

Reaper

K.A.A.N.

I got good intentions, believe me
The coldest nigga, anemic
Who put this shit together?
That'd be me, myself and I bitch
The God, call me Osiris
The sickest like a virus
The golden touch, the Midas
We movin' in forward direction, leavin' that bullshit behind us
Shall I adjust the blinders?
Them statements at the end of the month a constant reminder
Tell 'em I been on the incline, climbin' up the ladder
I been hopping out the Benz while pockets gettin' fatter
It ain't like it even matters, I'm duckin', dodgin' disasters
Jumpin' out the Devils lasso, I'm bobbin', weavin' the hassles
If you motherfuckers trip, then I trip, now we trippin'
I'm rollin' up the zip, take a hit, nigga listen
Where's your foresight, where's your vision, where's your fuckin' intuition?
Why your key in the ignition but you still here sittin'?
Niggas will be in park and then complain about the traffic
Unable to make a start, you asking me that shit is tragic, eh

But that's the reaper, uh
Yeah that's the reaper, uh
The Devil callin', why he hit me on my beeper, yeah
But that's the evils, uh
Yeah that's the evils, uh
My intuition kickin' in so I can see you, yeah
Now that's the reefer, yeah
Said that's the reefer, uh
My paranoia at an all time high (You high?)
I think I see something, yeah
I think I see something, yeah
Close the door, shut the motherfuckin' blinds

My mama say I'm on that shit, I need to quit
God as my wit', killin' my kidneys
Matter of minutes, matter of fact, I'm goin' the distance
I might pass out, before I tap out
I talked to God, he said go hard, my nigga max out
My paranoia tenfold, I'm really on my shit though
I never break or bend though, still in the field we ten toes
Poppin' 'em like a zit or mentos, we low like limbos
Make you knuck if you buck so you should watch out for the elbow
We raisin' hell and facin' L's, I french inhale, embrace the smell and make
'em kneel
Habitual our usage, some might say this shit is overkill
We on the ground, we still in line, it's like we rode the rails
We mowed the lawn to keep it low, watch out for snakes and snails
My phone tapped like The Firm but I call it co-intel
These niggas stab you in the back and then they wish you well
That's to your face and when you leave, you know they wish you fail
To compensate with the hate, I put something in the air

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