

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 through 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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Don't you pray, don't you pray, fuck, in the end it's all the same

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