

# Bullets

## Benny The Butcher

Really  
Kush God and the Butcher  
Surgeon General warning  
Pray  
BSF, RFC  
Griselda  
Yeah

We all got raw, I got tree, Benny the pastry man (Uh)  
Soon as the package touch, I'ma make these scram (Outta here)  
Once you get yours, it went through 18 hands (Uh)  
Pull up on your block in the A-Team van  
Hannibal Smith, big cigars on hand (Really)  
B. A. Baracus, couple chains, no scams (Uh)  
Ya hustle game shaky, fam  
Ya numbers outdated, can't fake these fans  
Fuck notoriety in the minor league (Uh)  
Frank stand to the critics in it's entirety (Uh)  
Money inspires me  
Trackin' the box only thing that gimme anxiety (Right)  
I got something for you if you unemployed  
This loud pack hit like a hundred Floyds  
Animal status, makin' tons of noise  
Bunch of lions and apes smokin' jungle boys

You ain't 'bout no gun action, stop woofin' (Nah)  
Niggas shoot diss tracks, we shot bullets (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, brr t)  
Made 5K on the corner and the cops took it  
But you can tell by my wrist, I gave the pot whoopings  
You ain't 'bout no gun action, stop woofin' (Nah)  
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Said a silent prayer, my hands laid on a Bible  
Been drove for 20 years, sittin' straight through Ohio  
I was barely out of high school when buyin' weight  
On my way to prison, I looked my mom in her cryin' face  
Left the trap with money counters and a candle burnin'  
Fuck niggas, I be good long as this hammer workin'  
We still cordial with the bosses and the workers  
And I'm this way on Instagram and in person  
Uh, the players change, but the game won't  
The money came late, so I stayed woke  
Talents took me to Dallas, amigo got me established  
I'm in a race with the opps to see who get rich the fastest  
BSF, nigga

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But you can tell by my wrist, I gave the pot whoopings (Griselda)  
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Niggas shootin' these disses, they ain't a real threat (You niggas pussy, man)  
Two bodies, tell me who we gotta peel next (Who want smoke?)  
Rap about your imaginary guns, we got real TECs (Fuck outta here)  
I pull up with the FN, shoot a movie like I'm lil' X (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Two hundred pounds in my basement and they still fresh (Uh-huh)  
I'm still hustlin' like I ain't got a deal yet (I'm still hustlin', nigga)  
My wrist and my bitch pussy real wet  
And this a stingray when I pull up in that teal 'Vette (Talk to 'em)  
Yeah, I'm thankin' God for this ki of coke (Okay)  
Paranormal driveway, you gon' see a Ghost (Woo)  
You gon' see a Wraith, you gon' see a Mulsanne (What else?)  
Culinary label truck (Huh?), you gon' see 'em both (Wow)  
I mean, if we talkin' bread, you gon' see a loaf (Ha)  
I keep it close, look at us wrong, you gon' be approached (Ayo, what's poppin'?)  
We been gettin' money, boy, I ain't used to bein' broke (Huh?)  
Niggas ain't fuckin' with Benny the Butcher, me, and Smoke (Not at all)  
It ain't even close

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