

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Dead The Funeral

Par Camron

Album : Big Mike, DJ Diggz & DJ Lust - The Hard Way 3 (The War Report) (Bootleg)

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Killa

'For leaf big blowgun, fag nigga's bitch, doj' an'

Peach chrome, sick Rover, Zeke home so bend over

He looked at me and said "Killa I'll be your kitchen pitcher, the bid was rough"

I said nigga I did the bid with' ya

Capiche, not Mona Lisa it's the big picture

Six scriptures, six blickers, grip triggers, strip niggaz

The Big Dipper, swig liquor, big liver

Now that you home watch the shit differ, I dig nigga

Soon as a nigga whisper, believe we jiggin' Jigga

He Elton Brand in a barber chair, he'll get the Clippers

I don't care who you are, the point, don't be stupid pa

We celebrities with guns, shooting stars

Yeah remove ya bras, a few of ours in through-in cars

Spray 21, Blackjack, I knew ya cards

Kid roll, Peter Rowe like Kennedy

Friends with me at the graveyard, visits from old enemies

Some bitched, some snitched, some owed us dough

Piss on the tombstone, write on it, "Told you so"

Check my portfolio, I was poor then rose to dough

KNow what I'm about in a drought I score, overflow

I'm the waterboy, wet work for water call

The price is nice, TLC, some waterfalls

Fiends snort it all, this fact I report to y'all

Go inside, extort them all, from short to tall you oughta ball

And where the ballas live and all my friends all to win

This the second time around, that shit you call again

Damn yo' lady fine, you been on yo' baby grind

Me I'm 86, highest temp, P-89s

Everyday we shine, fine, don't pay me mind

My watches are retarded, you can call 'em crazy times

Mines are more than brothers

We gon' rock til the Range, Benz, and Porsches clutter

Garage, assorted colors

Yeah Crayola box, for that, payola doc

I'll lay you over a stroller with the strangest odor ock

Is it over not, huh, we immune to you

We shoot the wake up, striaght up and dead the funeral

Ay yo hold the fuck up

I said we gon' shoot the wake up and dead the fu-

You dead already we gon' dead the fu-

Matter fact son, bring that shit back up, fuck it

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And you heard Rell, I do worst than foul
They murdered Roberta, lawyer murdered murder trials
We deserve to style, walk on Persian tile
On the island with millions, Durst to Al
I get cake in layers, not the Daily News
But when I flip, I make the papers, hate the mayor
I'm a gangsta, I fuck ma, go date a player
Man these dudes are fish market, straight fillet ya
Went to war with Kromo, then Pataki
Then Guilliani, then I went to North Cackalacky
What you gon' tell a mobster, cake was hella proper
No Petey Pablo when I saw them helicopters
That's the letter niggaz, trinckets from the ghetto bird
Her word said I gave the whole ghetto birds
Man your case go find it, need a new assignment
That ain't giving out, first of all that's call for silent
Contest to play
You got no gunwounds, jail time, felonies, real shit on your resume
I get you extra yay, not tomorrow, yesterday
If they ask, never say, snitch and we never play, ay