

# Dead People

## HoodRich Pablo Juan

[Hook]

Ben frank, that's my homie  
Andrew Jackson, that's my homie  
Ulysses Grant, that's my homie  
Hamilton, that's my homie

I'm seeing dead people

I'm seeing dead people

I'm seeing dead people[Verse 1]

Mid coming in by the trash bag I got that gas bag I need a big trunk

I'm trapping in the low key Honda, pick-up truck pick the bricks up

I whip it up like I got nun-chucks

I go everywhere with my gun tucked

50 round shoot like a drummer, came in the game to kick shit like a punter

I keep with the chopstick like it's Benihana

Me and my plug communicate with numbers

I keep the Judge like I'm your honor

I beat the work in the pot like E Honda

How many brick can I stuff in my Honda?

Started the plug and never been a runner

Add the baking soda hit it like thunder

I keep the money on me by the bundle

[Hook x2]

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[Verse 2]

I got a sixth sense, (dead people) compact Glock 45 that's the grim reaper

I go MIA with two mamacitas

I wear Givenchy's I don't wear adidas

Rockstar nigga be high like the Beatles

That money chasing me like Jeepers Creepers

Ice all on me like its creatures, these bitches suck on me like leeches

I double my cup and I'm sneaking and geeking

I'm on the percocet this evening

Pop me a xan got me sleeping, drinking a raw four got my cup leaking

Looking for a plug I'm tom peeping, whipping a brick and my arm bleeding

Do anything for the money I need it, dropping a ticket like fall season

[Hook x2]

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