

Reaper

Babyfxce E

(It's a Wayne beat)

Yeah, Wayne, you tripped on this bitch

Yeah

I'm the reaper, I'm the one who chose your afterlife

Okay

(His name's Pablo)

I'm the reaper, I'm the one who choose your afterlife

Interrogate him, ask enough questions, he gon' tell a lie

Bro keep pourin' up fours like he scared of five

Glock like Medusa, leave him froze when it's in his eyes

Yeah, let's compromise

You can get this four for eight of zaz' for thirty-five

Gettin' out the store for forty-five, sellin' blicks and 9s

Take the Track' out, sellin' more whips than Randy Wise

Only time I'm showin' my respect is at your candlelight

I ain't boxin', if you tryna fight, then it's for your life

For the green, I'll twist your top like a fuckin' Sprite

Hella presidents in and out the house, but this bitch ain't white

If one of my niggas die, they ain't goin' on a shirt

We ain't goin' to make tees, we puttin' him in the dirt

P90 with the fifty-round, hit him where it hurt

Matter fact, I ain't speakin' that into the Earth

30 in my pocket, I'll pop it, but it's not a Perc'

Unc' trapped off the M since I was a little squirt

Never catch me lackin' 'cause I'm always plannin' for the worst

Voice of the reaper in my head, man, I think I'm cursed

Posted at the trap, Northside, where them demons lurk

I ain't miss it when I shoot, before rap, I was a hundred first

Posted all them guns on your story, but you never shoot

How the fuck you on the block, boy, but you never shoot?

Hit your top and run back to my spot, you a fuckin' goose

Hittin' the road just to get some drip, you a fuckin' goof

Lettin' a bitch play with your only stick, you so fuckin' loose

Doin' donuts in the middle the street, runnin' from the troops

Hangin' out the window, AR pistol with the top down

If this bitch like another picture, she gettin' knocked down

Bringin' 'bows down from the V, tryna touch down

'Noid as hell, ridin' with twenty-three up in Chi-town

Mama said, "Keep doin' what you doin'", you gon' be in the slammer"

Gotta watch all your surroundings, you might be on camera

My brother stay low-key, and I ain't Thor, but I keep a hammer

Took the plastic off and poked her hole like a Kool-Aid Jammer

Every song that you hear me in, I'ma add a lesson

You old as hell with some young pape', your money adolescent

In the Scat runnin' from the jakes, had to pass the weapon

Drunk a four of green at nine and crashed at eleven

I got a Kolog 32 extended clip, I wish the best for ya

I mean Glock 23 with a pole, I got dyslexia

Ghost-ride the whip, thought he was ridin' in a Tesla

If I only get the neck, then my mans get the rest of ya

Only want the money, lil' niggas ain't takin' shit

Long K with an AR kit and banana clip

If I see an opp, give him fifteen, that's a banana split

When I'm fuckin' rappin', I be- huh

Yeah, look

I be fuckin' rappin'
Go to Vegas, get some pounds, put it in some plastic
Balenciaga, get this shirt from Prada, I be mixin' fashion
Legal money wasn't enough, I had to switch my tactics