The Funeral

Swizz Beatz

The funeral now wants a piece of the action, fuck relaxing
I ant been to a funeral since Jackson
Known shit
I ant going to my own shit
Trying to figure out what the fuck they calling me for?
It's a death detour
Kinda funny
Could it be my mom trying to kill me for insurance money?
(Whoa whoa whoa) Hold up let me clear that up I ant saying my mother killed me for insurance money but uhh, that's the story... anyway
That chick who went killed her parents and got rich,
Set their house on fire then watched them lynch,
Ever since its been nothing but black clouds and black cats,
And every night I see a old man with black slacks
An ex preacher rapes his niece but who cares,
For 15 years I ran down the stairs he disappears
But I often,
Smell a coffin
Before I hop in it (deaths calling)
Ain't no stopping it
Maybe death is coming cause they did things different,
Like killed you in your crib right in front of your infants
Right next to the crib, with the blood on the bib.
They energize like the generator throw you down the incinerator
I'm no imitator,
I'm straight veil for it black and got a hole in it
When I fell through
But I must you tell you
Ain't shit they can do to me that hasn't been done under the dirt
I'm under the gun
I'm not ganna run
So pull your four four out your holsters (holsters)
Cock back one time and call ghostbusters
I know hustlers that been killed for spilt like Obi dressed in silk
I thought he was built till his brain flew
Should of seen the way his head tilt
Poor Papi
I wonder how he filled up in the autopsy
(I'm glossy) looking like a fossil up in heaven singing gospel

While I'm at home with these wearing rosary beads
Those his keys?
Should have been given to me
So I can flip'em in a dream
Bail straight outta Hell and move to Fort Lauder dale
Where death cant tell if your dead or alive
I've seen many shot and stab and some survived
The funeral, Man the funeral

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