

# Fly With Me

Benny The Butcher

When I was broke  
My confidence was on a million  
My shit was on a million  
'Cause I knew I was comin' out of that

We split the money up in two, five hundred grand in the kitty (Uh-huh)  
All these racks, got your bitch down in Panama City  
Yeah, this for the haters that was plannin' to get me  
Steppin' on them zips got me standin' in Fendi  
This for honest success and for all the promises kept  
You know I'm down to pay homage out of respect (Out of respect)  
But I still spray hollows out of a TEC  
Rolly face full of diamonds for when it's time to reflect  
I've been down that same road, so I feel for those  
It's hard to run in the streets when your children know  
I'm always on the money trail, I got a feel for gold  
Only rapper to bid with E and do a deal with Hov  
You know my pedigree respected by everybody ahead of me  
The judge had plans on beheadin' me  
The paperwork said I turned South Buff' to a hub dealin' drugs, I'm a Kingpin allegedly  
You know that means piano keys that's white as Keanu Reeves  
When they get their first brick, they channel me (Channel me)  
Five deep at the game, three grand a seat  
This mornin', I woke up what I always claimed to be  
That nigga

Real shit  
When I was broke, ask all my niggas  
I was focused on this rap shit  
All the way, all the way locked  
And I had just fucked up my money in the streets  
I had just fucked up my money in the streets  
I needed that moment to be broke to respect my niggas' name  
All my niggas is hustlers  
All my niggas

Look  
Word to the stars in the Wraith ceiling  
Remember wakin' up being broke, I hated the feeling  
My sacrifice and dedication just made a few million  
Handin' in my tapes to the label, I'm shakin' the building  
We global  
They got murals of my face on the buildings  
And that's way in New Zealand  
Damn, look at all the paper I reeled in  
Before the Shady deal, I was basically dealing  
My bitch ain't have a fat ass, but her face was appealing  
Yeah, it's like mockin' at an honor roll  
Bodies get to droppin', the feds think we responsible  
My dog home from prison, shit'll take a lot out of you  
Married his girl in jail and got her pregnant on the conjugal  
Facts  
I did everything I promised to  
Bentley trucks for Londa and my mama too  
Where I'm from, you get too rich, they ain't fond of you  
What? The FN close

I want extra smoke (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Machine, bitch

You a real hustler  
It's a ton of knowledge in being broke, my nigga  
So cherish that feeling  
Ask all my niggas  
Cherish that feeling