

Mortuary

Twista

Uhh
Yeahh
Oh we do body bags in the winter
Yes sir
Get you a right nigga to do it
Yeahh

Woke up smelling gun powder
Didn't wanna smell it no more so I blew a blunt of sour
Take three months to devour
The city of Chicago
Diablo in the shower
The late can't cool niggas off
Play roles in the movies
But pussy can't fool niggas dog
Fuck Chiraq
Put the sun in my backpack
So much shit going on I wanna go back in my dad's sack
But since I'm here I'm something to fear
Looking way ahead of me nothing is near (Bang!)
Gun shots that make you jump in the rear
Blast from the past passing the grass up at the pier
Call me Mr. Grand Avenue
I blow two grams and laugh at you
You know what's going on when I blam at you
Vic Spencer the worst rapper that hurts rappers
You in the dirt faster
Bodies in the dumpster with the maggots

Have you dying like Chris Farley
Poor on the Harley
Until somebody departs me
Have you dying like Chris Farley
Poor on the Harley
Until somebody departs me

Take shots like medicine and get all ball
Get the shit the fuck out of here I'm better than all y'all
I be the one that's gon deliver whenever y'all call
Working the kitchen funkier than chitterlings and hog maws
Y'all when I think about what rhymes with Vic Spencer
Tryna figure it out, smoking weed from my dispenser
They unappealing why my flow rifle so vital
Have you danced on the ceiling like some throwback vinyl from Lionel
My pants sag even though I got on the Gucci belt
Cause I let them see it just so I can see how they coochie felt
This is the flow for the hotter mama
The dollar dollar
Milk from Cambodia
Powder water from Guatemala
OG and I'm making dollars like I was drag racing
Hop out the phantom in my pajamas at the gas station
Don't talk no shit cause eventually you gon starve me
And mentally you gon charge me
To a Spencer and we gon party

Have you dying like Chris Farley

Poor on the Harley
Until somebody departs me
Have you dying like Chris Farley
Poor on the Harley
Until somebody departs me