

Holy Holy

Vic Mensa

Cam, whattup bro?
Rest in peace Killa Cam

I been smokin' that can't you tell, I'm high as hell
Hide my pain, but I hide it well, die for thinkin' like Galileo
Posted with my homies, brosky rollin' OZs
Hope this stogie that we smoking help me fake forget I'm lonely
Lonely Massachusetts, on the road no roadies
Wrote this song inside my notebook, toke this tunchi think of Tony
He was only 20, took one in the tummy
Caught a bullet to the backbone by the hand of his own homie
Holy Jesus holy holy
Holy Jesus holy holy
Holy Jesus holy holy
Holy Jesus holy holy

Who can see the future? We may never know it
Sweets and kama sutra, swisher swisher would you blow it?
Who can see the future? We may never know it
Sweets and kama sutra, swisher swisher would you blow it?
If the world ends tomorrow
If the world ends tomorrow, would you smoke with me?
If the world ends tomorrow
If the world ends tomorrow, would you smoke with me?

Call your grandma, go light this L, go post bro bail
Hate to spend your last night in jail, make a plan and try to make amends
Or maybe take a stand and tell how you feel
Sentimental recollection, revelation, resurrection, God, question
What would people think about if I died?
I wonder sometimes if this music I
Make would keep me alive
But what if my tape never dropped or my album had flopped
Or I stopped at a red light and a semi-truck ran into my ride
What would my obituary column be?
How would they color me in the media? Wikipedia follow me
Would you follow my failures or mail your family apologies?
Like, sorry for your loss, like they the one that lost
Well I'm watchin' from the side like a six man
Feelin' like Marlon Wayans but without the white chicks man
I remember when they killed Killa Cam on Stoney
Got it tattooed on my wrist in memory of my big homie

See these the type of records make me think about Alori
It kills me inside we can't hear her side of the story
I kept my Metro PCS with all of our text messages
As evidence that I was thinking holy matrimony
Holy moly was I incorrect, chain smokin' cigarettes
My tee is wrinkled but the irony is that I'm so depressed
Ain't no gettin' over this, I just lost my everything
Meanin' that even me breathing now is inhumane
She live through me until I die, this what love sound like
I'm her baby boy, she my rib I'm always by her side
God, lend my my angel for a day or so
I'd pack up all my sins and every L I blow and let 'em go

Make your bed, play for dead, kill your enemies

Smoke down, get drunk, have a party
Fall in love with you
Wonder if you still remember me
Or would you just fade away?