

# LIFE OF TOP VILLAN REAPER

LAZER DIM 700

Fuck

Nigga got za in the spot right now  
Nigga got drank in the spot right now  
Nigga fake crazy, we walkin' him down  
Better have a blick when you walkin' around  
Crazy ass 808s knockin' me down  
Fast gang trendy, the talk of the town  
Graduated from the trap, trappin' them gowns  
Come to yo' hood, I might come to yo' town  
I got a blick on me, I'm out of bounds  
Step out the whip and it smell just like pounds  
Deleted my voice on a lick, ain't no sound  
Fitted snapback on my head like a crown  
Come to my hood, boy you way out of bounds  
How the fuck you find my lil' ass town?  
Think I ain't got it, I'm Draco'd down  
Still be travellin', I'm in Clayco now  
Bump down on him, he had pesos wow  
Stackin' my chips, stack my Legos now  
I got the blick when I'm walkin' around  
Take off yo' face if that boy try to frown  
I ain't no middle man, you find the account  
A million or more I'll sign a amount  
Look at that boy, what he lyin' 'bout now?  
I got some shit make a lion turn 'round  
Lil' bitty fye makin' firework sounds  
.223's leave you lyin' around  
Take some free game, man that nigga on crack  
I got my gat, know I sit in the back  
Fishtail the whip, the tires done scratched  
You gotta control it, don't let it shake back  
I seen yo' drip, I know you got racks  
You can't even hide it, we get inside it  
Hold the door open I run out smilin'  
These sweet licks, we ain't pullin' no robberies  
Lil' buddy a hot, think he feel like he Bobby  
The temperature droppin', my nose gettin' snotty  
Come on this lick, I'm finna see if you 'bout it  
Ain't gotta question, nigga knowin' we solid  
No munyun, got shit in my wallet  
But I make sure I get high, that shit there a crime  
Blick in my hand, you can tell I ain't lyin'  
I was slumped in the back 'til they bumped on the ground  
Come to my hood, I got a pint and a nine  
These niggas trim tryna run stop signs  
Get up put the blick inside of my body  
Life of a top villan reaper  
Shit fucked up, gotta text my people  
Niggas don't know who they fuckin' wit'  
They fuckin' with them reapers  
Fuck  
Told lil' buddy stay off them pills, he finna pass out  
Let some fine shit post up with the fye, that fast gang mascot  
Drop the dot, we finna spin, now you tryna go in  
Not comin' back outside, might sit outside yo' house  
Downtown wit' my blick in my garment

We can punch it out, make this shit harmless  
Caught a nigga down bad, he said "darn it"  
Oh you havin' purple drank, havin' Barney  
Bump down on you and I'm takin' yo' pharmacy  
Anticipated on the lick, you ain't wanna eat  
Rich as fuck the only thing that I wanna be  
Tryna slime me out and my blicky up under me  
Tryna bite the drip? It can only be one of me  
You hit the wrong target 'cause you really ain't want the beef  
Fuck