

Best Friend (feat. Eminem)

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
I got a best friend, best friend
Yeah, I got a best friend, best friend
Ye-eah
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
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
I got a best friend, best friend
Yeah, I got a best friend, best friend
Ye-eah
God, please would 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 squash my
beefs when things seem to be looking decent recently
But don't jinx it
It's like Clint Eastwood looking for peace thought

Maybe no finna enta' the priesthood
But at least should make an attempt to show some remorse and to be some
Sorta repentor for the people I've been a menace ta'
Not a preacher, but a shit starter and finisher
Enta' 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 somethin' back that might offend ya
So if you don't like when I rap or what I have to say on the mic then ya
Might wanna act just like quarterbacks
And take a fuckin' hike when I snap cause
I'm a sinner and 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 givin' it less than
I'm about to vomit and I can feel it comin'
Cause failure's something I can barely stomach
And I only listen to my guts
So unless you're my fuckin' belly button
Don't tell me nothin'
You ain't my (best friend, best friend)
Who ya think I'm talkin' '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'll be the worst thing that these motherfuckers ever herd when I'm counted out
You'll 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 a doctor's at the hospital are gonna shiggy shock you back to life
It's in piggy possible to revive you
That's word to the diggy doc
Stiggy stoppin' is not an option, somethin' I'm not gonna do
I'm the Iggy-Pop of hip-hop when I walk in the booth dog
I'm the truth
Like Biggie rockin' with Tupac in a suit talkin' to Proof
Droppin' a deuce
Fill up a syllable clip like a re-fillable script, cock it and shoot
And 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
Sendin' you hoes straight up to deal with my
(Best friend, best friend)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
I got a best friend, best friend
Yeah, I got a best friend, best friend
Ye-eah...

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

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