

# Never Seen A Man Cry

38 Spesh

Uh-huh  
You know what they say right?  
You're only as good as your last run  
And I'm on my best run  
So what that tell you about me?  
The Butcher coming nigga

I'm done doin' favors, made money, I'm too busy to spend  
I need appointments just to thumb through the paper  
All foreign's when we come through in Vegas  
Walk in the house with bricks like I'm 'bout to teach Kung Fu to neighbors  
I was just a dealer, I'm a healer, in my present state  
Put it in the wrong pot and it came back a crescent shape  
Meetings with the plug I'm landin' somewhere in Texas late  
We spent six hours politickin' like election day  
Streets still callin' me, that silverware talk to me  
And tell me it can make my family wealthy as the Carnegie's  
City has some work for me, my aunt had a job for me  
I told bruh to tell unc' I wasn't home if he called for me  
These rap niggas pussy, the dope game violent  
I gave these niggas tutorials on cocaine science  
Real niggas left, just a few of us, she ride me like a school bus  
I fuck with her but I don't tell her too much  
She know the rapper Benny, she don't know the trapper Benny  
In that Caprice Classic I'm in traffic with a half on Benny  
In a cell, my right hand put up the bail cash for Benny (Yeah)  
I'm in court with two lawyers speaking on behalf of Benny

Look, count the money and spray the hundreds on the top of the mattress  
I just been trapping from the bottom, I never had shit  
Free my homie, he behind the wall for poppin' his ratchet  
Take 500 to his baby mama, drop off a package  
We was baggin' 5/8ths burnin' the top of the plastic  
Now "Look What I Became" about to drop, it's a classic  
Rockin' Versace while I'm shopping at Saks Fifth  
Get out of pocket, I'll have your mama shoppin' for caskets boy  
35 hundred for a pair of glasses  
Wearing Hermes rarest fabric, bitches tell me I'm charismatic  
I carry 'matics, I will air and clap it  
The FN jacket hit his bullet proof vest and tear in half it  
Put you in a box and not the spital  
My bitch look like Saweetie, my pockets on Lizzo  
We dollar boxes, split the profit down the middle  
My young boy Kemba, he shot it off the dribble motha fucka

Don't let me show you what this 4 pound do  
Stand point blank range, let a close round through  
Your folks gon' get smoked if they go 'round you  
Like a breakfast and lunch spot, they get a close round too, huh  
All I had was a stable block, independent  
You got hot from a label, I made my label hot  
Got 10 bricks on a table top  
They see me to put bread on the table, I'm like the bagel shop  
I meet a plug, then I make 'em pop  
And if he don't appreciate what I make him then I'ma take his spot  
I gave four plugs fatal shots  
Put four lines on the ground like I'm tryin' to create a box

I'm the nigga that the haters watch  
I'm connected like Lego blocks or the line to the cable box  
And I ain't never been afraid of cops  
In prison, George had the same vision that Diego got  
You ain't never seen a cell block  
Used to hide when we saw 12, now we drive V12 drops  
The nigga cried then his bail dropped  
That's how a stand up guy transform to a female cop  
My first charge, I was shell shocked  
My ole bitch called the police on me, had me in jail hot  
They found an ounce in my mailbox  
Caught an F for my O with my X like I'm trying to spell fox, huh