

17 Bullets

Benny The Butcher

17 bullets, 17 of 'em
A whole 30, let me go

(This is a true story of extreme violence and brutality and fear)
(These guys aren't just like the sopranos)
(These are the real sopranos)

Look, 17 bullets in a rusted block
White people in my hood, they only call me cop
The dope good, they just wanna shop
Sticks in the trap, they wanna shut us down
They better come with SWAT
Hands down, we're the realest niggas

Pluggin' San Diego, we be still doin 'em like Philip rivers
No suits but we with the billers
Hey go price out here, your block still hot around mid-December
My life runnin' like I'm in a movie
Women in jacuzzis, Muslim security
Max some new recrufees

It's half-empty but I hold a 30
It's for the niggas who got partings from a bomb in my Lermony
The niggas cuttin' off the whole birdy
It's for the man workin' manual labour
You're comin' home dirty, experience, that's how we all learn
So before you get watchin' it drop to pay your law firm

And never hatin' when it's your dog time
These hoes know me for puttin' dm they box
Just like crosswords
It's kinda hard livin' life by the rules
So sometimes, you gotta plan it out
But write out your moves, before you walkin' 'em

You gotta pay a price for the shoes
You're like the mix how we drive shooters right outta school
The mayor run a city but the hustlers own it
12 bottles of Jose, that's a dozen roses
Stripes like black ops and now we come with hostlers
And rap's a trap, more cops then a Dunkin doughnuts

17 bullets (17 bullets)
17 bullets (17 bullets)
Yeah
Any of y'all claim no place with another (hollow heads)
I took 17 of them nigga
I let 13 of them go, 17 left
Yeah, 17 bullets