

Back 2x

Benny The Butcher

Ah

Ayo, from now on, niggas got to call me the Pyrex man (Ah, ayo, yo, yo)

I gotta stamp that shit

Niggas tryna take my shit, Mr. Pyrex Man, that's me, nigga (Ah, ayo)

Feel what I'm sayin'?

The Butcher, nigga (Ayo)

I know what y'all want

Y'all want me back on that Daringer shit, nigga

I know what y'all niggas want

Mr. Pyrex Man (The butcher comin', nigga)

You know what I do with a fork, nigga (Ah)

Yo, uh-huh

I'm eatin' caviar off ciabatta that's chopped in (Uh)

When I quit, the guys I fed off narcotics done got slim (Uh=huh)

My style mixed with Boldy James now and 2Pac then (Then)

Don't compare me to no nigga that's not in the top ten (Don't do that)

And all that weird rapper shit (Uh-huh)

And they not near half as this (Me?)

Be in my ear cappin' while I'm focused on the tier after this

Put out a number one, then another one less than a year after it (Uh-huh)

I'm humble, but you fuckin' bums should be somewhere practicin' (Nigga)

These Cartiers with the diamonds solitaire hazardous

I swear these hoes fall out the air soon as they stare at this shit

Square packages, I stepped on 'em, StairMaster bricks

Then whipped another half a square out my rare bag of tricks (Ah)

This one for the family no matter what awards they hand me (Sopranos)

I went and spent another buck on some water I can call a Grammy (Nigga)

I took orders cookin' fancy in kitchens like Gordon Ramsey (Haha)

Agents make sure they payin' me, my trap like a Morgan Stanley

For niggas knew what happened, I was on Montana with white

Arm & Hammer with ice, connected like Joe Montana and Rice

Scanners and lights, you value your team, you payin' 'em right? (You payin' 'em right?)

Candid advice, you gon' need 'em when they read the Miranda rights, yeah (Real shit)

The first day my dog got his whip, we was smokin' in it (Smokin' in it)

He had a Glock on his hip, thirty plus shots was loaded in it

I told him, "Go and tint it," he said, "Fuck that," had no intentions (Fuck that)

'Cause when he pull up slow with switches, he want 'em to know he did it, uh (Uh)

We brought it back, back (We brought it back)

I dropped it in the pot, it came back, back (It came all the way back)

Soon as we unload this rental, we right back, back (We back)

Have my shooter bend a corner, I bet he back, back (I bet he, brr, bah, bah, woo)

Back, back (Go)

We dropped it in the pot, it came back, back (Came back, back)

Soon as we unscrew these doors, boy, we back, back

I have my shooter bend a corner, bet he back, back (Brr, bah, bah)

Was cooking cocaine in designer

I turned seventeen ounces to thirty-nine

Watched big homie lay that shit up on the heat like Harold Miner

I just dropped mine on the heat like Kyle Lowry, all the Vlone came from Bar

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All the kilos came stamped with a balloon, it's time to party (Woo)
Drivin' sixes in the sun with that rocket, I think I'm Barkley (Woo)
And I ain't bring a chip home (Nah)
Bitch, I brought a brick home (Yeah)
Did it off the flip phone (Ah)
Had the feds in there tip-toein' (Woo)
I left some dirty pots and a note that said, "I been gone" (Woo)
I been hit that number, bitch, I been up, bitch, I been on (Bitch, we been on)
We was worth six figures on them barbershop steps
Was cookin' hard with my left (Left)
Parallel parkin' my Lex'
Hear the barkin' from them bundles, had that dog food on deck
Now my last check look like I play for the Nets
But we ain't breakin' no sweat
We in the rental, 'bout to freeze, don't you turn up the degrees, it's a brick in the vent
Stove

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