

Yeah, rest in peace to love

October 22nd, 1992

July 8th, 2009 (Zaytoven)

You will be missed forever (Metro Boomin wants some more, nigga)

Rest in peace to love, I gave up a long time ago (Long time ago, straight up)

Hard times, everybody left, I'm the one you counted on (I'm the one you counted on, 21)

My, my shoulder took a lot of tears, woulda swore it was a fountain on (Shit brazy)

I be cryin' on the inside and smilin' when the cameras on (On, on God)

Woulda, woulda never went against you ever (21)

I even tried to make the grudge settle (Straight up)

Yeah, I heard that you slept with a couple fellas (Straight up)

Still treated you like a virgin 'cause I know you better (On God)

When she suck it, take my soul, she a whole devil (21)

Bought a Wagon then I covered it with rose petals (Skrtrt)

She didn't think I was romantic 'cause I'm so ghetto

Got a Patek and a Birkin, it was fundamental

Then the, then the situation took a U-turn (Fuck)

Foundation crumbled and the roof burned (21)

I ain't perfect, I was slidin' like a earthworm, loco

But I never, ever brought the dirt home (On God)

Man, we both played each other, you was worse, though (21)

Always blamin' me because I did it first, though (21)

You started sleepin' with your phone in your purse, purse, though

And you had that pussy nigga fragrance, fragrance on your skirt, ho (Punk bitch)

Rest in peace to love, I gave up a long time ago (Long time ago, straight up)

Hard times, everybody left, I'm the one you counted on (I'm the one you counted on, 21)

My shoulder took a lot of tears, woulda swore it was a fountain on (Shit brazy)

I be cry, cryin' on the inside and smilin' when the cameras on (On God)

I had your back, you put a knife in mine (Now I'm scarred)

If you was finna lose your life, I woulda gave you mine (On God)

I sit back and reminisce sometimes (Just be thinkin', you know, 'bout the old days)

I used to drink my syrup while you drank your wine (My old ways)

Can't believe what we came to (21)

You won't believe what the fame do

We ain't together, any problems, I still came through (Straight up)

Heard he put his hands on you, that's what lames do (Pussy)

Got my—

Can't believe what we came to (21)

You won't believe what the fame do

We ain't together, any problems, I still came through (Straight up)

Heard he put his hands on you, that's what lames do (Pussy)

Can't believe what we came to (21)

You won't believe what the fame do

We ain't together, any problems, I still came through (Straight, straight up)

He put his, put his hands on you, that's what lames do (Pussy)
Got my first taste of love and I thank you (Thank you)
Savage, never let another woman taint you (21)
Fallen victim to my feelings, something I can't do (Never)
Get revenge on every bitch, even if it ain't you (On God)

Rest in peace to love, I gave up a long time ago (F-U-C L-U-V)
Times, times, everybody left, I'm the one you counted on (One, two, three, f
our, five, six, seven, eight)
My shoulder took a lot of tears, woulda swore it was a fountain on (Heavy ra
in, thunderstorm, hail comin', fallin')
I be cryin' on the inside and smilin' when the cameras on (Frown on the insi
de, laugh when the flash on)

Savage Mode II
But before we get outta here
You know I gotta show much love to the homies
21 Savage, Metro Boomin
For helpin' us keep this slowed down culture goin' and alive man
We appreciate you
Metro, holla at 'em

If it don't say ChopStars on the front, you got Slopped Up Not Chopped Up
Shoutout to whole H-town, Houston, Texas
Shoutout OG Ron C, DJ Candlestick
And DJ Slim K and the ChopStars
Sugar Hill Studios, Savage Mode II: Chopped Up Not Slopped Up
(Metro Boomin want some more, nigga)