

Demeanor

Pop Smoke

Oh, oh
Bodmon Tricia
Oh

I'm feelin' on your bodmon, Tricia
Shorty said she like my demeanor
And she look like a eater
I'm off the perc, he geekin'

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Wait, wait, oh, wait
Oh, oh

Fish bone, send shots, bend blocks in the back
Earthquakes and sellin', all my cracks into that
You send a shot, we send it back, all facts, no cap
Put my hat to the back, a hundred thousand in the bag
Eleven dollars an hour ain't enough to live
So I'ma go in every store and I'ma swipe this shit
They tryna lock a nigga up and I'm like fuck a bid
'Cause either way, mommy still gon' love her kid

I just took twenty from the city, they like who is you?
A lot of niggas talkin' shit that they don't really do
I'm 'bout to turn my Air Force Ones into a Gucci shoe
I'm 'bout to turn my Timberlands into a Yeezy Boot
My president black, bandana is blue
Diamonds drippin', got me glistenin' like I came out the pool
I'm so exotic like I came out the zoo, but I shot out the coupe
I got a scope with a clear eye view, woo

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(My demeanor is meaner than yours)
Oh, oh

Female alpha
And I practice what I preach
I devour
Tell me, can you take the heat?
You can touch with your eyes only
I know you like what you see
That je ne sais quoi energy
Baby, get on your knees

You can't say Pop without Smoke
So fill up your lungs, my diamonds will make ya choke
You like the way I move, my demeanor is meaner than yours
So clap for the encore

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