

Funeral Season (feat. Styles P, Bun B, & Hit-Boy)

Statik Selektah

Statik, wuddup?

Ghost

Did lotStone cold shooter, let the heater blow
Gun that a just main Twitter, follow the leader though
Up in the hood, homie askin I got my nina on
Adjusted his eyes on some niggas that he needed gone

It's like that regular, life ain't normal

If you dyin' to shine then ice ain't for you

If the sky fall then the sky can't warn you

When your head crack the dice don't warn you

Lightin up weed, pour that sour

In the streets in the mix like Kool Aid powder

Ride on them niggas, show em you ain't coward

Yea you got family but you ain't ours

Get popped up, oxed up, or boxed up

Think it's a joke then bitch nigga then hop up

Cuz I'm Ghost and I'm still OG

This time I'm with Statik and the Trill OG, wuddup?

Livin rich or livin poor

Funerals stay on schedule

This not season, can't stop the heathen

Funerals stay on schedule

All the G's is getting money and relaxin

But funerals stay on schedule

And I don't even care about the charges if they ain't federal

Funerals stay on scheduleI walk the cold streets of the city with big heaters

Ready for cats, there's no one up, they dick beaters

Yea it's Big B, the trill OG walkin

So keep yo mouth shut when the OG talkin

If I want your opinion then nigga I'll beat it out of you

I'm bred for the gutters bitch, I doin' what I gotta do

And that's got a lot to do with where I was raised

Original land of the trill where they roamin with K's

On the ground with the gauge, and they lurkin with ninas

Doing dirt to get paid, committing more than misdemeanors

What's the while the shit you see a nigga do in his life

Is the average shit

That's goin on here every night

You can go to PA, til they beam all the yonkers

The young niggas wildin in the streets, going bonkers

Best thing I could do right now is pray for you
I pass? the pistol nigga to lay on you, hold up
For every nigga that say he proud of me, it's a nigga that's out for me
Feelin like Martin Luther, I'm standin out on the balcony
Niggas used to be close but I cut em off, call em amputees
Niggas was in the van with me, only niggas advance with me
Bitches ain't wanna fuck, now they on they knees for a chance with me
If you knew what that bass meant this is my fuckin rhapsody
Feel like I'm on Rap City, killin it with my faculty
High up off the ground, I swear I'm defying gravity
An IE youngin but when I grow up I'mma buy me something
I always knew it like the psyche bluffin
Miss Cleo of the hustle, I swear I could see the future
We got bigger guns than dreams, little niggas'll shoot ya
For no reason other than colors, he looked up to his brother
Now we layin beside him, too many tears for a mother
Too many story of hunger but fuck ya infomercial
I be out here in the streets tryna teach my niggas to come up, word

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>