

Lil Skies, PlayThisAtMyFuneral (feat. Landon Cuk

Know you wouldn't show up to my funeral
You don't wanna realize that it's your fault
You leave me to die, but that's the usual
Knew you wouldn't stay there with me through it all
And I'm still speaking to you through this microphone
Give you love, give you pain, what kind of vibe you on?
Yeah, now I got your attention
Would you sit back and listen? Never speak on our business, woah

I'm sick of these damn meds
I'm sick of my damn bed
And I don't wanna go to sleep
You stuck in my damn head

I pour a 2 in my cup
1.5 in my blunt
I fell in love with the drugs
I think I can't get enough

Baby
Have you ever paid like six figures in taxes?
Have you ever kept them pills right by your mattress?
Have you ever made mistakes? I know that I did
Have you ever felt insane? I know that I did (Ayy, ayy)

Oh, oh, oh
See my blood in the snow
I done got too high and almost drove right off the road
I was in the zone, I didn't have nowhere to go
Steady pickin' flowers off the rose

Know you wouldn't show up to my funeral
You don't wanna realize that it's your fault
You leave me to die, but that's the usual
Knew you wouldn't stay there with me through it all
And I'm still speaking to you through this microphone
Give you love, give you pain, what kind of vibe you on?
Yeah, now I got your attention (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
Would you sit back and listen? Never speak on our business, woah

I'ma blast off, take off like a spaceship
More money, more problems, that's the same shit
She told me she loyal, think she want me 'cause I'm famous (Yeah)
I don't judge her 'cause I don't know what her name is (Yeah)

I always keep it on repeat, all of the things that you said
I keep on having vivid dreams about me crashing a Vette (Woah)
I ain't waking up, I never wanna get out of bed (Woah)
But I guess that waking up is better than being dead

Hey, felt like I got kicked in the head
All the shit that I done went through, pray I don't see the feds
I got shit up in my mental and I'm still seeing red
It's like paper and a pencil, we gon' mark you with lead (Hey)

Know you wouldn't show up to my funeral
You don't wanna realize that it's your fault
You leave me to die, but that's the usual
Knew you wouldn't stay there with me through it all
And I'm still speaking to you through this microphone (Woah)
Give you love, give you pain, what kind of vibe you on? (Woah)
Yeah, now I got your attention (Woah)
Would you sit back and listen? Never speak on our business, woah (Woah)

Oh, oh
Woah, oh-oh-oh
Yeah