

R.I.P

BbyMutha

Tired of feeling sorry for a sorry nigga
Oh, you back
I guess you just in time for winter
You want me to keep you warm again
Wanna find your comfort in my confidence
Wanna take and never even give
That's how you live
You a collector
I'm a rare piece
Can't afford and yet you can't deny me
You done bit off more than you can chew
I got ya card declining
And then me a silly bitch in love
I'm covering your debt
Like fuck the next
This nigga dying for me
Now he just an ex
It ain't complex
You just like flexing on me
You like suckin out my soul
Just cause you feeling lonely
I let him buss in every hole
It give you feelings, don't it?
You lie to me
I take control
Know you ain't really want me
My pussy give a nigga hope
These niggas treat me like a joke
I kick em out they leave me lone
My energy it haunt they soul
Your new bitch, she play my songs
Imagine, I make her move like you could never
The wrong bitch to play with, trust me
I'm too clever

One day when you call me I'll be dead, bitch
One day when you call me I'll be dead
I ain't missing out on living loving you
I'm loving me instead
Okay one day when you call me I'll be dead
Bitch
One day when you call me I'll be dead, nigga
Okay, one day when you call me I'll be dead
I ain't missin out on money chasing you
I'm chasing bread instead
Okay one day when you call me I'll be dead

(Fuck that nigga
Take his bread
Fuck his homies
Leave him dead)

Paranoia turn a bitch into a beast
I need a belle
Need a blunt
Need a lighter
Need an uber back to hell

Need my choppa fully loaded
I go mermaid with the shells
All this curve on me
I move like aphrodite
Cast a spell
I can't give you more of me
You don't appreciate
Packin all your shit
I'm over you
I gotta levitate
Won't particpate
Won't let my self esteem disintegrate
Can't manipulate
If I deactivate
Cross a buncha lines
Won't spare your life if I retaliate
Imma get you straight
I'm not the type of bitch to set your fuckin table
Just to fix your plate
I need eye for eye
Like fuck a ride or die
You must be high
I can't hold you down
You not around to even qualify
Keep these pussy niggas in my shuffle
Swap em, Spotify
You wasn't the one
I had to add, subtract and multiply
And now I got my sum
What's done is done
I got my receipts
Return that shit to sender
Get a refund, go & cop a jeep

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