

Demons

Iggy Azalea

It go fly bitch, fly shit, and got these ho on my dick
And if I could have one wish its that I die rich
Yeah, a bitch tryna go to the grave with it
Know I keep that crack, gettin paid with it
Real talk, while you bitches just play with it
Long hair don't care, Bad bitch. Don't stare
You could leave don't care won't care, flow rare
So turned up don't wanna turn down
You see that ass from the front, no turn arounds
Like got damn, I mean oh, shit! cold bitch and my flow sick
So sick I might cough and hack and then toss some racks
Like count alla that
Nah, now I'm about my business. And I know these hoes ain't with it
Wanna talk about paper? I got it. Broke muthafuckas might not get it
Now murder murder kill, hundred dollar bills
Real bitch till I die, now tell me how it feel, huh?!

Demons, Cmon!
You gotta vision, you're on a mission...
Demons, Live on!
And where I die, hang me high!

Real bitch till I die, Now tell me how it feel, huh?!

Money up so its going down, I got enough dough to go round and round
I'm talkin round and round, but no merry-go
Hoes see me out and say "there she go"
You know point and look. You know stop and stare
Yeah I'm racked up, but not stopping there
You see me in the store then I'm copping that
Clutch full of that green, Rodman hair
You know first class champagne designer life is my campaign
I been ill and I can't change, so ill its a damn shame
But I spend it like its no damn thang what you made in a year is just chump change
Low paper, really no paper, huh?
Bitch gone do it, watch me run through it. You don't fuck with who? Bitch you sound stupid
Bitch gone do it, watch me run through it. And we ain't never stopping. act like ya know it!

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Real bitch till I die, Now tell me how it feel, huh?!