

GRIM REAPER

Doe Boy

Yeah, niggas already know what the fuck goin' on with me, man
Big Doe Beezy checkin' in
Niggas know who run the fuckin' city, nigga (Knowles Ave)
Fuck nigga, I am Cleveland, nigga, fuck wrong with you?
Dig what the fuck I'm sayin', man?
Fuck the opps, they don't want no smoke (Oh, really?)
Oh

East Cleveland, that's where I reside (Knowles Ave)
I slide through the Clair, bitch, I'm good on the 5 (Boy)
Okay if I ride with my nine
If I see an opp, hope his shoes tied tight
Fuck boy better run for his life
Yeah, the opps say I'm pussy, but know how I get dough (Doe Beezy)
Went from a thirty-eight, now I tote Gen4s
Play, he get stepped on in Rick Owens (Think I'm playin'?)
I got that shit on, man, I got blood on my laces
Forgot I'm rich and famous (Yeah)
I'm not no rapper, bitch, I put my gun in faces
He put his pen in statements (Slime)
Broad day, lil' baby (Slatt)
Put him to sleep, yeah, we rock that lil' baby (Rock him)
You better not talk to me crazy
Aim it, blazin' soon as I raise it, like ain't it? (Oh, really?)
All of these fifties, we pull up today, shit, we might be here the next week
(Rrr)
He tried to step on me, he must got two left feet (Fool)
Amiri my head to my toes, designer my feet when I'm kickin' in doors (Doe Be
ezy)
Skeleton AP, try and the chop gon' sing like Rome (Think I'm playin'?)

Pull up on 'em when I spot 'em
Get up on 'em and I got 'em
Beam is on 'em and I drop 'em
I bleed niggas with no problem
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Ayy, they don't really want this smoke, this ain't the kind of blunt they sm
oke, ayy, ayy
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ayy, ayy

Double Glock to the nine-nine
Little niggas shootin', walkin' up and even drive-bys, die, die
Anybody got that 'balming fluid, we get the graveside, take it from the body
in the daylight
Little niggas and the dope fiends and they all fiends
And that old lean and that codeine
A little coke clean, a bust down and the weed, it's so green
Put money in the land, my killers need groceries
Still spendin' that old cheese

Real niggas at the crossroads, I got lost souls in the mouth of my old breeze
Too fast for the gun, this fourth speed
I got more speed, nigga, that's morphine
I got four walls, look like a nigga need quarantine
Pop the monster, the taurine
And I'm touring and a nigga still streaming
The Glock still beaming, Sprite still leaning
And when you come to the land, bring your whole motherfuckin' team in
'Cause nigga, buck-
buck, you get stuck up and get fucked up 'cause that's Cleveland
A Doe Boy, Bizzy Bone with the flow, boy, yeah, a nigga grim reaping
Nigga, buck-buck, you get stuck up and get fucked up 'cause that's Cleveland
A nigga Doe Boy, a Bizzy Bone, boy, got the four, boy, I'm grim reaping, reaping

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These crimes include kidnapping, robbery, aggravated assault, murder, and more
The police have been watching him and his rumored gang RBMG very close since being released from prison in 2016
He was last seen at East Cleveland on Knowles Street with over sixty suspected gang members