

FUNERAL

DC the Don

Oh, oh
Yeah, yeah
Swerve, swerve, swerve (Woah, woah)
Swerve, swerve, swerve
Woah
Yeah

Hold up, okay, let's turn up for a second
Can you name another nigga doin' the impossible, makin' this shit look so easy?
See, I'm rockin' Marni, Marni on the weekend, popped another sixty, now a nigga geekin'
Now that she feelin' hot as hell, I fell asleep with a demon, I got her on her knees, fiendin'

Bitch, I'm up in Paris, first-class shorty
Bitch, I'm in Milan, but only for the weekend
Honolulu, Hawaii, sorry, I'm retreatin'
I be sending subliminals, girl, I been off of my phone, I ain't got no service for a reason
I'm off the grid, I'm tryna race a fast car, hit the pedal, when I jump the curb, I'm swerving

Swerving, swerving, swerving
Swerve, swerve, swerve (Yeah)
Swerving, swerving
Swerve, swerve, swerve (Yeah)
Swerving, swerving
Swerve, swerve, swerve
Swerving, swerving
Swerve, swerve

I done came up the long way, they tryna end me
But I don't give a fuck 'cause my mama can slide to my funeral inside a Bentley (Skrrt, skrrrt)
They like, "Don't interrupt", but I'm woofin' so loud, if you really want me, come and get me
Feelin' like I'm too up to look down at these niggas, I hope that we all run it up

That's for sure, bitch, I been held this shit back
You know I been makin' shit clap
You know I been spendin' least a five-fifty every week, then I make it back
'Cause you know I been putting all these fuckin' diamonds on my neck, they flooding all, for certain
If you dancing on me, gotta give out a flash warnin', got your bitch feelin' too nervous, nervous
Watch them niggas hatin' from the bleachers 'cause my lifestyle too perfect, perfect
We in Vegas, bitch, we at the Little Caesar's like Rihanna, got this bitch workin', workin'
Upper echelon, I'm rocking Saint Laurent, and my cellphone keep chirpin', chirpin'
They been feenin' out for the Don, baby, and I'm servin', servin'

I done came up the long way, they tryna end me
But I don't give a fuck 'cause my mama can slide to my funeral inside a Bentley

ley (Funeral)

They like, "Don't interrupt", but I'm wolfing so loud, if you really want me
, come and get me

Feelin' like I'm too up to look down at these niggas, I hope that we all run
it up

Bitch, I'm up in Paris, first-class shorty (Oh)

Bitch, I'm in Milan, but only for the weekend

Honolulu, Hawaii, sorry, I'm retreatin'

I be sending subliminals, girl, I been off of my phone, I ain't got no service for a reason (Ayy)

I'm off the grid, I'm tryna race a fast car, hit the pedal, when I jump the curb, I'm swerving

Swerving, swerving, swerving

Swerve, swerve, swerve (Yeah)

Swerving, swerving

Swerve, swerve, swerve (Yeah)

Swerving, swerving

Swerve, swerve, swerve (Swerving)

Swerving, swerving

Swerve, swerve

Swerve, swerve, swerve

Swerve, swerve, swerve