

# On Demand

## Trademark Da Skydiver & Young Roddy

[Verse 1: Young Roddy]

And I could make a couple grand on a bad day  
You riding or get rolled over  
Got roaches in my ashtray , got liquor in my cup holder  
Got killers on my payroll, I'm all about my pesos  
Where haven't we been yet? I go places they can't go  
My homie on the run, he dodging court he trying to lay low  
I put her ass to sleep I beat that pussy, Cassius Clay though  
Got rubber band bank rolls, I used to slang that yayo  
I'm trying to stay safe though, they murder everyday though  
Got Fritos, Doritos, all that shit on my plate though  
From sundown to sun-up I'm trying to bake a cake though  
Like Spaceman on Sunset Park, I don't play though  
I been fly, earned my wings and my halo  
What up Pedro, I could get it when I say so  
My credit A-1, recorded this on take one  
Straight up, ay tell them pussy niggas pay up  
Shit they been sleeping too long, bout time they wake up  
I swear I started broke but now my weight up  
I swear they cooking birds without no apron  
I swear my bitch pretty with no makeup  
I swear she fuck me good and hook a steak up  
I went from Micky D's to filet mignon  
They player of the year like Jeromey Rome  
My cousin [?]  
Swear he made a hundred grand with that trap phone

[Hook]

Straight up, hey tell them pussy niggas pay up  
I'm getting to the riches, I ain't tripping off these bitches  
Straight up, hey tell them pussy niggas pay up  
And I ain't got no patience mane, stop faking with my paper mane  
Straight up, hey tell them pussy niggas pay up  
I'm getting to the riches, I ain't tripping off these bitches  
Straight up, hey tell them pussy niggas pay up  
And I ain't got no patience mane, stop faking with my paper mane

[Verse 2: Trademark Da Skydiver]

I'm moving forward on my grind homie, I ain't got time to backtrack  
Kill a beat like I hate tracks, raps tight like I ace rap

Villain off in the building strapped I owe the game some payback  
Looking like a million, smelling like an open loud pack  
Resurface for the checks and respect, I need all that  
These pussy niggas don't wanna see me with it, what you call that?  
Blue bitches in my nike box, 20 grand in my shoe rack  
OG live by the code of the streets, I ain't a new jack  
Young Nino Brown I been putting it down, pulled off a few acts  
I'm back like it was written, spitting different call it abstract  
Shitting on niggas like I took a Pepto and an Ex-Lax  
I'm coming for they head like red dots on their Bape hats  
It's my time to sit at the table look where my plate at  
Me and my bitch just trying to get rich like Vanna and Sajak  
Point me to the money guarantee I'm going to get that  
Big dog in the yard, bout to shake up all these stray cats

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>