Back from the Dead (feat. Skepta)

Riff Raff & DJ Afterthought

Back from the dead, back from the dead
Back from the, back from the dead
Back from the dead, back from the dead
Back from the, back from the deadYeah, the baby blue coupe looks like baby food
My diamonds jumping out the gym since preschool
You a typewriter, I'm the type to collect titles
Yeah, Versace gingivitis, diamonds on my pacifier
I even as a youth crushed jewels upon my tooth
Throw the car seat out the roof, I hit the state troops
I finessed the Jaguar, I candy coated my car
I got Butterfinger interior, intercept a miracleBack from the dead, back from the dead
Back from the, back from the dead
Back from the dead, back from the dead
Back from the, back from the dead
If I had to take a L
Take it on the chin (mhm)
Lennox Lewis ting (bling)
All I do is win (bling)
Seattle for my bling (ice)
All you hear is 'shing'
Chicken wing swing
When I'm dancing with my ting
You think you're scary?
I'm dead already
My funeral was amazing
It was beautiful (sick)
Doves flying
Brothers blazing in the cubicles (s'matter?)
Fakes crying
Rest in peace
It's so delusional
But I know that's the usual
Back from the dead, back from the dead
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Back from the dead, back from the dead
Back from the, back from the dead

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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