

# Daemons

XXXTentacion

Cocaine  
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Two shots for me and fuckin' Jesus himself  
Who the fuck signed the petition giving Jesus the belt?  
Tie it around his neck and get to fucking bucklin' up  
For every moment I counted on him, I'm fuckin' him up  
Torture victims are due to scriptures, it's written and such  
So every moment my uncle suffered was planned in the cut  
Cut his tongue out and hammered fuckin' nails in his skull  
Couldn't see what Jesus planned, my vision is dull, and so  
If there's a fucking \*\*\*, I wanna slit his fucking throat  
And feed his organs to the children  
And shower solutions to the black and the white  
And endless indulgence to the youth in the night  
Cult scripture, we're all used to be causin' a ruck  
Drownin' women and many children and pillaging trust  
Just the minimum, murdered many in sake of himself  
He just replaced you, you are just a book on his shelf

Slow dancin' with the devil in a burnin' room  
Two-steppin' ahead until they lock me in a tomb  
Been doomed since they pulled us out the womb  
Satan preyin' on me, she been throwin' souls inside the wombs  
Life shouldn't eat you up, spit you out, beat you up  
But, bitch, the third eye stay open, don't think I blink enough  
Maybe I see too much, baby, I can't call it  
I need my soul in these bars like a alcoholic  
I can't trust nobody  
I'll put that on my mind, soul, and my whole body  
I see demons, and there's nothin' they don't know about me  
No matter how much I try to hide, they gon' find me  
So now I never run from it 'cause I come from it  
I never lied, I resides in the beast's stomach  
I looked the Devil in the eyes, I could see she bluffin'  
I pull the red dress to the side, tell her keep cummin', keep cummin'

I just found out family and enemies could be different  
I was steppin' over syringes that's in my kitchen  
After mama died, I couldn't go to the bathroom  
Without gettin' some second-hand heroin high while pissin'  
This is just me paintin' a picture of what I live with  
What you know about comin' home to your shit missin'  
And findin' out the niggas that helped you look for it had did it?  
This is just me paintin' addiction  
These niggas took methamphetamine, ketamine, edibles, and a bean  
Niggas stole my denim jeans, Den of Thieves DVD, literally anything  
Food I bought from the vending machine  
Credit card crack any door like janitor keys  
Niggas even took credit for the man I would be (Ah)  
And if I let him, he would probably take 20 percent, manager fee  
I'm so scared of my genes, I considered celibacy  
Afraid I would ruin my seeds, like Adam and Eve  
I got blood on the fuckin' leaves of my family tree  
Just give me one damn minute, this shit is hard for me  
I lost my whole damn mama, I lost a part of me  
She lost her whole damn life from symptoms of poverty

Grew up with Crown Fried Chicken cloggin' my arteries  
Increase in robberies, police and bullets that I bob and weave  
It was nonstop for me, no one is stoppin' me  
Either fulfill myself or be a self-fulfillin' prophecy  
This just how I introduce myself properly  
Kemba