

# 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?