

# Grim Reaper

Fredo Bang

Yeah, I'ma let that bitch drop, you know I'ma say that (Yeah)  
I'ma probably be saying some gutter shit right here (Yeah)  
Some brrrt, buh, buh, buh, buh, buh, cutter shit right here (Uh, baow)  
Yeah, like that right there  
You know we don't give a fuck, I'm from that rank like that right there  
Yeah, uh, uh, done shit  
Buh, uh, uh, baow  
Uh, baow, uh, uh  
Bullshit, yeah, yeah, uh (Say, say, say, say)  
Take that street money, mix it with that rap money  
Uh, uh (Ayy, say, know what BG say, you know)  
Uh, uh, uh (Free BG, you know, whole lot of that 8 shit, man)  
It's sticks up, you know dog don't know shit  
Ayy, say

Take that street money, mix it with that rap money  
Pay for them to sleep 'em, I'm tryna nap somethin'  
Big grim reaper, swear I won't spare nothin'  
Walkin' through that wood, big-ass gun, look like I'm bear huntin'  
Ain't nobody that's on side 'em got a body bag  
All my spiders got a body and they got a bag  
Beatbox him, SpotemGottem, when I caught his ass  
Try to pull up, you'll be dead on your arrival, yeah

Uh, whole city got them switches just like limbs off of trees (Limbs off of trees)  
Pull up with them AR pistols, 5.56s, .223s  
It go, "Chicka, chicka, boom," make a pussy nigga bleed  
Ambush 'em from out the bushes, I left blood on the leaves  
Pussy-ass nigga, you ain't scarin' nobody  
Just hit my dope up in the kitchen, I was playing Yo Gotti  
I'm just reminiscing 'bout my bags and them bodies  
Quick to drop it on they ass, them bitches mad 'cause I got it  
I don't fuck with neither side, fuck them niggas, they need to die  
Fuck the peace, I squeeze the chopper, drum turn me up like an equalizer  
Make him stutter just like Silkk the Shocker, he say that we killed his part ner  
Switches on my Glock, bitch, pour out shots just like I spilled the vodka

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Ain't gotta flex, I get them chips, I'm talking real Funyons (Yeah, yeah)  
The only time I see my opps is when they apps running (Okay)  
Might send two hoes to set you up, I bet I bap something  
My youngin caught a body, I had gave that nigga all cash  
Got money just like Dame, but when it's smoke, I never did that  
Don't care about they feelings, I be happy when they all sad  
Spin his block, pop his top, dress him up in all black  
Obesity, my pockets fat, take a loss, I get it back

Pray to God, he think he seen the light, I turned it pitch black  
You play a little, I take it far, pull up on you like Instacart  
Sit him down, he won't get up, this nigga think he Rosa Parks

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Put the phone in airplane mode, I need to focus by myself  
Know I'm solid, way I'm rocking, this ain't local, it's somethin' else  
Shot be high-percentage, deep off in the paint, penetrate  
New compartments on the freight, we bring it in on interstate  
They tried to check the engine bait, these some mechanics, right back at it  
Lil' one still get it off in traffic, when there ain't no tea, he bag it  
They go hunt, he tell 'em, pull up- brrt, automatic  
I pop out, you tell me 'bout it, act like we don't know what happened  
Pull up on you, carbon blanket with the 7.62 fabric  
Play with me, get put to sleep or tuck you in and got you napping  
Vegan, I don't be with beefin', speak on me, 'll steam your cabbage  
People in they feelings about me, seem to me, you need a daddy

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Yeah  
Yeah  
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