

# R.I.P. (feat. 2 Chainz)

## 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  
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  
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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>