

Been 2 Hell & Back

wifisfuneral

Ayy, yuh
Ayy, I see dead people when I'm walking outside
I was raised to be on my shit stay ten toes outside

Ayy, I see dead people when I'm walking outside
I was raised to be on my shit, stay ten toes outside
Like is you really down to ride? Don't think you live this life
I could walk to hell and back and know I'd be alright

I told my daughter watch my back, cause him and I, we can't lack
Keep it silent when I'm walking, I stop tweaking with the flats
And I just made a call to Rex, see him on FaceTime with the strap
Down pack, racked up on 30 bands
Know that Usain Bolt to the guap
Fold flat, Hurricane Chris my fist

Oh yeah, hold up shawty, you know that I tweak, ayy
Beans got me geeking, shit, I bit down on my cheek, ayy
Pulled up in dat Royce like who dat, they like "Shit, thats Weef" ayy
Long way just from trapping out your mommys, shit, I see, ayy
30 on the bezel damn like "yea thats just a piece", ayy
I can't fuck no hoes, that bitch can take just like a sneeze, ayy
Blow pounds on the gas and now the space
You know my steez, ayy
Blow pounds on the- mm, yeah

You can't drag my dirt, through my carpet
Bilowing smoke like a rocket, pop this ain't no oxy
Tell the dead I'm sorry
Probably with them knots, be fly like Matt Hardy
I pour six inside my eight, me and death we got no fate
How you show up, this a hold up
They can't hold me from my glo up
When these bitch niggas gon' grow up?
Up that five, you gon throw up
Tweaking off brick like molly
Riding with a bitch named Molly, Holly
Is that Rich Gang shit? hardly
Pour the high tech for quali'

Ayy, I see dead people when I'm walking outside
I was raised to be on my shit, stay ten toes outside
Like is you really down to ride? don't think you live this life
I could walk to hell and back and know I'd be alright

I told my daughter watch my back, cause him and I, we can't lack
Keep it silent when I'm walking, I stop tweaking with the flats
And I just made a call to Rex, see him on FaceTime with the strap
Down pack, racked up on 30 bands
Know that Usain Bolt to the guap
Fold flat, Hurricane Chris my fist

Oh yeah, hold up shawty, you know that I tweak, ayy
Beans got me geeking, shit, I bit down on my cheek, ayy
Pulled up in dat Royce like who dat, they like "Shit, thats Weef" ayy
Long way just from trapping out your mommys, shit, I see, ayy
30 on the bezel damn like "yea thats just a piece", ayy

I can't fuck no hoes, that bitch can take just like a sneeze, ayy
Blow pounds on the gas and now the space
You know my steez, ayy
Blow pounds on the- mm, yeah