

Duffel Bag Hottie's Revenge

Benny The Butcher

I used to think about the people in your life
And I think of Neil, and then you were sittin' there
Right now, what do you say to me? You say, John, what's it about?
Griselda

Black Soprano family
What's life about?
These are the real Sopranos
This is a hit, this is a hit
The Butcher comin', nigga

I won't shake your boss' hand and kneel to the Pope
Me and Duffel like Gotti and Neil de La Croce
They cry crocodile tears when they broke
I'm tuckin' eagles in my belt and puttin' crocodile skin on a coat
Cuttin' bills from a sealed envelope

Niggas got two feet in the game but still don't got no idea how I go
As always, I only did what I know
Instinct start kickin' in when the meat on your ribs gettin' low
Streets got a dark side to them, I watch for the double cross
They threw the triple at me, just made me trigger happy
Streets made me Benny Savvy

Yeah, the bosses of all bosses, capo de tutti capi
Let's start there, look how we started, now the vets our peers
And I don't gotta cash a check all year

Let's address y'all fears
Order your nightmare, adjust y'all ears
Throw jabs but can't protect y'all chins

I thought more of my enemies

It be hard to avoid a hater
So I buy bullets in bulk like toilet paper
With no fork, I use anything for an oil scraper

Pull a brick out a mule, it look like she goin' to labor

I don't wanna be forgotten

Got me spendin' everything when I'm coppin'

Them prices had a niggas spoiled rotten

Fed the family out my pocket

That was pre-wrapped before I got these watches

In the midst of that, we all know who watchin'

Pour out a little liquor, just for my enemy's sake
When they see me, they turn pale, look like Hillary face
Bought a half of a M, better what I get for a tape
Easy chips we can make from my memory bank
It's about money, how? When we all got some
Can't say it's about them foreign shits, 'cause we all copped them
Can't be 'bout no hoes, niggas, them bitches fuckin' us too
Can't be 'bout no jewels either, 'cause my shit bust too
I don't wanna be forgotten

In the memory of my niggas
Who did this shit in hopes, we won't forget them
Make sure they don't forget
Let's go
We ball harder every summer
It's really no such thing as a number
I don't wanna be forgotten
So write my name in the books too

Of gangsters who came in to push through
Make sure they don't forget
Doin' a buck and a whip, that's 160
My wrist screamin', don't forget me

I'm talkin' spig Latin, 1900 OJ in the pill cabinet
Four-piece in a Gucci Duffy, four-nick in my Bills jacket
Cram jam, off the gold, shorty, say no folklore
Gritter out the litter, couple mill that I can show for
Grand slam, two-step on the puppy, got the band dancin'
Sky-dwellin', dumpin' ice packs, feel like my thighs swellin'
Five-seven tucked in my undies, my nose runny, soles gummy
On my unos, Manute Bol the money, kudos
Facing a future indictment bigger than Pluto
Some cuttin' circles out the square cup, purpler than NUVO
Porsche 911, this a state of emergency
760 cherry Cola, don't mistake it for burgundy
Draped up in Burberry, my shooter say he owe me his life
But he wrong or right, so every hit he take, it's a courtesy
On the run for numerous home invasions and burglaries
He get paid in bails, bonds, hands bloody as a tampon
Presi with the Arabic numerals
Cocaine in my cuticle, safe to say I'ma be late to my funeral
Cake in a Subaru, got the blow, takin' as usual
Money kinda beepin', shit sound like I'm makin' a musical
Wrappin' brickage up in foil, usin' tape and some superglue
Took the offer off the table, 'cause I made it refusale
Bold and beautiful, come to beatin' cases, I'm two for two
Came up off the flake, and I'm 1008, so that's Scooby-Doo
Just get it

Who you are, what you are
Self-esteem, self-esteem is basic
You pick it up in the street, that goes with the street
You gotta remember, Angie, I love this guy
I loved him, and he was stupid
He never listened to me, he was on the goddamn dope money
Never rolled, you know that?