

# Best Friend

Yelawolf

Ain't never been much of the church type  
But I believe in the last days  
I walk through Hell almost every night  
But I believe it's a pathway  
Say boy, what you doin' with your life  
With those tattoos on your face?  
Say boy, you know that you'll pay the price  
Well, I guess I'll see when I head that way To the Father, Son and Holy Spirit  
I hold You nearest  
My best friend, best friend  
Let the trumpets blow with Your appearance  
I can almost hear it  
My best friend, best friend  
When you wish me Hell upon my soul and spirit  
Behold these lyrics  
I got a best friend, best friend  
Yeah, I got a best friend, best friend, yeah I don't know much about Holy Bibles  
But I grew up in the Bible Belt  
I put my love for a woman on idle  
Because I got beat with my mama's belt  
But I learned from my mistakes  
Try hard to respect people for what they believing in  
But if you spit on my fucking grave  
And wish me Hell then I wish you well  
I'mma send you straight up to my best friend To the Father, Son and Holy Spirit  
I hold You nearest  
My best friend, best friend  
Let the trumpets blow with Your appearance  
I can almost hear it  
My best friend, best friend  
When you wish me Hell upon my soul and spirit  
Behold these lyrics  
I got a best friend, best friend  
Yeah, I got a best friend, best friend, yeah God, please could you arm me with the armor  
To calm me when there's drama like Gandhi?  
Could have gone the other way many times  
Could have turned Dalai with the lama  
But I squashed my beefs and things seem to be looking decent  
Recently, but don't jinx it, it's like Clint Eastwood

Looking for peace though, maybe not finna enter  
The priesthood, but at least should  
Make an attempt to show some remorse  
And to be some sort of a repent  
For the people I've been a menace to  
Not a preacher, but a shit starter and finisher  
Into the mind of a thick skin, but a short temper  
This patience of mine is thinner  
Than twine is when I  
Get attacked so I might say something back that might offend you  
So if you don't like when I rap or  
What I have to say on the mic then you  
Might wanna act just like quarterbacks  
And take a fuckin' hike when I snap 'cause I'm a sinner  
(I got a best friend, best friend)  
Plus balls and intestines  
And they never been yes men  
They gon' tell me when I'm fuckin' up  
The minute I'm ever giving it less than  
I'm about to vomit and I can feel it coming  
Cause failure's something I can barely stomach  
And I only listen to my gut  
So unless you're my fuckin' belly button  
Don't tell me nothin'  
You ain't my (best friend, best friend)  
Who you think I'm talking 'bout?  
Lifts me up when I'm down and out  
Still look to him without a doubt  
Still got a (best friend, best friend) Shout it out  
Like there's never been a louder mouth  
Should have never been allowed a mouth  
Now that I got a higher power now when I blackout, power outage  
They powerless, but they crowd around  
They tend to flock like shepherds, the black sheep  
But I be the worst thing that these motherfuckers ever heard  
When I'm counted out  
You be D-O-A, they'll announce  
But pronounce you dead when they sound it out  
So prepare for a rival  
Your arch enemy surrounds you now he's all around you  
Not even the doctors at the hospital  
Are gonna shiggy-shock you back to life  
It's in-piggy-possible to revive you  
That's word to the diggy doc  
Stiggy-stopping is not an option

Something I'm not gonna do  
I'm the Iggy Pop of hip-hop when I walk in the booth  
Dawg, I'm the truth like Biggie rockin' with 2Pac in the suit  
Talking to Proof dropping a deuce  
Fill up a syllable clip like a refillable script  
Cock and I shoot  
Who you think's my glock that I use?  
That I pull from to get my strength up against these haters  
And he'll be waiting at the gate when you get sprayed up  
Sending you hoes straight up to deal with my (best friend) To the Father, Son and Holy Spirit  
I hold You nearest  
My best friend, best friend  
Let the trumpets blow with Your appearance  
I can almost hear it  
My best friend, best friend  
When you wish me Hell upon my soul and spirit  
Behold these lyrics  
I got a best friend, best friend  
Yeah, I got a best friend, best friend, yeah

Songwriters

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