnet, a dragnet is swung
I'm kept
in tension, so tense
believe something has got a hold of my pants
invisible big hands, feeds a new plan
transformed in flesh, see the b's stand
winking - let me think man
soon as the five-fingerhand is pointed out
I comprehend who runs the joint and shouts
it's the devil, again, again.

A circle, cycle, spending more money on trifles
the devil is there to thumb up as approval
choose and lose, for the bodies to perspire
dizz those who are worn out like flat tires
no selfcontrol though, the remote is bold
all b's in a fold, doin' what I'm told
pick one, some way to trick one
throw the bucks, it's time to stick one
don't know the reason, get no thing done
only lose some and don't bring home the bacon
feel frustration after this situation?
blame it on the 666 sucker
he made me rock her!

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>