

# The Wake

Billy Woods

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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