

# Funeral

## Shy Glizzy

I want all shooters at my funeral  
Only real niggas at my funeral  
It's gone be ten thousand bitches at my funeral  
Niggas gone have them pistols at my funeral  
It's gone be some superstars at my funeral  
Driving in exotic cars to my funeral  
Niggas that whip that brick of hard at my funeral  
You might get your ass robbed at my funeral  
They tell me stay out the streets Niggas trying  
to kill me  
This all I know I was born with the shit in me  
I don't leave the house if I don't have a semi  
My niggas ain't pouring no Remy, they don't drink Remy  
I'm all around the globe, just me and Benny  
We couting benji's bitches we bout to cop some Bentleys  
Matching Bentleys, just to be specific  
U should seen this bitches I had last night, she so terrific  
And she know I'm a fucking menace  
She look like Taraji P Henson  
Bury me in all white linen  
Bet you they won't say a pussy did it  
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I'm thinking about my granny, her name is Ann  
Just lost her daughter and her son did not become a man  
Got damn, everybody love miss Ann  
But she done been through so much pain, she don't give a damn  
Gotta stay strong for my fam, I made myself a man  
But if I dont, who the fuck gonna take care of my fam?  
My uncle in wheelchair, I'm trying to get him a lam  
Momma keep talking about her bills, that's why I'm out here hustling?  
I ain't stunt on these niggas like I really wanna  
I ain't fuck all these bitches that I really wanna  
I don't see these bitch niggas just like stevie wonder  
Wen i die all i want is...  
I want all shooters at my funeral

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End

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>