

# 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 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  
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 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 broken  
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 R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P we just  
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Took 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  
Took patron to the head almost killed a thug 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! R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P., R.I.P we just killed the club  
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Took patron to the head almost killed a thug

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