

# 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 repenter 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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