

Black Rob

Jarren Benton

Woah
Benton, Black Rob
Woah, yeah
Yeah (Kill the Coyote), uh

Black blood spill on cotton fields
Dead slave, owners keep my pockets filled
Whip the block and keep the Glock concealed
Grave digger, I got plots to fill
Mama used to stress about them doctor bills
Trap Panther, bitch, I'm Bobby Seales
Your melanin'll get your brains blown on your dashboard
Bitch, that's why we kneel
Government, guns, and God
She just fucked the Entourage
I'm adios, hey, baby, bon voyage
I'm flexin' on 'em, [?]
I hang with the apes in the jungle
Gotta load up the K
You never know if they gon roll up and spray
The game cold, [?]
They went for hell and I have nowhere to stay
The god, Benton, baby, you better pray
The devil working, we can't lose our faith
I got trust issues, keep the tool by the waist
I'm boxing demons, they say [?]
Niggas turned to rats that used move out the base
Shit got popping when I flew out the A
Never gave a fuck about what you got to say
Nigga, play the back or move the fuck out the way

Woah, yeah
Crème de la crème
May father forgive me for all of my sins
But I'm going in like I'm out for revenge, I might hit 'em like
Woah, yeah, don't mean to sound grim
I count on one hand who I'm callin' my friends
Say fuck all you niggas, ayy, pardon my Fren', count the money like
Woah, yeah
The crème de la crème
May father forgive me for all of my sins
I roll up on niggas and hop out the Benz and I hit 'em like
Woah, yeah, don't mean to sound grim
I count on one hand who I'm callin' my friends
Say fuck all you niggas, ayy, pardon my French, we get to it like—

Wanna meet your maker? I can make that shit formal
No church inside the wild, ayy, fuck all the morals
My niggas bakin' pies, and that's no DiGiorno
The mink coat killer, bitch, I'm not normal
I'm Leatherface, spray the Drac' out the Wraith
[?] scrape his brain off the drapes
Point blank nature, peeled off, escaped
Bunch of fuck niggas, oh, I feel out of place
Been socially distant, bitch, way before COVID
I'm weary of people, don't know niggas motives
Been killin' shit for years and you niggas know it

Don't let me die before you give me my roses
Like my pussy clean and my presidents dead, yeah
No mercy for rappers, I pull up and pop off your top just like Pez, yeah
Mouth full of gold, it's that crack on the stove
Back on the wall, niggas know I don't fold
One day you here and the next day you ghost
I'm greedy, whatever, [?]
I stick to the code and I follow the oaths
I'm different from niggas while y'all do the most
They left me for dead, I was out in the cold
[?], got my foot on their throat, they like

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