

# REDZED, Sippin' Blood

- Please, father, have mercy  
- God has mercy, I don't

Yah, yah, yah, yah  
I sever the limbs, I chop  
Wait for the day, I'ma see them drop  
Bitch wanna play, gonna get that pop  
Kill for the habit, so don't you stop  
I'ma get that grip and I shoot that Glock  
Cold ass lips, motherfucker, you rot  
Play with the brain, then I sip on the blood  
Talk that shit, then I cut trough the gut, bitch

I slay with the blade just to deal with the pain  
Don't you pray, don't you pray, fuck, in the end it's all the same  
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I'm done with the shit, bitch, I'm done with the dope  
Don't need to pop it to get in the mode  
Still wanna clip and I still wanna go  
Bitch, I still wanna blow my brains up on the floor

You know what the fuck is up when I pull up with the Glock  
Point it to my fucking head for the bitch I never had  
You know what the fuck is up when I pull up with the Glock  
Point it to my fucking head for the bitch I never had

Bitch, I come from the grave, I sleep  
Ain't no turning back, all the wounds, they deep  
No other way, bitch, I let them grieve  
You'll be the reason I decide to leave

You'll be the reason I decide to leave  
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Sippin' blood  
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Bitch!