

# 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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