

# Funeral Ashes

Rylo Rodriguez

I'm still ridin' on Palm Angels, yeah  
I got juice, juicin' out the Off White  
Al Geno on the track  
Fifty racks, you hear me?

VVs in my chain, came from Section 8 homes (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Niggas I thought would slide, I left 'em at the playground (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

How could I ever forget you?  
You did me dirty, you did me wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong (Did me wrong)  
Why would I ever miss you?  
Won't dial no numbers, I'm leanin' off styrofoam (Won't dial no numbers)  
He got the address to the funeral (Watchu doin', Rylo?), I'm dyin' to live (I'm dyin', I'm dyin')  
He catch a body, did me up ten bands, them niggas dyin' to kill (Dyin' to kill)

How you supposed to change, everyday you do the same thing? (Same thing)  
Wake up, first thing on her mind, "Gotta dodge chain gang" (That's the first thing)  
Glock 27 with a thirty in there to make his brain hang (Make his brain hang)  
.223 Kel-Tec rifle, that'll make my chain gang  
I know a young nigga who got locked, we was doin' the same thing (We was doin' the same thing)  
I know a couple niggas earnin' stripes, that nigga used to be lame (Used to be lame)  
Seen scared niggas turn hard, seen grown men turn boys  
I gave her a hotel card, we fuck at the awards  
And went to have a lil' boy, thinkin' 'bout nothin' when I'm rod  
So he can keep it with him  
He better not tell, one at the head even if your people with you (Your people with you)  
Boss nigga get caught up inside the game, who tryna beat the system? (Tryna beat the system)  
I got blood who got blood who got leeches with 'em  
I know rappers who know rappers and don't want no features with 'em  
Nobody made it where I'm from, project concrete (Project concrete)  
Million dollar nigga, I'm in my city ridin' 'round one deep (I'm ridin' 'round one deep)  
Don't hold my hand, ho, even though we fucked at Palm Beach (We fucked at Palm Beach)

Ashes in the McLaren  
Fifty racks on me, three straps on me  
Flawless diamonds got her starin' (Starin')  
How long will they mourn me? Strapped up performin' (Strapped up performin')

I can show emotions but it's hard when you come around  
Thought that I could cry thinkin' 'bout Day, they start comin' down (They start comin' down)  
I ain't seen none of these hoes when I was broke, what got 'em comin' 'round?  
I don't give a fuck about a post, I pull up Ghost, I feel a hunnid now  
Load my hand with racks, not just off streams, I get hunnid thousands

Junkie got the lean for every line, I give a hunnid dollars  
Way before this rap shit, I had fifty-nine, got a hunnid problems  
We did a lick so fuck the gym, we pushin' weight, cuz say we tryna spot him  
Tell me I'm yours (Tell me I'm yours), and I don't really care who knows it  
But can we afford, ayy, to be that open? We know what I got goin'  
I'll fuck you like a miss you for  
They gon' ghost, don't hit you up  
FaceTime, I don't pick it up (Don't pick it up)  
How 'bout you just ask me how I've been? (Ask me how I've been)  
Why I can't just fuck you with your friends? (Why I can't just fuck you with  
your friends?)

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