

R.I.P.

Brooke Candy

Uh, uh

I got a few bad bitches and they loyal to me
Take a bullet for your mama, take a punch to the cheek
My bitches expensive, your bitches is cheap
I get my bitches tiaras, yeah, they so royal to me
You can give me and my bitches cunnilingus, yeah
Don't be a scaredy-cat, use more than two fingers, yeah
If you wanna get me off, use a Jesus cross
Pussy holy, pussy God, suck the clit and get lost

Put respect on my check
R.I.P. when we sex
Make it rain, make it wet
This is solo, no duet

R.I.P., R.I.P.
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R.I.P. to me and all of my friends
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R.I.P., R.I.P.

Eat my pussy at my funeral
Eulogy into my booty hole
Pay your respect, I'm the priestess of sluts (That's right)
Look at my neck, diamond, penis, and nuts
Me and Satan are besties, my plot in Hell is secured (Rrah)
I'm cozy in the flamin' pits, a bitch should be scared
Throw bouquets my way, watch my body decay
Six feet under I stay, so go shit and piss on my grave (Do it)

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Bitch a demon debutante, tiara made of blood
Oh, how she likes to make believe that she knows how to love
Diva diabolical, she's just havin' fun
She eats him with her pussy teeth right after she cums
It's a three-course dinner, man, meat, soup, salad
Baby, she's a winner, drinkin' blood from a chalice
Our sweet darlin' baby girl, what did she become?
Forever reigning queen of the creepy bitches club

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