

Cut These Demons Off

Roddy Ricch

Sonic

I was sleepin' in the projects, going asleep to the sirens
Lost my nigga to a high speed chase, it's traumatising
I remember prayin' to God that I make it perfect timing
I got murder on my mind, cut these demons off
Cut these niggas off, cut these hoes off
If the rich man behind the door, she take her clothes off
Niggas try to ride the wave, this ain't Noah's Arc
I'm a self-made millionaire but I had a poor start

I was in the poor parts, ridin' with the blicky, blicky
I had to get my hands dirty, they got sticky, sticky
We tryna make the cornbread like it's Jiffy, Jiffy
My bitch got rose stones round her neck like she Nefertiti
Niggas talkin' down on me, fuck the chatter
Realest niggas in the city, they mad at us
These niggas gon' politic on me just to get their status up
And I never needed a nigga, all I needed was my accomplishments
He ain't even pop the stick, lil' nigga why you poppin' shit?
Ballin' like I'm Scotty Pippen, the streets, I got lock on it
Found a wave and hopped on it
Down, ain't got no top on it
It feel good when you poppin', don't it?
These niggas can't be my opponents

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