

Demons

Dave East

I can give a fuck about a blog list
I'm reading gun magazines looking for a cartridge
Winchester special edition, leave niggas nauseous
Riding in a Crown Vic I picked up from the auction
Presidents in my pockets, these niggas all dead
I'm in a Spider the same color as cornbread
She ain't fucking with the help but gave the boss head
And most my niggas is crip but I want the Porsche red
Yankee stadium, hustled around the corner
Jumping on the Bruckner backwoods and marijuana
Whole block sweating it's feeling just like a sauna
I can't predict the future but bet I fuck up some commas
How it feel to be respected in the projects
Chinese and some Kennedy fried, that's all I digest
Can't just get it, be patient cause it's a process
These niggas don't care about living long as they die fresh
Avoiding the priests and ducking my demons
Some say I'm conceded, act like I need 'em
Praying five times a day to clean my sins up
Knowing I'm just tryna pull that Benz up
Avoiding the priests and ducking my demons
Some say I'm conceded, act like I need 'em
Praying five times a day to clean my sins up
Knowing I'm just tryna pull that Benz up I know it's hard to shine, that's why they hate a star
Dirty face and towel, shaking yola in a mason jar
You think you riding, I got some youngins that'll take your car
Break your legs then fuck the bitch that'll break your heart
Fuck the 23rd, 25th, and the 14th
NYPD try to put pressure to make us all sing
But me, I can't harmonize, I don't know no melodies
I know about felonies, delinquents full of jealousy
Used to have that dog food and I ain't talking Pedigree
Bully told me he on tour with Trigger, shit is heavenly
I'm still in the junkie house, I promise in a month I'm out
Phone clicking all this chicken got me in your hunny mouth
Crashed up my first whip, they say I took the dummy route
My man took some pills to Virginia, he tryna run the south
Back to the city, it's gritty niggas is dumbing out
Cops giving out shots, no longer giving summons out

Clear the summer out

Avoiding the priests and ducking my demons

Some say I'm conceded, act like I need 'em

Praying five times a day to clean my sins up

Knowing I'm just tryna pull that Benz up

Avoiding the priests and ducking my demons

Some say I'm conceded, act like I need 'em

Praying five times a day to clean my sins up

Knowing I'm just tryna pull that Benz up Please forgive us, we all just want to correct our wrongs. Right?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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