

R.I.P.

OmenXIII

Every night another night I'm sipping wine, and smokin' blunts
Rest in peace until the sun up
Every day another day I'm making waves and major plays
Rest in peace to all the others
Money running up, I'm switching gears, eyes low when I come up
Rest in peace to all the drama
Pussy running up he disappear, I put that shit up on my momma
Rest in peace you know I love ya

10 black nails, and a custom studded belt
We got XL tee's, all black til the death
New ink in my skin, and depression setting in
But you know I gotta fight like my mans before left
I ain't never had shit, I ain't never asked for help
I ain't never had it easy, I still get it by myself
See the people might be fake, but the money really help
See the money might be fake, but play the game or die instead
No, I don't know you, I am not your homie
XIII the Reaper, but some people call me Omen
I don't need a rollie, I just keep it rollin'
PayPal booming when I check it in the morning
I don't need to stress now, I just keep it going
Got this on lock, I ain't never ever falling
They don't really want you till they see you growing
Middle fingers up to the all labels that been calling
Shh

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