

# Daemons (feat. Joey Bada\$\$)

## XXXTENTACION & Kemba

[XXXTENTACION:]

Two shots for me and fucking Jesus himself  
Who the fuck signed the petition giving Jesus the belt?  
Tie it around his neck and get to fucking buckling up  
For every moment I counted on him, I'm fucking him up  
Torture victims are due to scriptures, it's written as such  
So every moment my uncle suffered was planned in the cut  
Cut his tongue out and hammered fucking nails in his skull  
Couldn't see what Jesus planned, my vision is dull, and so  
If there's a fucking God, 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  
Cold scripture all use to be causing a rut  
Drowning women and many children and pillaging trust  
Just a man who murdered many in sake of himself  
He just replaced you, you are just a book on his shelf

[Joey Bada\$\$:]

Slow dancing with the devil and 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 be throwin' souls inside the wombs  
Life shoulda eat you up, spit you out, beat you up  
But bitch, the door don't stay enough, don't think I see enough  
Baby, 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 put that on mind, soul, and my whole body  
I see demons and there's nothin' they don't know 'bout me  
No matter I try to hide, they gon' find me  
So now I never run from it, 'cause I come from it  
I never lied, Devil's eyes in the beast's stomach  
I look the Devil in the eyes, I could see she bluffin'  
I pull the red dress to the side, tell her keep comin', keep comin'

[Kemba:]

I just found out family and enemies could be different  
I was steppin' over syringes that's in my kitchen  
After momma died, I couldn't go to the bathroom  
Without gettin' some second-hand Hell with how I'm 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, them the thieves, DVDs, literally anything  
Food I bought anything from the vending machine  
Credit card crack any door, like janitor keys  
Niggas even took credit for the man I would be  
And if I let 'em he would probably take twenty percent, managing 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 momma, I lost a part of me  
She lost her whole damn life from systems 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 was stoppin' me  
Either fulfill myself or be a self-fulfilling' prophecy  
This just how I introduce myself, talk to me  
Kemba

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>