

Young Jeezy, R.I.P. (ft. 2 Chainz)

Ya, what's up?
That's what I'm sayign though,
We gotta hurry up so we can go to the club nigga

RIP We just killed the club,
Drink patron out the bottle almost killed a thug
When I'm so high, I can't feel the drugs
Too many haters in here, I don't feel the love

RIP, RIP, RIP (yeah) RIP (What)
RIP, We just killed the club,
Drink patron to the head, almost killed a thug (Let's goo)

[Young Jeezy:]
I'm in a brand new dropped top rari with three bitches
Tired of being in middle 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?
Pulled up, jumped out stuntin like I was Baby
On my cocaine cowboy shit, like in the 80's
Who da nigga think he is? Slick Rick or Danny Dane
Think he Rakim or something, look at his chain
YSL from head to toe, I'm Dougie Fresh
Lookin 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

RIP, RIP, RIP (yeah) RIP (What)
RIP, We just killed the club,
Drink patron to the head, almost killed a thug (Let's goo)
/2x

[Young Jeezy:]
I'm gone, don't know where I'm going
Pockets on extra big, they on Samoan
Got some bad bitches off in my section, just let some more in
And every nigga that came here with me, kick your door in
Roll up, pass it around like we Jamaican
Whole pounds strapped up in this bitch like we so Haitian
She got good head, good brains, good education
I'm drunker than a mother fucker heres the situation
1: 45 AM the knob 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 want me to call her Ms. Berry, she think she Halle

RIP, RIP, RIP (yeah) RIP (What)
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/2x

[Chainz:]
(2 Chainz) Got a pocket full of dead bread
Attached to your girl like a jpeg
Party scene turn to a murder scene
Keep shittin on niggas, need potty train
Turn up, colligreen
I'm on gasoline and I'm on that promethazine
Life ain't nuthin but a G thang, switch lane, get brain
Hand down her g-string
I'm the type nigga that's built to last
You fuck with me, I 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 counting this cash, nigga

RIP, RIP, RIP (yeah) RIP (What)
RIP, We just killed the club,
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/2x