

R.I.P. Roach (Feat. \$ki Mask "The Slump God")

xxxtentacion

Cocaine for my breakfast
Hold that pistol, ambidextrous
Pussy boy talk reckless
He might end up on a stretcher
Fuck with my set
You get wet, like a pussy
Sauce, what I spilled
On my kilt, she need milk
XXX on a kill streak
You pussy niggas Rice Krispie, yeah
Fuck a white bitch on the sixth week
Six stars like GTA kill me
It's more money I'm getting
If a nigga try to take, wig splitting them
Shouts out to my zoe they killed my VRO
So bitch, pull up now
I'm like
Mama raised a soldier, not a bitch not a bitch, yuh!
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Mama raised a soldier, not a bitch not a bitch, yuh!
R.I.P. my Zoe , R.I.P. my Zoe
R.I.P. Zoe , R.I.P. my Zoe
R.I.P. Zoe, R.I.P. my Zoe
R.I.P my soul
My who? hahahaha bitch
I got my Andy Capp's on this bitch
I'm about to sip this motherfuckin' water
Oh that's not even water, I stole that boy's shit
Ay, came from the dirt you can't hit my purp
Said my diamonds wetter than some sweat, absurd
Gold up on my wrist is looking sunny, Big Bird
Hit 'em with the hit 'em with the numbers like a nerd
Ayy let's slide sixth wall, I'm tied
Call my pockets knotty cause they sloppy, oh my
I could be Xzibit, might pimp my ride
Wet pleasure rather pay the Rafs, like Christ
Hit my bitch like Bruno

Get a bitch wet no Juno
Put it in her mouth like Uno
Chest all polo like "Kudos!"
Dog ass nigga like Cujo
Face card bad who you know?
She all wet like fructose
Diamonds on like they cheat codes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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