

By Tonight

NoCap

(CashMoneyAP)

Demons in my life
Yeah, uh, uh, uh

I got demons in my life, guns on my side
Tryna make it out alive, ayy
I can tell she been cryin'
I bought the bitch designer, something wasn't right, ayy
I came back the truth, my hittas on the front line
I bought a watch 'cause I got tired of duckin' one time
I told my nigga give me a price, he said love
They gon' be gone by the night like they Suge

We need a bride for this Glock 'cause we ringin' it out
I bumped my head 'cause that's how bad a nigga needed a knot
Forever put drugs in my body if I need it or not
The hood was like a dealership, I was leavin' a lot

I asked you did you fuck my nigga? And it hurt when you lied
'Cause I wanted me and him to fuck you every time
Why the fuck I bought her liquor for?
This bitch, she keep whinin'
They put that pistol in my hand, you better not sit it behind me
Came up from nothin', I had a plan, I put my city behind me
I know this pain last forever but don't come and remind me
Streets been callin' my phone, I don't wanna decline
It's only two things I love, and that's money and diamonds, yeah
Let her fuck the squad, she was actin' like she couldn't pick
I just bought a MAC, that shit reminded her of lipstick
I ain't Sean John, but everything you did, I did it
She'll fuck a nigga soul, but tell a nigga she was tipsy
If you with my uncle, you still know when I don't feel
And I tote a Smith & Wesson, not a Smith and will
I heard everything you said, you just mad a nigga here
Outfits like Corvettes, I been switchin' up my gear, oh
And I'm like Shaquille, I bow my head and I kneel
She ride without no license, you don't have no idea, ayy
Hate up on they face, nigga, and it came with tears
Was young, fucking up the mall, prolly why I fuck with Quill
We might start stealin' arms, I'm a risk taker
Been fillin' up my lungs, Backwoods, Runtz, and white paper
She don't like the way it's been going, she been threatenin' to leave
She don't get no attention if it's up to me
She shoot me middle fingers, I say when like I'm Vietnamese
I'll never kill Stephen, I'm higher than Mer-Curry
Made a song, I got off lean, got back on it the next day
I'm hurt, you ain't askin' 'bout me, you keep askin' 'bout my mixtape

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Ayy, I'm from the country, hit the interstate to go and buy some Gucci
I don't know nothin' 'bout that body, tryna do me like I'm Boosie
Surprised that I'm home, I know them folks ain't wanna free me
I'm like Eric, I don't do to much a talkin', it be hard for you to read me
So these Glocks ain't got no safety
I watched a ton like RG3
If you play with me, it's empty, I barely let my barber temp me
Opps callin' my phone, I guess it got too hard for them
We do the same thing, the same thing, you play, I'm sending 'em
It mean the same thing, the same thing, like a synonym
I can feel it gettin' shady, chances gettin' slim
And ain't talkin' Eminem
You the one who ballin' so sit up on the rim
You might not feel what I'm talkin'
I'm just being real, I was just tryna chalk it
Now I'm tryna chalk him
I put the Percocets down, I still pray for this up here
Why the fuck you come around if you had plans to disappear?