

4 A.M.

Death Plus

Reaper flow, on that creeper flow
Bitch, I been creepin' slow
I'm deep in the snow
Speakin' like a reverend, demons got my soul
In they grasp, smoke til' the ash fall away from the grass
Stay with the cash
Lames get slashed, your face get smashed
You fakes get killed with the blade fo' sho
A murderer swervin' through yo' city, curvin' the bustas
Do not step in my path
I got the underground bumpin' that mystical darkness
That you couldn't bypass
Signals get sent through yo' body like some radiation
I got it on high blast
I'm catchin' up with the homies
If you come around me, we all gon' get hyped as
Fuck

Got your boy fucked up, boy fucked up
I don't give a fuck
Boy fucked up, got your boy fucked up
And I been workin' so hard
Don't think you can fuck with me, bitch
There are so many terrible actors out there. Every single one of them is just fucking worse than the last.

Late at night, I sit and contemplate
I'd take my life, and they would celebrate
Don't really care about much shit anymore
I'm grabbing my phone and I'm slamming the door
Pass all my friends and I don't say a word
Don't fuck with God but I don't think he's heard
Doin' this shit by myself, uh
Ending my shit and I'd end up in hell
(Ending my shit and I'd end up in hell)
No smile for days, just blunts to my face
Hate in my eyes and I stand in a daze, uh
I stand in a daze
(I stand in a daze)
(I stand in a daze)
(I stand in a daze)
(I stand in a daze)

Fuck all my friends that just went ghost on me
You don't have my back like you claim, supposedly
And I don't even give a fuck (Fuck)
No, we ain't homies and no, we ain't blood
I'll remember this shit for when you say "'Sup?"
Fuck out my face because you fucking suck
I got all my homies, so fuck outta here
My vision was blurry but now it is clear
Me and Yung Death, we dressed in all black
You irrelevant now, so step the fuck back
(Step the fuck back)
(Step the fuck back)
(Step the fuck back)
(Step the fuck back)