

# Freestyle (Cocaine Cowboys)

Benny The Butcher

Uh  
Yeah  
Benny, I see you, nigga  
Huh  
Uh  
Uh  
Let's go

Yo, I could tell you all fake  
Y'all ain't move hard base, run through long cake  
8-ball niggas still moving pool hall weight  
When I transport, I got to call the U-Haul place  
From the murder capital of New York state  
Gun shoot off, bullets go through y'all face  
You move far, but don't think you all safe  
Have them niggas all through y'all place  
Every month, I got a new court date, every month I got a new car  
Benz with the 2-door, New York plates  
Putting dick in a new whore's face  
Selling quarter bricks to five, I might give you two for eight  
When the drought came, y'all was starving  
I had six hoes with a brick in each broad apartment  
I don't cop cars from the auction  
Green spaceship, dark tint, call it Marvin the Martian  
Right, I was mobbing and bossing  
Glock for two reasons, robbing and flossing  
Had problems, now they're all in the coffin  
Hoes give me head 'til their jaws is exhausted  
Right, I'm a slick type dude  
With iced out, thick Slick Rick type jewels  
CL6 so your bitch might cruise  
A nice whip make a dyke bitch like dudes  
Ooh, I wish a nigga might snooze  
Try it, you gon' make tonight news  
Right, y'all found the right dude  
My hands get dirty quicker than all white shoes  
Right, I look at niggas like food  
Or look at niggas like fools  
Shit, if I don't sell a brick in a day, my whole night's screwed  
I sell a brick in a day, I'm in a nice mood  
Later on at night, I got your wife nude  
And I'm putting pipe through her tubes  
Man I live this shit, it ain't right what I do  
I do it so these can write what I do  
Right

This shit won't stop, nah, there's too many gats  
Too many bricks of coke, way too many rats  
The flow been tough, the 3-pound 7  
Just right, my shot will break a grown man up  
I put a plan together, get away, hide up  
My baby mother the getaway driver  
You gon' bleed, I'll spit a clip  
They catch me, I don't give a shit, I don't plead innocent  
The kush my favorite, soda and the scale on the table  
I know she 'bout to cook my favorite  
Hope I don't get took by agents

Come share a cell with a nigga with a foot  
The weight going cheap  
I can pop the trunk to show you a bag heavier than Skateboard P  
It's a horror flick when the click  
Bitches on my dick an enormous list  
I suggest the chef make sure the raw is whipped  
And the shooters gonna make sure the rich  
She bugging, so I tell her her drive and be cool  
You could give me brain like an Ivy League school  
She said, I got faith, I told her I believe too  
So next time you have that yay, tell 'em I'ma need two  
I get them like this, it's shorty  
I could turn your life to a success story  
No matter how you're saying it, it's the Mayor, bitch  
I could move the work before I'm done weighing it  
Shooting for the top with a 30 30  
Big birds on my block like Bert and Ernie  
It might just hit me, the workers chirp me  
Bring them white chicks with me, Laverne & Shirley  
Money on the table and money on the way  
My kush bill a hundred it a day  
And it's surely, my nigga

Cheah  
What y'all wanna do?  
Ha  
I just thought I'll ask  
Spesh, what up?  
Cheah  
And I'm back