

Funeral Arrangements

Sy Ari Da Kid

It slows his fall
And don't say you know now how it felt
You've been preachin' about me dying
Preachin' about my son on the cross
But I know, know

Ayy, rest in peace (Rest in peace)
Dearly departed and deceased, yeah-yeah
Yellow tape and white sheets (White sheets), yeah
Six feet underneath us
I'll- I'll dead you
Yeah, I'll dead you (Ayy)
Rest in peace (R.I.P.)
Dearly departed and deceased, yeah-yeah (Banks, uh)

Witness direct effects of the savage life
Feel a hundred times that's went in my favor, feels like a sacrifice
Fully-auto in your lap despite
In the ghetto when the pavement built up an appetite
So the grave site's familiar, don't need your hazard lights
Corners'll put you back to ice
You can chill 'em, but karma comes with a package price
And death comes in threes, blessings subtract it twice
Flashbacks of your past advice
Flowers over your casket nice
But you leavin' it down bad, battered bitch with a bastard, right?
You gotta pick up when your time's callin'
If that's your man, you slide for 'em
You fraudin' with your weak ass
Here for the food and weed pass
You back to normal, weak pass
You took a knee in front of his dome, he helped you on your feet fast
Ain't it that bitch?
You the captain, what part of the flight is this?
You needin' a hand, then you better, you like to wish
That ain't the plan, fuck your hand, them bloodsuckers'll bite your wrist
All of your [?] ride or die know you the type to switch
Keep your prayer hands in your captions, you shouldn't be typin' shit

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Finally havin' conversations in the mirror
Started lookin' at myself instead of blamin' all my niggas, word
Yeah, or tryna change up for a difference
Or speak about the way that you been livin'
They say don't have regrets, you can't erase the things you did when you was
younger
Now the suspect is about to play the victim
Remember the code, old evil you
When you was too busy to see that your bro needed you

And don't pretend that you don't know, it's only me and you
Like hoes that'll comment on posts, but won't DM you
Used to steal gas, drive off to see your moms travel
And you've never seen none of your kids born, have you?
All that speculatin' on how you a father, but you fake
But never told the world that your daughter met you late
Pause it, wait
Yeah, went from rings to Kayla
Then from Kayla to Braylyn, then from Braylyn right back to Kayla
Just say you a player, just say you ain't really love 'em the way you portra
y it
If you gon' cut to the basket, just make all your layups
How you break all them commandments before you say your prayers?
How you make friends with the devil just so you make some paper?
And legal troubles, I get that you was tryna lead a struggle
But what about all the people you hustle?
All the pieces you tumbled and fumbled to feast in this jungle
Don't hide from reflections beneath the puddle
I was you 'til I murdered you, I'm a murderer
Homicide slash suicide, I'm a burglar-er
Stole the vibe that you was livin' in, now it's personal
Naptime, it's a flatline, that's affirmative

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Still in the hood, niggas hateful I made it
I just pray they pay me no mind when I'm makin' my payments
Real lyrics and songs that come out of fake entertainers
If a funeral's what you need, I can make the arrangements
Forsaskin' the plaintiffs and the judge and jury
If the gloves don't fit, I'll split in a fuckin' fury
These niggas do nothin' for me
Try to box me in, if you win, it comes with an asterisk
I never went to class, but refuse to remain classless
If life is a movie, I'm fuckin' the main actress
Now I need you to sit calm or a casket is what your cast gets
I hunt 'em like Katniss, but I don't play them Hunger Games
Soon as they see my tracklist, these niggas catch stomach pains
Ashes to ashes, bodies in furnaces, tie me a tourniquet
A trip to the sky'll be permanent, Sy, he encouraged it
I guess that makes him the Devil's advocate
That force tried to invade these streets and was met with savages
You can call me the catalyst, a lead strategist
Work my hands 'til they get callouses, checks and balances
I was taught to respect the challenges
Silent talks with the reaper said I'm a keeper
Now I guess I know what the challenge is
Yeah, while these niggas remain borin'
I'm about to conjure these demons like Anna Lorraine Warren
I dread when that pain's callin', this the last time
You ain't never affect the game, I ain't interested in your stat line
You talk about your age and, like, you past prime
Sub you out before halftime, sendin' your soul to God'll be my last crime
That's 'cause you frontin', in your raps lyin'
Body drop, mind blown, heart stopped, eyes closed, flatline