'73

Benny The Butcher

Uh
Yo, uh
Shit stupid
Uh
Yo, uh
Yo, uh
Yo, uh
Yo

Trap back coping
Maybach with the back open
Fiends that use my chill spots just for crack smoking
MAC toting
Cash flowing long as the packs roll in
Fuck these hoes, get money, that's my only slogan
I bend the corner real slowly so the hoes notice
I might drop another tape and cop a tan Lotus
Niggas'll talk behind your back with they hands open
That's why I barely show love
The same niggas you roll a dub with, hit the club with, will be the same nig
gas that'll set you up
Yo, they killed Nipsey Hussle in his own hood
That's why I don't never think that shit is all good
I keep the forty on my hip and that's at all times
Try me, I'm ready to die about mines
Real G
Yo, we really played the streets
All I know is grind, get money, repeat (Grind, get money, repeat)

Yeah, you will never be me
I'm legendary, Berry Gordy in '73
In the white Mercedes Benz with an ebony freak
Four years in Yale and still won't be as clever as me
Ride with three felons with heat
Feel like we seventy deep
Clips on the table next to a head of a thief
Fuck settling beef, I'd rather wet up the streets
My brother died, my mother still not ahead of the grief
So I need my cash up front
I'm putting half in the trunk
And moving to where winter only lasts for a month
Huh, I used to put hash in my blunt
Now it's gas, I'm talking five gram Ls and half of it's Runtz
First you find the gold and grind 'til you reach that number
So much paper, hire people just to keep track of it
Met the plug, he wrote it down, told me, "Beep that number"
That's when I made a bet, my whole team gon' eat that summer
The Butcher

Counting C notes
Golden butter on my langostinos
Rappers emo
Fucking up New York like they Paladino
Back to chemo
I'm dancing on it like I pressed the emote
Need a reload
Go the the corner and just ask for Nino

Rod and Pico
Was on LaBrea for a fucking RICO
Traffic be slow
Long as it's moving, it's a blessing, we know
Talking units
Draw up a game plan and I walk you through it
Thought you knew it
Hard as good pitching, we the Milwaukee Brewers
I wake 'em up, I'm the coffee to it
You asked for it and they brought you to it
You paid for it and I got it to you (Facts)
It all started with the H just like Honolulu
Every time the pack land, it's hallelujah
Flow is timeless
I hope for diamonds
I'm smoking diamonds
The racks don't die, like they they kids, they keep on multiplying
I hear niggas saying the culture dying (How?)
Look how closer I am
They don't believe you like compulsive lying

It's a professional secret
How many you want?
Five, six
Okay
Oh
This little baby here
Nine millimeter Ruger
Thirty round clips
Five, six hundred rounds per minute
You could wipe out a whole task force

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