

Mr. Ripsta

Bizzy Bone

Better be all about that KO popped him
I believe that warrior way
Big dawg
Put it on the floor
Foot up in the door
Kick it and sprang it
I get them bleeding often
Demon up on me
Thinking I sold my soul
But I keep with the reaping
I sew now
Don't nobody know a thing
But I got a perfect flow
And I keep that weapon beaming
Winner with the clips I go swift
And it sell well enough to chill
Brother inhale
Never loan that's yo shit
I get lifted
20 gauge and I must get bustin
Hell away
Let a Ripsta killer now put em all in
I'm paid daily
With a thug shotgun and tell ya
Put it up to killa killa
Glock Glock block nigga pop up and down
(You niggas are feeling them shots)

You niggas are bitches
I come out the trenches
With niggas defending
We get around snips and flicks
And some of these niggas just high
Don't know what it takes to rip
Why would I hate to make it
Why would they hate me
Niggas that I roll with
They don't play that bull
With a buck
That we make it through the years
That nigga better stay back
(Niggas ain't in)
You really not worthy enough to be mad at me that is a sin
Where do I begin
I begin in the ghetto my nigga
You really don't know where I been
I been around dealers
They really with stealers
I get me a pace
And some pocket of rilla
But you know the story
And I'm independent
But when I descend
It'll have to get bigger
But when you are richer
They all on a leash
Strategically give it away n then see

Money the name of they love
When you take it away
They gon show you the people they be
And the people they be, be the ones that you leave
And I'll be be the thuggin
I see it in me
Then be every bit of the legend ya call me
My enemies rip, y'all Rest In Peace
(You niggas are feeling them shots)

Enemy opps
Feeling me Glocks
Finna be shots
Finna be shots
Finna be shots
Finna be shots
(These niggas these niggas, are felling are feeling them shots)

When you born out of poverty
When it go movin no different
And obviously on a swivel
They shut up and dribble it
Just to be simple you bitch
Imma ball Imma get me a triple
I come from the fans
The bloodiest table
We all got a nine & yo ass in a pickle
The stub be the three fifty seven I spill em
We get in the prison cause stuffy's a killa
But Rest In Peace Jackie
The foot in my package
We brought it to wheezy
He need me adaptin
My nigga just sit down
Been murdering, thuggin and dealin
Drag it past the yap
Head into the back
Low to the soul better get that sack
Back in the 90's serving crack
It was so bad
I ain't ever gonna do that
Off to the money, now I get to the bag
Nigga left an egg in the drop top rag
Run into the trap dropped it off in a flash
That's Mr Ripsta
That little nigga fast
Everybody on the ground
So I keep in my mind and I picture
The wall (the wall)
A fixture (fix ya)
Insist ya
But trust me
As Mr Ripsta Ripsta
(You niggas are feeling them shots)

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