RIP

Young Jeezy

R.I.P it's the remix, killer
Mike Jack was alive, I'd remix Thriller
Trap star, bitch, spell it with a big T
Give a damn if I never be a hot MC
Cause I'm a hood nigga, first on everybody's list
Buy the whole club P, don't fuck with no Cris
That average ass watch can't fuck with my wrist
Them average ass hoes can't fuck with my bitch
To the window, to the motherfuckin' wall
Enough money in my jeans to buy a motherfuckin' mall
Got the choppas in the back, bulletproof, that's my Hummer
R.I.P. to the competition, this is my summer

R.I.P I wanna kill the judge
Tryna lock the homie up, they don't feel the thug
I'm thirsty, but I don't give a fuck
Fuckin' with my ex cause I'm still in love
I can teach you how to fuck and how to stack money
I ain't went Hollywood, you just act funny
But I know you want this pipe like a crack bummy
Stop playin', I'm tryna hit like a crash dummy

Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit
I can't take yo bitch if I don't see yo bitch
We done seen that snow, Nat Geo bitch
Cancel her and get another like I'm Nino bitch

R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P.
R.I.P. we just killed the club
Drank patron to the head, almost killed a thug

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Turn up in bitch shit and I'm beamin' and shit
Hundred hoes, hundredfold, this my season and shit
Stomach on belly roll, bitch I'm eatin' and shit
You a vegan and shit, get off my penis and shit
Look a bad bitch, I back that bitch nigga back back
Pull it out the grab bag, turn this ho to Baghdad
Bags on my eyes, I don't sleep much, we up
Bitch I beat the beat up, the homies get you beat up
And R.I.P to p-nut, little [?]
Mausberg, 4 Bent, Compton I live that
Long hair weave with extensions
Glock 17 with extension
Bumpin' Suga Free in the automatic dually
T.V.'s in it like it's '97, watch a porno movie
Holla Chitty Chitty Bang, this is Com-Town gang
Fuck whoever don't like it, lil' K-Dot be the name

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R.I.P. to the V.I.P.
I got my lil' niggas in the club, fuck I.D.
My niggas kill at will, give you black eyed peas
And the molly make the white girl look Chinese
Always Bre, my niggas out here ballin'
And all these fake ass artists, y'all niggas out here drawin'
Ok now dearly departed I bought a plane, I departed
And if you started from the bottom gon' and come out the closet
You problematic, I bought them rachets and automatics
Clip hold 32, I make you feel the Magic
You gon' see the flashes, like you in a pageant
All black suits, and them long Caddys

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