

# R.I.P

Azizi Gibson

When a nigga stay better hide ya shit  
Or he'll take your chain and your bike from ya  
And if they're real cold, maybe life in ya  
I hope you walk around with Christ and stuff  
We ain't that dark nigga lighten up  
Light a blunt, let's get crunk  
And if that ass hungry make some lunch  
What the fuck, I ain't yo moms  
Girl you don't gotta listen  
And honestly I whisper here to show you what you missing  
Like that girls to christmas  
And I'm shitting on yo shippments  
Got a package for you women  
Wait til she unzip it, girl I hope you like a big dick  
[?] Then she slaps me senseless  
But fuck it I'm still winning, still making these benji's  
Still the one you envy, still covering hickeys  
Still wearing my dickies, while I'm still rocking a [?]  
But what I do is no magic it's just good weed and some practice  
And this shit turned to a habit, tryna get big, I'm going Hag  
rid  
It's so hard to hide this dragon, I say shit you can't imagine  
If you stupid, you can't fathom, all you niggas is some faggots  
This is why I'm a leader, cause I'm off my Aaliyah  
Let's get fly and tell them see ya, Rest in Peace to all my div  
as  
It's for you I blow this sheeba, for you idiots that's reefer  
Whatever you niggas prefer, I hope you haters have a seizure, b  
itch