

Best Friend

Yelawolf

Ain't never been much of the church type
But I believe in the last days
I walk through Hell almost every night
But I believe it's a pathway
Say boy, what you doin' with your life
With those tattoos on your face?
Say boy, you know that you'll pay the price
Well, I guess I'll see when I head that way

To the Father, Son and Holy Spirit
I hold You nearest
My best friend, best friend
Let the trumpets blow with Your appearance
I can almost hear it
My best friend, best friend
When you wish me Hell upon my soul and spirit
Behold these lyrics
I got a best friend, best friend
Yeah, I got a best friend, best friend, yeah

I don't know much about Holy Bibles
But I grew up in the Bible Belt
I put my love for a woman on idle
Because I got beat with my mama's belt
But I learned from my mistakes
Try hard to respect people for what they believing in
But if you spit on my fucking grave
And wish me Hell then I wish you well
I'mma send you straight up to my best friend

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God, please could you arm me with the armor
To calm me when there's drama like Gandhi?
Could have gone the other way many times
Could have turned Dalai with the lama
But I squashed my beefs and things seem to be looking decent
Recently, but don't jinx it
It's like Clint Eastwood looking for peace though
Maybe not finna enter
The priesthood, but at least should
Make an attempt to show some remorse
And to be some sort of a repenter
For the people I've been a menace to
Not a preacher, but a shit starter and finisher
Into the mind of a thick skin, but a short temper
This patience of mine is thinner
Than twine is when I get attacked

So I might say something back that might offend you
So if you don't like when I rap
Or what I have to say on the mic then you
Might wanna act just like quarterbacks
And take a fuckin' hike when I snap cause I'm a sinner
(I got a best friend, best friend)
Plus balls and intestines
And they never been yes men
They gon' tell me when I'm fuckin' up
The minute I'm ever giving it less than
I'm about to vomit and I can feel it coming
Cause failure's something I can barely stomach
And I only listen to my gut
So unless you're my fuckin' belly button
Don't tell me nothin'
You ain't my (best friend, best friend)
Who you think I'm talking 'bout?
Lifts me up when I'm down and out
Still look to him without a doubt
Still got a (best friend, best friend)
Shout it out like there's never been a louder mouth
Should have never been allowed a mouth
Now that I got a higher power
Now when I blackout, power outage
They powerless, but they crowd around
They tend to flock like shepherds
The black sheep
But I be the worst thing that these motherfuckers ever heard
When I'm counted out
You be D-O-A, they'll announce
But pronounce you dead when they sound it out
So prepare for a rival, your arch enemy surrounds you now
He's all around you
Not even the doctors at the hospital
Are gonna shiggy-shock you back to life
It's im-piggy-possible to revive you
That's word to the diggy doc
Stiggy-stopping is not an option
Something I'm not gonna do
I'm the Iggy Pop of hip-hop when I walk in the booth
Dawg, I'm the truth like Biggie rockin' with 2Pac in the suit
Talking to Proof dropping a deuce
Fill up a syllable clip like a refillable script, cock and I shoot
Who you think's my Glock that I use?
That I pull from to get my strength up against these haters
And he'll be waiting at the gate when you get sprayed up
Sending you hoes straight up to deal with my (best friend)

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