

Bust A Brick Nick

Benny The Butcher

Niggas can't talk this shit like I talk it, these niggas ain't been where I been, I told them that like three years ago
Who better than Griselda, nigga?
Who did it like us, nigga? (Yo, uh)

Niggas say they nice, but don't shake shit up like the Butch' (Uh-uh)
I got a movie deal, but chilling, 'cause my real life like a book (Uh-huh)
Blue steel knife for the jugg so don't be that life that I took (Nigga)
And next time you sneak diss me, just pay me (Just pay me), I'll write the hook (I'll write the hook)

Now look who the bread-earner (Earner), the east side Ted Turner
In this business, it's best to stay out your feelings to advance further
Can't shake the bitch, I told her, "I get the neck, but I can't serve ya"
She not my type, but I pop the connect, so I can't curve her (Damn)
Before a bullet wound, there was shit that permanently hurt me (Damn)
In a wheelchair it was hard to smile on my 36th birthday
Being honest, this could be karma I probably deserve in the first place (For the shit I did)

The shit I'm thinkin' 'bout on the jet that's landing in Burbank (Huh)
Fuck rap, we be back plugging whole units the worst case (Whole joints)
These jewels on my shirt say, "Bitch, come in, I don't skirt-chase" (Not at all)

But it's over, and that was my fourth felony, certainly
Got a warning, I be in Lewisburg right now if they search me
Locked in with plugs, so I know that shit y'all coppin' no good
To get the drop (What's that?), I'm the type to send fiends to shop in your hood

I'm like '95 KG, nigga (What that mean?), I'm with the wolves
But me and City Mike and Pippen 'fore Rodman got to the Bulls, uh
Before we talk paper, let's make a simple assessment
My little crypto investment was probably triple your necklace (Triple)
On this episode of Flavor of Love, your bitch a contestant
'Cause she never suck dick the first night, this an exception
Hide the paper somewhere safe, a place them dicks won't expect it
Then calculate how long it's gon' take to get to your weapon (Are you strapped?)

No love songs, I kept it gangsta 24/7
You crying-ass rappers', label should send y'all niggas to Ellen
Ayo, Butch', let me holla at you
Wait, chill, chill, give me one second, nah (Hold up, hold up, hold up)
Y'all niggas like hoes, we can talk when y'all done beggin'
Now, let's talk about this shit that I did to become legend
'Cause the money not enough no more (The Butcher comin', nigga), I want cred it (Uh-uh)

The money not enough for this, feel like I made too much of it
Seven-figure deal, tell my plug I'm still hustlin' (I'm still hustlin')
Ten-year anniversary, Soprano still bubblin'
A Buffalo nigga with a flow nobody fuckin' with
And the race, I already won, I guess this lap was for victory
Doing songs with bigger acts and they tell me that's going industry
But look back at my history (Look back, nigga) for the past five years
It's like my status been tripling, I get back with humility
Make no excuses, came to the conclusion that y'all should hate me (Y'all should)

They wanna do this, but my shooters been cutting off water lately
Too rich to incarcerate me on charges, them odds are shaky
The feds watch me get an M on TV like I'm Carson Daly (Huh)

Streets tore me apart, my heart cold like a orphan baby (Like an orphan)
The pain a reminder, I feel like these is the scars that made me (Made me wh
o I am)
Had my best run when I lost Shape, of course it's crazy (That's my nigga)
I ask God to bring him back, pray he jump out his coffin maybe (Huh?)
In all white like they ain't never sin, but you will never win
How you gon' call me Hollywood, bitch, and you ain't never been?
You know my regimen, CLS Benz that I ain't never rent (Uh-uh)
First thing she do is tell a friend if I ever let her in (Damn)
They wanna know how I'm up off records that they don't never spin
Another ten steps ahead of them by the time it all settle in
When I drop, rappers fucked and this time, they dead again
I got a closet full of measuring cups and dead presidents

The Butcher, nigga (Alchemist)