

The Funeral

Tee Grizzley

(Helluva made this beat, baby)

She asked for a purse, I'm like, "You ain't go to the funeral?"
She said, "What you mean?" I'm like, "That shit dead" (R.I.P.)
She say she pullin' up, I'm like, "Bring an extinguisher"
She like, "Why?" 'Cause I need some fire-ass head

I don't like no bougie bitches, we ain't got nothin' in common (At all)
Like my hoes ratchet, she'll twerk in front of her mama (Fuck it up)
And her mama and her auntie gon' twerk with her (Fuck it up)
Her best friend gon' get drunk as fuck and flirt with her (Oh shit)
I got some new numbers, I need rubbers, it's gon' be a busy week
Copy-and-pasting messages to my freaks, I miss you, let's link
Say she want Ruth Chris, bitch, McDonalds up the street (Right there)
All that money shit, I do that for the 'Gram, ho, I'm cheap (Facts)

When she asked for a purse, I'm like, "You ain't go to the funeral?"
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When I hit, I'm out of your way (Gone)
Catch me a nut and I gotta skate
One in the head, don't cock it, okay?
I'm from the city, we cocky, okay?
Shaq with the number 'cause I had to block it, okay? (Outta here)
Shaq with the number 'cause I had to block it, okay? (Shit outta here)
You know it was my bitch if you got blocked from my page (Not me)
She asked, "Was it real?" I said, "Yeah, real fake" (Fake)
You knew what it was when I ain't take you on no real date (You knew)
Tryna beat it like I'm Mike, I'm tryna beat, bitch, like Dre, hold up, wait

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You know I ain't left-handed, 'cause I hit these bitches right away (Facts)
She so cold that I had to hit her by the fireplace (Yup)
Still waiting on the dealership to send my license plate
Came condom, I can't let 'em fry me like some rice and steak
Nah, I can't fuck her raw 'cause she gon' text like, "We gotta talk"
If your head fire, have my driver take you to the mall
Nah, you can't get in my bed in them pants, take 'em off
I'm a gentleman, after I fuck, here go a rag, wipe it off

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Need some fire-ass head from a bitch one time
Ain't gotta say much, could pull a bitch with one line
Niggas say they gangsters, ain't commit one crime
Fuck them niggas, though
Need some fire-ass head from a bitch one time
Ain't gotta say much, pull a bitch with one line, ayy

I been on that one grind, ayy
Grindin' 'til the sun down