

Uh, Yeah

It's Benny (right)

Ayo Conway, feel like, feel like I got these niggas in my scope right now

Uh, fuck the fame we only came for the bread
Told my homie it's a bonus if you aim for the head
You point a gun at him he gon' say that ain't what he said
Plus the clip in it long as Wilt Chamberlain leg
Lost some homies, spent a couple birthdays in the feds
I met plugs, not just thugs, I met Haitians in dreads
You know the kicks that I'm lacing are red
You blazing up reg, tension thick
You tasting the air, I'm blatant you scared
Ridin' out for my team, watching out for the D's
You ever stashed work in a house full of fiends?
You niggas just rapping, I'm about everything
Need shooters and captains when you scout in a team
Time is money, and I'mma need an hour or more
I leave the trap smelling like gunpowder and raw
I'm having nightmares they raiding, huddled out in the hall
Same time I was flushing, they was pounding the door
When you try'na get shit, you ain't used to having
Might run into some problems, might use some ratchets
Might run into some cops, wearing suits and badges
Never speak on what you saw, if you do you ratting
Real legend, and I'm still plugged in with criminals
You catch a case, pray the judge give a minimal
I send it through your loved ones when they visit you
I live in a town where the love ain't reciprocal

Rock your enemy to sleep like the drama dead
Then walk up on him in a Rasta wig
Who held the city down like a boat anchor
I got smokers in the room burning coat hangers
Smoking on sour, mixed with cookies
Revenge is the sweetest joy next to getting pussy
I treated the kitchen like chemistry
We unwrap em then we bag em individually

My intentions was good but the money was evil
cutting diesel, laying up in casinos
I got a hundred clips a hundred straps, none of em legal
Tell on you, brick of C4 under your Regal
Paid since I seen Nino, shit went out with them Guidos
You the type to get your shit took and run to a CO
I'm the type to get your shit pushed and run to Toledo
It's like I was, bred to be great, so this bread could get baked
Or your head I just take, my hand on this 8, like a man out his Bape
These rap niggas get more weird by the day
I wake up like. what the fuck I'm gon' hear bout today
I was still in the hood serving fiends like CVS
Bracelet on my ankle that's a GPS
They ain't beat me yet, fans still ain't meet me yet
James Bond hopping out that Aston Martin DBS
When you being mentioned with the baddest who spittin'
Average niggas hating, ain't you so they had you the villain
Mad in they feelings, probably cus' the talent ain't in em

Not only that though, the passion ain't in em
Take it from me, look
My life way deeper than bars and hooks
Pawns and rooks, this shit really hard as it look
If walls could talk, they tell you how the raw was cooked
And how we got to be stars from cooks
My first brick, uh

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Yeah
You already know nigga
You already know walls closing in on niggas man
Yeah
It's me
It's me
I ain't tellin' my story in third person
Naw
I'm hands on
I'm hands on my nigga
Yeah