

Demons & Angels

G-Eazy

Yeah, you know? Uh

I really thought my last girl would be my last girl
Life changes quicker when you live inside a fast world
She ain't want the last name, she just want the last word
On everything I love, your middle name was all my passwords
I ain't think our last fight would be our last fight
I guess we couldn't chalk that up to just a bad night
But life goes on, that's how it goes, you know that's right
I'm thankin' God my last flight was not my last flight
I really thought my last address would be my last address
I really thought my last arrest would be my last arrest
My heart breaks in half every time Suzanne is stressed
I'm tryna make it up to mama, I don't plan for less
She still correct me when I fuck up, when I'm feelin' pressed
Said "I just bought a crib for you, come on now, Mom, we're blessed"
I spoke it all into existence, watched it manifest
She said "Don't hang that over my head"
I said "You right" and I just let it rest
Damn, I really put a roof over her head, that's facts
They couldn't walk a block if we changed shoes
Swear I kept my receipts, I really pay dues
Life is heavy here, this not the everyday blues
Publications, they just want to say what they choose
If somethin' happens in my life it's front-page news
It's from the heart for all my day ones, not my day twos
It's by my demons and angels, yeah

I'm just gettin' hotter and it's colder
Demons and angels on my shoulders
Every open door require closure
Keep goin' 'til it's over
The highs and lows can get exhaustin'
Every option got it's cost
Please don't judge me for my faults
Through my wins and all my losses
Don't lose your conscience
Pay attention to your thoughts, yeah
Just be cautious
Make this shit just what you wanted

Niggas out here think life is G-Eazy, I pray for 'em
Cross my heart and let the Desert Eagle wait for 'em
And I don't harbor hate, but, one must wonder
You got that YSL concealer on, what's hidin' up under?
I feel bad, 'cause I could have made you mine last summer
I seen the James Harden in you, yeah, OKC Thunder
I know your last nigga beat you like he was yo' drummer
I know that life got better soon as we exchanged our numbers
So here we go, Turks and Caicos, yeah, everything lit
Everything packed, take the Gucci out so everything fit
And we 'gon roll like a kickball, cross over like Chris Paul
Get lost somewhere in Dubai, feet in the sand, gettin' these sticks off
Wear my heart on a sleeve of this Off-White hoodie
You need some time to grow up, I know, I drafted a rookie (Yeah)
I'm Phil Jackson in this ill jacket
Pardon my head, yeah, I feel like I wrote Illmatic

And Stillmatic, I should get 'Ill Will' tatted
39 a year after I said I wouldn't and I'm still at it
Still hold my dick, yup, with the steel at it
Hop out the Lambo like a dryer, yeah, it's still static
I ain't 'gon lie, I still fuck bitches in my pastime
I know I told you the last girl was the last time
I gotta go, especially since this my last line
'Fore I do, smoke this last blunt for the last time (Uh)
'Fore I do, smoke this last blunt for the last time

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