

Demon Slayer

Taylor Bennett

I am looking for someone oh
I am looking for my demon slayer
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I am looking for my demon slayer
You headed straight for the stars
You running away from me too
You got your mind made up
But you don't know what to do
Ooooooooooooo
You just don't know what to do
Ooooooooooooo
You just don't know what to

Dark cloaks and masked faces
Daydreaming in your every day algebra class
What I'm finding on your assassination
If that's not too much of a consolation
You also mentioned a drug problem and a lack of motivation
Skip class, time passes, smoke blunts and fuck education
Time pass, if you wise, you pass by in your spaceship
Dreams of reality, what's the hold up?
You gotta roll up, pour up, you niggas are six feet under with they souls up
Screaming don't you forget my quotas
I'm more than posers with his pose up
The sweet thoughts of joy don't fold up
Rap shit should have been over
You're seventeen only gettin' older
What's: working harder, working writing, you never writing, you never write,
and now you write this song
Dear Biggie, dear Pac, Lil Weezy, Lil Mike, I wonder if you write this song
My love, my life, my lice, work yo life
Whether it is right or wrong
Most nights I broke my arms
Fighting off demons that
hat was way too strong
Dope notes and quotes cut throats of folks that never could move on
Say jokes and hoax and hopes to float your boat you're crashing on
Epiphany's reality check
Can you please pass it on?
Passionate love for music burns to ashes once your love is gone

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I'm a rap fiend gone crazy, just a black teen with the same dream
Just a little more oppressed with the chance that I might make it
Cause I plan to go ham from here with Chance seem so vacant
Time is only moderation, but what about motivation?
So my notions can move nations, compete with older generations

Call for bars, blocks for blocks, I feel like the new Ronald Reagan
Sick of this rap game I'm impatientpatiently waiting on God to save me from
Satan inside a play pen
Wake up music was bumping to my window
Rap game on 6-4, so that's nintendo
Shit so hard make it look so simple
Visceral copy I'd rather send it to your mental
Mixtape free, yes-siree
You don't gotta buy your feelings
I ain't got to make a million in order to make a differenceand your decision
to listen to my music because its something different
It's got me feeling great
Damn Dear Daddy, Chi-Raq Dreaming just to get by
Life's so tough on the inside
Where am I on the inside? I dunno
Where am I on the outside? In the studio

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Someone
Slayer
Someone
My demon slayer