

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
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 braid

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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