

R.I.P.

Young Jeezy

R.I.P we just killed the club
Drank patron out the bottle almost killed a thug
Right now I'm so high I can't feel the drugs
Too many haters in here, I don't feel the love
R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P we just killed the club
Took patron to the head almost killed a thug

I'm in a brand new drop top 'Rari with three bitches
Tired being in the middle of trial with three snitches
And I hit up every club in your city, where niggas at?
I be in every club in the hood, where niggas at?
Pull up, jump out stuntin like I was Baby
On my cocaine cowboy shit, like in the 80's
Who the nigga think he is Slick Rick or Dana Dane
Think he Rakim or somethin, look at his chain
Myself, from head to toe, I'm Dougie Fresh
Looking like I came to play, Mitchell and Ness
Any nigga with a watch like that, he need attention
Your man don't ball out like that, you need to bench him

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I'm gone, don't know where I'm going
Pockets on extra big, they on Samoan
Got some bad bitches all in my section, just let some more in
And every nigga came in with me'll kick your door in
Roll up, pass it around like we Jamaican
Whole pounds strapped up in this bitch like we some Hatians
She got good head, good brains, good education
I'm drunker than a motherfucker, here's the situation: 1:45 am, the nights b
roken
By the time a nigga get to the crib, the mall open
Man the nerve of this high-ass bitch, she on the molly
She said she she want me to call her Ms. Berry, she think she Halle

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Got a pocket full of Dead Prez
Attached to your girl like a .jpeg
Party scene turn to a murder scene
Keep shittin on niggas, need potty train, turn up, collard green
I'm on gasoline and I'm on that promethazine
Life ain't nothin but a G thing
Switch lanes, get brain, hand down her g-string
I'm the type of nigga thats built to last
You fuck with me, Ill put my foot in your ass
I got a million in stash, I stack my money so tall
That you might need a giraffe
When you was countin this cash, nigga!

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