

Fast Eddie

Benny The Butcher

Uh, yeah, nigga
It's Benny, yo
I'ma squeeze the juice out you niggas
Yo, look

I don't regret the homies I cut off or the bitches I cancelled
A blade in the kitchen, gripping a pot handle
You sitting for clipping an innocent bystander
Low income livers grew to be niggas with high standards
Ay, look, got my introduction robbing shit at Hustler's (true)
They call to squash the beef, that's not in the discussion
Made it to the point only reached by 5% of hustlers
Put it on the stove, I stretch it, and I can get the tumblers
Sparkling pistols with long extendos
Spray the driver side like we tryna wash the windows
Something big and long on me, I won't argue with you
I'ma let it off, then hit you, then dolphin flip you
Look, you know the squad a hundred if the boss official
GxFR, I fuck around and carve it in you
We got used to being stars, speeding off from venues
Ate at Benihana's and never ordered off the menus, let's go
You not connected, then you never spoke to me probably
I'm riding in the Ghost, but I'm smoking Ferrari
He said if I buy the TEC, he gon' throw in the shottie
Cooking while you looking, if you broke or you slow, that's Hibachi
I ain't with this rap crap, I bag smack fam
Pap-pap this black MAC, then flatten that man
These niggas in cac sack, hooting jack mag then
Go and sharpen the top from the jack mag can, nigga

Uh, fuck y'all niggas know about that?
(Fuck y'all niggas know about that?)
That's why they sent me here
Uh, street shit, nigga
Y'all niggas forgot, the Butcher
Huh, I'm your reminder, I'm your consequence
Benny, Griselda, I'm the last nigga you wanna see, uh
Trust me, uh

I mean, that's why I mention how good I am at cooking the brick
Went so deep in the game, understood I couldn't repent
Stood on the strip, P89 full to the tip
These bullets are swift, they probably gon' lift the hood of your whip
Made nigga, I ain't never been belittled before
Y'all shaking hands with them niggas in the middle of war?
When you a street nigga, you gotta keep a pistol or sword
Think quickly, you lost and learn how to forget what you saw, uh
You talking, straight hustling, tryna park the Wraith, stunting
Left the game, a lot of niggas ain't get to walk away from it
I'm talking graves and niggas walking off with state numbers
He been down since kids, it's awful when he call to say something
Uh, what you know about shaving off a gray substance?
Brick of white girl and I call it Kate Hudson
I do this for the kids that starved and ate nothing
And had to rock off brand just 'cause they fathers ain't hustling
This year, I'ma make y'all niggas really respect me
Told West, "I gotta eat, you gotta really connect me"

And if I'm wrong, shit, which one of y'all gon' really correct me
If Conway catch a body, guess who getting accessory?
Niggas hating, threw salt, nah, it didn't affect me
Never cared who gave a fuck about or didn't accept me
Cold world, jumped in the game, mamma couldn't protect me
Bought a gun and had to shoot like I was winning an ESPY
I had to dress the work up like I was getting it sexy
Had to serve the whole house just like a nigga was Geoffrey
Want the dick so bad, your bitch willing to beg me
Like a police exam, these niggas not willing to test me
Let's go

You niggas don't want no smoke, man
I know what this is, man, you know what this is
Uh, these niggas not willing to test me
Uh, I dare you, dare you
It's looking real bad for you niggas, man
Give your man a job or something
You niggas looking real hurt
We see how y'all faces look
You ain't low, nigga, uh