

Band Of Brothers

Benny The Butcher

You're a Wizard Harry!

(Ayo) I got a pistol, and it's staying by me
I got a lot of issues, so my death I'd anticipated highly
That was me facilitating robberies, I'm like a hardware store
I take a key and start making copies
Kill me, it's gonna take a posse
You thinking wisely, and I refuse to let you dudes patronize me
I charge a hundred for an eighth of broccoli
You heard about me, I got enough Greenhouses to play Monopoly
Caught cases selling ye' in lobbies, few bitches I fucked
Had ugly faces, but amazing bodies
I'm frustrated when a hater by me
I took my bank statements and made a diary
That's great advisory, I ain't waiting till the label sign me
I had illegal empires that probably generate the same as Ghazi's
I remember playing on them side streets, and I built the brand with my brothers
Like the Wayans and the Isleys

I know you probably heard I gave them crumbs
Then I made a run in rap, gave it back, and donated funds
Provided jobs for my neighbors sons, built foundations to save the slums
While talking about cocaine and guns
My ex told me we don't date because
I'm too self centered, I spent more time counting then making love
A contractor, I could make a plug
I contact it, with a load and a number sweeter than maple syrup
That first million dollars gave me courage
I'm Facetiming bosses, talking to the camera like I'm Katie Couric
I can't hear you, my new Mercedes purring
Ain't a day that I didn't earn or a favor a nigga ain't return
I'm booked in cities, put work in them same towns
Stepped on it, I came down with footwork, like I'm James Brown
And don't mistake the shit that they say for the same styles
These street politics for civilians, I break down
I straddle lines of crack and rhymes, but this old school Lac of mines looks like
I traveled back in time
I shedded weight, my crew half the size

Nigga, I built the band with my brothers, lie the Jackson Five
Thoughts of matching us, then your plans absurd
Could get you whacked before desert, get you tortured before the lamb is served
I handle birds like Mike on the roof, I'm likely to shoot
You understand my nerves, you would if you understood the depths of what Amber heard
Judge slamming gavels, the verdicts guilty, watch man emerge
Blood stained apparel, the furs is filthy, I damaged furs
I ain't got no plan to splurge, time to hit the block
I'm gonna slam the curb, you ain't built to withstand the purge
Get you killed for some grams of herb
Dirt cheap, first night home from prisons the worst sleep
Violated the first week, yeah I was raised on these cursed streets
On North and Torn, if you don't bump into the devil three times a day
Then you walking with him

How my wicked lawyer beat all them charges?
I'm off regardless, got some bodies that's Decomposing in lost garages
These crosshairs is how I cross my targets, live off the harvest with my band of brothers
Like we was on the barges
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