The Wake

Zoo Kid

It really was all Drama's fault, I been had the mixtape done
He's like, yeah, that's cool but I'm 'bout to go to the Bahamas
Bahamas? Nigga, we got work to do
We gotta finish killin' the fuckin' competition
We can start the funeral service
First off I wanna send my condolences
First off I wanna send my condolences
First off I wanna send my condolences
Rest in peace to the competition, yeah
Rest in peace to the competition
What's up, Drama? Y'all know what this is right?
Da, da grillz, da, da, da grillz
Da, da grillz, da, da, da grillz
Da, da grillz, da, da, da grillz
Da, da grillz, da, da, da, da, da
I am logged on to fuck niggas dot com
And I am everything these fuck niggas, not Drama
I am logged on to fuck niggas dot com
And I am everything these fuck niggas, not Drama
Must be some confusion, you niggas are not me
I am an illusion, really what you cannot see
So picture me like a paparazzi, H dot N dot I dot C
We don't play when we roll, no Yahtzee
And I hate you niggas, no Nazi
But this the holocaust, rap genocide, yeah
Ike Turner take that bitch slaps in the ride
My shorty tellin' me, kill the competition boo
And I be tellin' her There Is No Competition 2, nice
There Is No Competition 2
It's good to wake up look in the mirror
And the only competition's you
And even that nigga ain't seein' me
My reflection have a hard time bein' me
So they tryna do me shit, it's time to dead it
I'm what ya don't do even if Simon said it
I kill 'em with the shine, yeah, these black diamond's credit
And my watch is sick but I have no time for medics
Black ice in the Ottomar, this is custom order bra
First I call the jeweler up, then I call the coroner

My car is foreigner, my bitch is from Florida
I killed the pussy last night so now her man is mournin' her
Good mornin', sir, I goodnight, niggas
Y'all on death row, I Suge Knight, niggas
Time to depart, I book flights, nigga
Wassup son? What it look like, nigga?
Black dress, black suits, black shades, black boots
Black truck, black coupe, guns blow, black flutes
Black card, black jewels, black party bag
Black Friday, throw it in a body bag
Black Barbie, that's what I call my black braud
African plug, that's what I call a black chord
Get ya sharps, get ya flats, that's the black keys
Gettin' slick'll get ya holes in ya black tees
Black limos, black town cars, black hearses
Black register books signed in black cursive
Black tears, white tissues outta black purses
That's procedure when I'm sendin' back verses
The wake, it's the wake right here
Come before the funeral, nigga
They call me funeral fab, nigga, a.k.a Young Funeral
I'm killing these niggas
And I'm the undertaker, Drama
With the body in the bag
All these niggas is dead
You look around, they're all dead
This will be fun, it's tree fam nigga, affiliates, nice

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