

# Back from the Dead (feat. Skepta)

## Riff Raff & DJ Afterthought

Back from the dead, back from the dead  
Back from the, back from the dead  
Back from the dead, back from the dead  
Back from the, back from the dead Yeah, the baby blue coupe looks like baby food  
My diamonds jumping out the gym since preschool  
You a typewriter, I'm the type to collect titles  
Yeah, Versace gingivitis, diamonds on my pacifier  
I even as a youth crushed jewels upon my tooth  
Throw the car seat out the roof, I hit the state troops  
I finessed the Jaguar, I candy coated my car  
I got Butterfinger interior, intercept a miracle Back from the dead, back from the dead  
Back from the, back from the dead  
Back from the dead, back from the dead  
Back from the, back from the dead  
If I had to take a L  
Take it on the chin (mhm)  
Lennox Lewis ting (bling)  
All I do is win (bling)  
Seattle for my bling (ice)  
All you hear is 'shing'  
Chicken wing swing  
When I'm dancing with my ting  
You think you're scary?  
I'm dead already  
My funeral was amazing  
It was beautiful (sick)  
Doves flying  
Brothers blazing in the cubicles (s'matter?)  
Fakes crying  
Rest in peace  
It's so delusional  
But I know that's the usual  
Back from the dead, back from the dead  
Back from the, back from the dead  
Back from the dead, back from the dead  
Back from the, back from the dead

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>