

## 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, that's Weef" ayy  
Long way just from trapping out your mommies, shit, I see, ayy  
30 on the bezel damn like "yea that's 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'

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