

# 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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