

Demon Mode - Nardo Wick Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

"Demon Mode"

Ain't got to turn on demon mode, that shit be automatic
Ain't got to tell her, "Take 'em, off, " that shit be automatic
See this lil' cube on the back, it make it automatic
Nigga ain't teach me to be real, that shit was automatic
Gave her what's under my belly, now, she love me
Walk in the building, now, all the pretty bitches tug me
Her hair got caught on my chain when she tried to hug me
Found out I hit his ho, he see me and he mug me
Every time I see the camera, throw the gang up
We some dogs and got on chains, but, they can't tame us
Every time that one corner get hit up, they blame us
We like a record label, make a nigga famous
Say he a lame, yeah, okay lames still pussy
I'm like, "Bro, why the fuck you keep lookin'?"
Ayy, man, this beat can have that whole crowd duckin'
The clip got somethin' in it, pull it 'til it's nothin'

It got hoes in the telly, racks in the duffle
Choppers in the Sprinter Van bust a nigga bubble
They say I'm all alone, I see they in a group
But, this lil' cube on the back'll break up a nigga huddle

What's the play? (What's the play?)

What's the word? (What's the word)

You say they over there (over there)

Fuck it, go and swerve

We really get into it (bang)

We really do it

We livin' what we rappin', we not just makin' music

Pull up thirty deep, but, I'm by myself

"Nardo, what you mean?" I got like twenty-nine shells

Hopped out patty cake, that mean I hopped out clappin' shit

Hopped out Will Smith, that mean I hopped out smackin' shit

And I keep that pipe, I feel like Pookie, nigga

I'm so icy, boy, I feel like Gucci, nigga

I make yo' block hot, I think I'm Tunechi, nigga

My lil' badass, I feel like Boosie, nigga

She got the nerve to pop a Perc' before I fuck her

Put yo' phone in the safe then we can cuddle

We can fuck a thousand times, still ain't a couple

Or take you shoppin' 'cause I'm havin', I ain't no sucker

Just like I left the barber shop, I'm comin' trim
Pull over, give you wood, yeah, I'm one of them

Blam 'em in the mall, yeah, one of them
Peon, pussy boy, can't call me one of them

Pull up in what you run on in the 'Burbs

Threat who? Come again, say what?

Lil' nigga got some nerves

"Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang"

That because of words

"Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang"

Got what he deserve

Pull up Trackhawk, farm in my hood, lot of horses in 'em

She like a gun range

Know that 'ussy good, I keep bustin' in it

Like a toothpick, stick to his teeth like it's somethin' in it

Pointin' fingers, move it back and forth until you hear it clickin'

Ain't got to turn on demon mode, that shit be automatic

Ain't got to tell her, "Take 'em, off, " that shit be automatic

See this lil' cube on the back, it make it automatic

Nigga ain't teach me to be real, that shit was automatic

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com

Showthelyrics.com