

## The High Kings

### "R.I.P"

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[Bun B]

Late ass nights come from long days  
Doin' all the right things in the wrong ways  
Doin' all the wrong shit for the right reasons  
Sprinklin' midnight game, call it night seasoning  
Haters get salty give 'em cholesterol  
Trill O.G, mop up the floor with the best of y'all  
Then dry that bitch off with the rest of y'all  
And catch a flight to Rio de Janero for la festival  
Yeah, and that's word to fit a baldy  
Ball hard like I see menace out of my Spalding  
And I'll break your face with a no look pass  
Now back to your parking lot pimp with yo little hook  
ass  
I use harsh words cause these are hard times  
And trill-ass people, nowadays they're such a hard find  
So it's when I open a pack of people  
And one on the scope, so if they frontin' I can sleep 'em  
Man, my flow is so parabolic  
The energy'll blow you over even if you're Broly  
Goddamn it, now that's one for the Googlers  
The fellows sleep on they desk and never step their  
noogle up  
Takin' lames out never been new to us  
The hardest part of this shit is figurin' which of you to  
bust  
Then step your weight up like GNC  
And R.I.P. to Chris Luda reppin' CNC  
Straight G

[Hook x2]

There's somethin' inside you  
It's hard to explain  
They're talking about you boy  
But you're still the same

[Childish Gambino]

Rest in peace to them niggas who was dead wrong  
Toni Braxton to them niggas, that's a sad song  
Cry a river Timberlake, the whole industry  
Record the whole album in my living room in Italy

Niggas who wasn't feelin' me secretly want a handout  
Keep your mouth shut, I can probably help your man  
out  
Drop a new stack all lames get to steppin'  
Drop a new track all blogs go to heaven  
Kill the web, man these niggas need they hits up  
Kiss her neck, add a dime to the tip cup  
She is not "slut," fuck a dude who says so  
Just because she fuckin' doesn't mean she not a lady  
Kill the whole stage, I never needed a mic check  
Semen on my spacebar, fuckin' tired of Skype sex  
Runnin' with a new breed, me and Bun B  
This hip-hop nation, this big country  
Nigga please! We ain't stop for no one  
Wu-Tang Generator name, I'm a shMgun  
Wu-Tang Generator name, watch him smoke one  
Talk a lot of shit, but none of them will approach him  
Gambino got first position, the game is ballet  
So graceful; drive, he don't need a valet  
So angel: fly as I wanna be  
Mercy, somebody show these niggas can't hurt me  
Woah

[Hook x2]  
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It's hard to explain  
They're talking about you boy  
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