

# Designer Belts

Jarren Benton

Yeah

Yeah nigga tell a friend, bitch

Money over bitches while the world still spinning

Yeah, forever terminating trash

Middle fingers to the peers, this is therminating blacks, fuck 'em. Lord Benton I'm moving expensive lettuce

Fuck my slave name, I'm switching it to a emblem

I never trust the system investin' in private prisons

As long as I'm breathing I'm probably the live that's livin'

Name a nigga' iller than me, I'll wait

They ain't fucking with the God, how, Sway?

Fuck these labels I bet I leave with my masters

Black lives never matter as long as I'm eating rappers

Rest in pissed, I never honour you chumps

These nigga's swagger jagger, I trust my money in trunks

Click, click, blaow

Put you niggas in a permanent slump

Never smell no wierd odors when I'm burning a blunt

Yeah, they be like "Mr.Benton you quite odd."

Atheist, I never pray for no white God

No disrespect for my white folks

But they be like "We want that old Jarren, The psycho."

Since my nigga died, I ain't been the same

Fuck the schizo, pussy nigga, come feel this pain

I got family in Flint, Michigan

These motherfuckers poison the water to get rid of them

A couple bucks will make your life switch

I don't trust the government, my wife know my side bitch

Yeah, a nigga crying for help

A taste for suicide I hang from designer belts

Yeah, God bless America, if it ain't your own then the pigs gon' come and bury ya niggas

Right hand over my strap. My country sits on bigger things. Sweet land of living

Complain about bullshit while niggas do fed' time

Some niggas that got clipped got nothing but bed time

You voted for Donald Trump, your vote was a hatecrime

The world looking Strange, dawg, I ride with a Tech Nine

I'm coming with the facts involved, taxin' y'all, so call me when the straps involved

Talkin trash, pat the party with the action, dawg. Fo' fo' ways kids like they jackin' off

Swear a nigga wanted to flip, I was nice with basketball still a wanted a prick

Got the brand new fives, still I want me a six

Like a nigga got a wife and still I want me yo bitch

Sold crack on the corner and back to back with them foreigners

I put my mind to it and got it right off the tour

Still they pull me over like, "What the fuck is you doing?"

[?] What drug is you movin'

Dang man, I want these niggas dead

Put his arms to his head, he be Mr.Potato head. A nigga been feared, but never fuck with the feds

We killin' everything, I hope you niggas prepared

On a lighter note, Niggas still coming with the fire, though

Burnin' up the trees getting higher than Mariah Notes  
Mink coat killa' with the drug deala'  
Sum it all up, fuck a fuck nigga