

'97 Hov

Benny The Butcher

Uh, yeah, the Butcher coming, nigga
I walk in the room, niggas can feel that pressure when I walk in, nigga
Like you saw the devil, yo, look

I was born in '84, but I'm like '97 Hov
I went platinum off a brick, I cooked on 97 stoves
Yeah, I know the streets is watching so I'm highly skeptical
Where I'm at in my career, one hit and I'll be set to go, uh
Duct tape for the blocks, black tape for the strap
Bentley in the parking lot, ashtray full of pack
Had dreams of retiring and burying the money
Back when I was young with more experience than money
On my Georgetown shit, rock the blue Hoya
When they snatched my niggas up, I got a new lawyer
They start off young so they shoot for you, I groom 'em
Soon they become their own bosses and recruit for you
It's not a such thing as too loyal
This gat melt your favorite rapper Patek into a pool for you
You think you nice, well, I got news for you
I get 'em chewed for you, what's funny when every rapper food to you
My bitch asking me to settle down
I was reckless at selling brown, she know I'm finally on level ground
I'm tryna change, but in my head it's sounds
Telling me I can be El Chapo instead of Kevin Liles
Freestyle for Clue, I feel like '97 Hov
It was '96, he pulled up in that '97 Rov', uh
Drove it back and forth, done went through 97 tolls
Real stories 'bout drug money got me etched in stone, uh
By the time they learn to love me, I'll be dead and gone
Real hustlers treat them rentals like they second home
First double up, thirty dollars, seven stones
Yeah, I fucked it up, but that whole play set the tone

You real angry
You know why I'm mad? Let me tell you why I'm mad
I'm mad because everybody on these records lying
Everybody's lying, everybody's this big D-boy
Everybody's these hardcore gangsters
Everybody gon' do this to each other when they see each other
And truth be told, we too blessed, and we having too much money
In this rap game to be going to war with each other
Right, okay
And the truth be told, don't nobody wanna fight nobody in this rap game
'Cause 98% of these dudes is cowards

Check, one, two
The butcher coming, nigga
Brr, let's go
We pull up, jumping out them V12 engines, detail kitted
Females with us, the hoes driving like it ain't got no seat belts in it
Uh huh, woo, yeah
That's it right there, yo, uh

We pull up, jumping out them V12 engines, detail kitted
Females with us, the hoes driving like it ain't got no seat belts in it
The block look like it got seashells in it
The beam on the SIG flashing like it got an unread email in it

They try their best to stop us, we still winning
I run the shit in my Versace, chain reactions 'til my feet swell in 'em
Gold digger, deep pussy, I park the CL in it
Never pay for pussy, just pay for meals just to be fair with her
I hit the breaks, but wait, the light 'bout to change
Realizing what I'm driving and how my life 'bout to change
When I die, go to TV Johnny and ice out the grave
I make these bitches sign contracts and write out they names
Shit, I learned from how Juanita tricked Mike out his change
Huh, my ex shed, I still ain't get the lights out her name
The Feds want the whole BSF, wiped out the game
'Cause what the grams cost, I been getting twice out in Maine
My watch look like a lighthouse, that's right, I'll explain
Blue faces, and I ain't have 'em bring the price down to pay
I had some young niggas slide through with pipes 'round your way
Have 'em posted up with sticks like it's a strike 'round your way
Uh, you can only judge me by who you see me with
I turned a deuce to a six, did Houdini tricks
Tell these niggas keep my name out they greedy lips, uh
'Cause they don't want no static with Griselda by Fashion Rebels
The Butcher, nigga