

The Devil Wears Prada

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It must have been something I said
I made you wanna rip off my head
I was thinking now was the time
To let you know you're fucking out of your mind

So go and feel how you wanna feel
Can't control you, I told you
Those voices are all in your head
It's getting bad, let's just keep it real
It's just making me hate you
Those voices are all in your head.

So now I think I'm actually dead
Handful of roses and she's wearing all red
She's not the same, she's someone in disguise
It's like a nightmare so I open my eyes.

So go and feel how you wanna feel
Can't control you, I told you
Those voices are all in your head
It's getting bad, let's just keep it real
It's just making me hate you
Those voices are all in your head.

Ever since I hit it, that's when she started sinning
She's like the devil with a cape looking for a victim
She's got a compelling disguise, getting Glen Close
Fatal Attraction with my mind, I'm feeling dead, yo
Sex but the love is blind, she rests for them other kind
Respect for them other guys, fuck her with no rubber on
Yeah, I got the devil on my shoulder
The other has an angel and he's telling me to slow up
Then she blows up, this is one of those