

Echo Long

Benny The Butcher

Yeah, yeah
Seventeen shots
Took off like a 458
Like a 458 Ferrari, nigga
Uh, it's Benny, Daringer, yeah
You know what the fuck we on, man
Yo, yo, uh

I'm from a quiet town, but shit get hostile
You know my style, we got straps stockpiled
Shit crazy, niggas ran up and shot crowds
Got it hot lately, that's why you see all these cops 'round
These hoes iffy, say they love you, then hurt you a lot
They talk bad about a nigga, worse than Fox
Dear Mama, I'm a rider, a version of Pac
Icy Rollie, can't tell if the minute hand work on the watch
My daughter seen me with a gun, looked at me like I'm crazy
I pulled her in the other room and said, "This for our safety"
She was scared, it was a AR with 50 in it
Knew I was special, was born the same day as Jimi Hendrix
He a snake, fuck him, he don't deserve to be round ya
We got money young, then had to learn how to count it
Knew a nigga who got knocked with 32 ounces
On his way home, that was back in the early 2000s
Comfortable, chilling, laying up at the W
Playing, but I'm thinking 'bout staying for a month or two
Beef with a rapper, they gon' ask me what I wanna do
I tell em, "Catch him, hit the chauffeur, clip the butler too"
Seventeen shots stuffed into the rim
The plug start to like you when you spend what I spend
You learn to talk to God when you been where I been
Need that yellow bag money, that's that M and a M, nigga

Ayo, I had a nigga cook my motherfucking dinner
I had a nigga iron my clothes (iron my clothes)
CO bringing the phones in (ring!)
Stab him in the neck if he owes (neck if he owes)

Henny'd out with the drunken face
Thirty thousand in the couch like the sunken place
My niggas put Buffalo on
I rock black Cartier frames with buffalo horns, shit
In this Lexus acting reckless
I'll treat your necklace like a complimentary breakfast
I wouldn't cook with the wine that y'all drink
It's a cold world, Lord, keep a 9 in your mink
Uh, switch kicks, switch rides
Loyalty forever, I'ma never switch sides (never)
Ain't no such thing as oil based cut
So if a gram turn into sand, I ain't picking it up
Nigga, I'm crispy as fuck, son, I'm gorgeous and great
If the going price is ten, just know I got it for eight
The streets is my safari
I breeze through, my balls smelling like Bulgari

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