

Fighting My Demons

Ken Carson

Where the fuck my blunt where the fuck my cup
Where the fuck my reefa
I'm smokin on Keisha
I'm smokin on Keisha
You know I'm a cheefa
You know I'm a cheefa
I'm playin jock or eagle
Big can 4-5 long heater
Hellcat 2 seater
This bitch sayin she was hungry this dick what I feed her
I'm on the Bloc servin entrees
Yea 3.5s of the reefer
Yea yea you know I'm a keeper
Yea yea I be chiefin
All these hoes some eaters
Huh huh they be eatin
Cut the lights off we gon pull up creepin
We got foe SIGs we foe deep in the 4 doe Jeep
My boy Trigga finger itchin leave yo brains on the seat
My Trigga finger itchin I feel like D Wade with the heat
Made him do the running man we sent some random shots at his feet
I pop x I pop x yea yea I'm geeked
She pop x she pop x yea yea she sleep
Cullinan Rolls Royce I'm bouta pull up to a meeting
Let's play Russian Roulette bitch who gon die first you or me? You or me?
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(Star made the beat, I just took it out the oven)

Yea I been fighting my demons huh
I been fighting my yea
I been fighting my demons huh
I been fighting my
I been fighting my demons huh
I been fighting my
I been fighting my demons huh
I been fighting my
I been fighting my demons yuh
I been fighting my
I been fighting my demons
I been fighting my
I been fighting my demons
I been fighting my
I been fighting my demons yuh yuh