

Funeral

Cam'ron

I'm at my man funeral (funeral, funeral)
Looking at his girl cry (girl cry, girl cry)
Preacher sayin' he a good man (good man, good man)
Man, that's a fuckin' lie (fuckin' lie, fuckin' lie) I'm at my man funeral (funeral, funeral)
And I'm wearing all black (all black, all black)
Wanna tell his mother that (mother that, mother that)
"Your son was a fuckin' rat" I wish that I could be like (be like, be like)
That's what I was here to say (here to say, here to say)
For two years he wore a wire (a wire, a wire)
So we all here today (here today, here today)
Then I seen his paperwork (his paperwork x2)
It was hotter than Tobasco (Tabasco, Tabasco)
And all I could think about (think about)
Was Don-(Don, Don, Don) Donnie Brasco
I spit it out like tobacco ('bacco, bacco)
We gon' have to kill him, yo (kill him, yo kill him, yo)
Cause I'm more like the Sopranos (Sopranos, Sopranos)
(Who you talkin?)
I'm talking Tony, Paulie, Silvio Looking back it was lots of cream
But circle back, this is how I dream
How your man gonna plot and scheme with the government
They lovin' it
Just shot my team
I'm cooler than Pac though
When he say
"Man, somebody shot Raheem"
I'm at my man funeral (kill 'em, kill 'em)
Looking at his kids face (kill 'em, kill 'em)
But he the one that did it to 'em (kill 'em, kill 'em)
Man, what a fuckin' waste (kill 'em, kill 'em)
Then I see his baby mom (baby mom, baby mom)
Sayin' that she stay the strongest (strongest, strongest)
I'm thinking like sure, yeah right (sure, yeah right, sure, yeah right)
She be fuckin' talkin' for the longest (the longest, the longest)
(Word) They think I went to school with 'em (didn't, (didn't)
I thought that I knew the fool (knew the fool, knew the fool)
I really feel bad for 'em (bad for 'em, bad for 'em)
But that nigga knew the rule (knew the rule, knew the rule)
Every meetin' that we had done (we had done, we had done)

No snitches we stayed (we stayed, we stayed)
He had me on fire (fire, fire)
Now he gettin' cremated He gotta leave Earth, yo (Earth, yo Earth, yo)
We ain't doing burial (burial, burial)
Ten shots to the face, man (face, man face, ma)
Oooh kill 'em, TerRio (TerRio, TerRio) Be glad we did it this way (this way, this wa)
Cause my dog still bark (still bark, still bark)
We gave him back to the family (family, family))
His status would have been milk carton Yeah, you know that Lost and Found (Lost and Found, Lost and Found)
Where they never find shit (find shit, find shit)
Ain't nobody see a damn thing (a damn thing, a damn thing)
That Stevie Wonder blind shit (blind shit, blind shit) But I'm at my man funeral (funeral, funeral)
I'm at my man funeral (funeral, funeral)
I'm at my man funeral (funeral, funeral)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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