

# Reel Trench Boy

LAZER DIM 700

Fuck, fuck, fuck  
Fuck, fuck, fu...

Mini Draco, rest beside me when I sleep  
Everybody tapped in with lil' Lazer, I ain't gotta speak  
Niggas tryna take down my song, I be slimin' beats  
UAV, how the fuck nigga keep findin' me?  
Tell me this shit ain't slime, then you lyin' to me  
Shit new to me, I'll come through to an interview  
Same drip on from the Trillers at the interview  
I do the drugs when I rap and I'm hittin' at you  
I'm blowin' up on Twitter, I tweet now  
Jumped off the porch, I got on the field with my feet down  
Twin shoot first, I might put back a rebound  
Come through my hood, trippin' slime, we beat now  
LAZER DIM trendin', everybody want a feat' now  
Send the backend, I'ma do yo' lil' placement  
Catch yo' whip lackin' like I ain't gon' rake shit  
Fine shi' hit my DM's, she got fake tits  
You got a whip? Lemme slide in yo' A6  
I ain't got no za', hit the blunt like a blinker  
You don't even know what you doin', what you thinkin'  
Grewed up playin' GTA, I feel like Franklin  
Come to my hood doin' a blog, you turnt up  
Finessed me on za' back then, I'm scarred  
LAZER DIM trending, they post me on blogs  
Nigga got a problem with this shit, get solved  
Damn near pissed on myself, had to get out  
I'd go shop at the mall if I could  
Better have za' when I come to the hood  
Nigga get down, shots comin' out the woods  
I got the fye and a scale in the trunk when I serve my lil' play in the hood  
You wiggin' out at my lil' show, what you think 'bout?  
Send some shots in your whip and yo' boat gon' sink down  
I don't got no P.O. box, how you gon' send the merch?  
Look at yo' closet, yo' drip, I be stealing shirts  
What the fuck I'm finna do today? I feel like Phineas and Ferb  
Real wordplay get in it, I be spittin' words  
Lil' twin drop yo' song, don't feel discouraged  
Watch the Triller two times, you catch every word  
Za' pack smelly, smell just like a turd  
Figurative language in my songs, switch words  
Lil' twin got the drop on lick, let's purge  
Real trench boy, get the rap money splurge  
I wanna perform last, you go first  
Put the producers on, y'all sleep on them nerds  
I gotta watch what I do now, I can't leak shit  
I just post a Triller on the app and I leave it  
Where the backends, bitch? I still ain't receive it  
Stolo fast on the highway, I'm speedin'  
I fuck with lil' twin, he gave me a zip I needed it  
You think I'm lacked out, I never be leavin' it  
You wanna give me yo' drip, let me see yo' merch  
I knew I was a rapper now I really don't gotta work  
DND my phone, everybody keep spammin' me  
Boy, you still in you ninety-nine, you ain't jammin' me  
Nigga rather be opp'd out than a fan of me

Fine shit see me goin' up, that's advantages  
One of my fans out there, I had to manifest  
Spam 'em online with Triller, it happened  
I'm really spooked to trap without the fye, I ain't cappin'  
All the attention on me, I'm still stealing packages  
They give me money, they gon' turn me to a activist  
Turn out the light, need it dark in the basement  
I can buy za' now I just did me a lil' placement  
I really don't wanna pass my weed, I wanna face it  
Hit fine shit in the backseat, it was spacious  
You don't gotta fuck wit' it, I'm still gon' drop shit  
Backseat, I don't wanna sit in the cockpit  
You never been to the trench seen a rock head  
Everybody tappin' in with LAZER, getting locked in  
2055, I still won't flop then  
Show yo' personality, you not that

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