

Reaper

SkyDxddy

Why are you so quick to doubt me (Why are you so quick to doubt me)
You can't do nothing without me (You can't do nothing without me)
And you ain't all that 'cause you found me
You don't know nothing about me, about me

There they go talking that same shit like they've been blameless
Tell them keep aimin', I leave stains with the stainless
Like to keep my name in they mouth when they nameless
Ay let 'em hate till they rage quit, try to throw shade in the day
I'ma boss catch my rays, get a pay lift
Sinner in the middle of my pen with
The venom, schizophrenic pen in hell
Bout to flip you with the nickel, wish 'em well

Not your average Prima Donna, eat your heart like Jeffery Dahmer
You're my son, and I'm the father
I see all, illuminati, why y'all acting so damn godly
Demons fleein' from my body, screaming like the night they got me

No caps them back on a track
So sick on the beat get it wrapped like a hazmat
Dodge my lyrics like a scat pack, check my logic - MD rat pack

Duck my flames, think you can match that
Don't get it twisted - gas cap
Pass that, see my name with dollar signs, cashapp

I'm the one they call when they need bodies buried
Cute as a fuckin' button so they never see me coming
Run a blade across your neck, bet you I could make you scream
Watch the blood drain from your body, while your gagging
That's my thing

I'm that guy that's kinda fly, I puff that hit, go diddy sky
Oh yes, I'm high, but she goes by, but we go fry
And leave you chickens tied by the side of
The drive, I cock it once, then he go high
We got that drip, but we don't die
You want that shade? Go cee-lo's eyes, sky

Like Cardi B I'll drug you, fuck you till unconscious
Pompous pricks and dirty dicks ain't no match for my subconscious
Gotcha eatin out my hand, bitch you never stood a chance
If you knew me then you'd know your girl already dropped her pants

Wish I was a hero, I know me, I got villain's needs
Spent it all on cereal, you see I'm on killing sprees
Banana clips I'm on ape shit, step on me, with guerrilla feet
I'm Jordan on this mic, no guarding me when I'm skillin' beats
(Wait a minute, Sky, bring that back real quick)

I don't know why I try so hard, meant to play a specific part
This dynamics gone to far now, why aren't I the one in charge now
I could cry but it'd be pointless, this club's made of silly boys
And blending in is so damn easy, treat them like they are G-Eazy
When there at the top will take them, doubting us they were mistaken
Poison in their crown, they're shaking, convulsing, there bodies aching

Take them by surprise they're fading, vigilante in the making
Say the word and I'll be waiting
I'll be waiting