

Billy Joe

Benny The Butcher

Yeah, nigga
I don't gotta say too much, ah
You know my track record, my, my reputation proceeds itself
Griselda
Everything you heard about me might be true, nigga
Real shit

Yo, Sammy Gravano told on bodies, they gave that boy immunity
They give a dope boy life, say we destroyin' communities
I let 'em make me out the villain, I stay poised as Putin be
Y'all tryna do the pigs' job, y'all like the boys in blue to me (That's cops
)
I wasn't really good at shit so sellin' poison suited me (Dope)
Low-income based livin', my pops avoided schoolin' me (He did)
So how I'm supposed to feel? These hoes ain't usin' me
Makin' choices foolishly
It took a fair case and some more to get through to me (Uh-huh)
Streets know I'm activated, don't slack, I get at the paper
I'm one classic from great up amongst these rappers today
But I ain't talked the kind of shit that I'm talkin' til I had my weight up
(I'm up)
Vino beggin' me to put a hundred slabs on a tractor trailer (Uh)
Laughin' at my opps passin' through like, "I'll catch you later", right
I'm drivin' fast shit like the cast from Talladega Nights

They're comfortable on phones, talkin' work on your line dangerous
I won't sell another brick again 'til I learn sign language (Nah)

On the first of the month, I started with a fresh half
Then gave all my fiends rides to get they checks cashed
By the third of the month, I still had the best glass
I served my next door neighbor, my auntie and stepdad
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I served my next door neighbor, my auntie and stepdad (Ah)

Fuck all the critics, we did it the hard way (Facts)
This for the check cashin' spots on Fillmore and Broadway (Uh-huh)
I treat my city like Monopoly, sitting on Park Place (Park shit)
The engine in the shit I'm whippin' in fit for a car chase, uh (Skrtrt)
I'm sick of all these fake bosses and temporary soldiers
I put twenty in a Toyota down in Tempe, Arizona
Rich shit, fuckin' famous hoes missionary on sofas (Huh?)
Thousand dollar suites on jets, flyin' out to meet with my broker
But how it get to this? (How?) Tell me, you ever sleep with a cobra? (You ever did that?)
And get hit with cheap work, you know the powder sink when it's soda
Damn, I counted out at half a million with my eyes closed (With my eyes closed)
'Cause this year I feel like I'm '99 Hov (Let's go)
I'm breakin' records, settin' milestones, out in Hawaiian time zones
Nobody cried when they killed Alpo (Fuck all that)

Y'all still on them phones, talkin' work on your line dangerous
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