

Funeral Season (feat. Styles P, Bun B, & Hit-Boy)

Statik Selektah

Statik, wuddup?

Ghost

Did lot Stone cold shooter, let the heater blow
Gun that a just main Twitter, follow the leader though
Up in the hood, homie askin, I got my Nina on
Just stood his eyes on some niggas that he needed gone

It's like that recorder, life ain't normal

If you die to shine then ice ain't for you

If the sky fall then the sky can't warn you

When your head crack the base don't warn you

Lightin up weed, pour that sour

In the streets in the mix like Kool Aid powder

Ride on them niggas, show em you ain't coward

Yea you got family but you ain't ours

Get popped up, oxed up, or boxed up

Think it's a joke then bitch nigga done up up

Cuz I'm ghost and I'm still OG

This time I'm with Statik and it's real OG, wuddup? Livin rich or livin poor

Funerals stay on schedule

This not season, can't stop the heatin

Funerals stay on schedule

All the G's is getting money and relaxin

But funerals stay on schedule

And I don't even care about the charges, invade federal

Funerals stay on schedule I walk the cold streets of the city with big heaters

Ready for cats, there's no one up, they dick beat us

Yea it's Big B, the trill OG walkin

So keep yo mouth shut when the OG talkin

If I want your opinion then nigga I'll beat it out of you

I'm real for the gunners bitch, I do on what I gotta do

And that's got a lot to do with where I was raised

Reach and old man in the trill where they roamin with K's

Always round with the gauge and they lurkin with meaners

Who will serve to get paid, committing more than misdemeanors

Once the while the shit you see my nigga do in his life

The average shit, there's no one on here every night

You can go to PA, til they beam all the yonkers

The young niggas wilin in the streets, going bonkers

Best thing I could do right now is pray for you

Just to narrow that pistol nigga to lay on you, hold upLivin rich or livin poor
Funerals stay on schedule
This not season, can't stop the heatin
Funerals stay on schedule
All the G's is getting money and relaxin
But funerals stay on schedule
And I don't even care about the charges, invade federal
Funerals stay on scheduleFor every nigga that say he proud of me
It's a nigga that's out for me
Feelin like Martin Luther, I'm standin out on the balcony
Niggas used to be tough but I cut em off, call em equities
Niggas was in the fam with me, only niggas that dance with me
Bitches ain't wanna fuck, now they on and this for a chance with me
If you knew what that bass meant this is my fuckin rhapsody
Feel like I'm a rhapsody, killin it with my faculty
High up above the ground, I swear I'm defying gravity
Yea I be younger but when I grow up I'mma buy me something
I always knew I'm like the psyche bluffin
Miss clear where the hustle, watch where I could see the future
We got bigger guns than dreams, little niggas will shoot ya
For no reason other than colors, he looked up to his brother
Now we layin beside him, too many tears for a mother
Too many story of hunger but fuck ya
If I must so I be out here in the streets tryna teach my niggas to come up, wordLivin rich or livin poor
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Songwriters

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