

# Holy Holy (feat. Ab-Soul & BJ The Chicago Kid)

## Vic Mensa

[Intro: Vic Mensa]

Cam, whattup bro?

Rest in peace Killa Cam[Verse 1: Vic Mensa]

I been smokin' that can't you tell, I'm high as hell

Hide my pain, but I hide it well, die for thinkin' like Galileo

Posted with my homies, brosky rollin' OZs

Hope this stogie that we smoking help me fake forget I'm lonely

Lonely Massachusetts, on the road no roadies

Wrote this song inside my notebook, took this tunchi think of Tony

He was only 20, took one in the tummy

Caught a bullet to the backbone by the hand of his own homie

Holy Jesus holy holy

Holy Jesus holy holy

Holy Jesus holy holy

Holy Jesus holy holy[Hook: Vic Mensa]

Who can see the future? We may never know it

Sweets and kama sutra, swisher swisher would you blow it?

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If the world ends tomorrow

If the world ends tomorrow, would you smoke with me?

If the world ends tomorrow

If the world ends tomorrow, would you smoke with me?[Verse 2: Vic Mensa]

Call your grandma, go light this L, go post bro bail

Hate to spend your last night in jail, make a plan and try to make amends

Or maybe take a stand and tell how you feel

Sentimental recollection, revelation, resurrection, God, question

What would people think about if I died?

I wonder sometimes if this music I

Make would keep me alive

But what if my tape never dropped or my album had flopped

Or I stopped at a red light and a semi-truck ran into my ride

What would my obituary column be?

How would they color me in the media? Wikipedia follow me

Would you follow my failures or mail your family apologies?

Like, sorry for your loss, like they the one that lost

Well I'm watchin' from the side like a six man

Feelin' like Marlon Wayans but without the white chicks man

I remember when they killed Killa Cam on Stoney

Got it tattooed on my wrist in memory of my big homie[Hook][Verse 3: Ab-Soul]  
See these the type of records make me think about Alori  
It kills me inside we can't hear her side of the story  
I kept my Metro PCS with all of our text messages  
As evidence that I was thinking holy matrimony  
Holy moly was I incorrect, chain smokin' cigarettes  
My tee is wrinkled but the irony is that I'm so depressed  
Ain't no gettin' over this, I just lost my everything  
Meanin' that even me breathing now is inhumane  
She live through me until I die, this what love sound like  
I'm her baby boy, she my rib I'm always by her side  
God, lend my my angel for a day or so  
I'd pack up all my sins and every L I blow and let 'em go[Hook][Outro: Vic Mensa] x3  
Make your bed, play for dead, kill your enemies  
Smoke down, get drunk, have a party  
Fall in love with you  
Wonder if you still remember me  
Or would you just fade away?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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