

Jackpot

Benny The Butcher

Yo, uh (woooo!)
I like this, hit that light for me
Yeah (woooo!)
My nigga 'troeze, Patroeze

Yo, yo, yo
Yo, we lost niggas, pour liquor that's more swishers
We known for lettin' 'em go, call us the four fifthers
Run up in ya spot, they call us the door kickers
Or we can have a party just as long as there's whores with us
We can do it big, jet skis and four wheelers
Pop a couple Spades, I might let you ball with us
Hit a couple stings, nothin' personal, raw bid'ness
Built my name up, and now I'm on verses with raw niggas
I be lettin' off, and know myself I'll probably bet it all (bet it all)
Ya bitch crib, I get my nut and then I'm jettin' off (SKRRT!)
Ya bitch don't respect you to me that says it all
I sold a little everything, I think I bled it all, I bled it all
I'm prayin' for my niggas sellin' Fentanyl
(I said a prayer to my niggas)
And rest in peace to all my niggas dead and gone (dead and gone)
Yeah, (The Butcher comin', nigga)
I said rest in peace to all my niggas

Look, I get dressed, put on my shoes, nah my hammer was first
Bulletproof the whip I use to take my grandma to church
I went gram for gram with the work, hand-to-hand on the first
Everybody who hatin' now was a fan of us first (facts)
Look, underdog, what? (what?)
What you wanna bet? Let's put a hunnid more up
Nigga, the summer all us
I'm in two whips, one a Tahoe, one a tour bus
Got so many straps with us, we can start a war up
It's a real safe hazard if you still yay traffick
Show where that money comin' from, still pay taxes
The IRS comin', and they seal fate faster
Start a bid'ness in the building that you still make racks in
I learnt from my losses, stripes I earnt from the bosses
Whippin' deuces 'til them hoopties turned into Porsches
I curve bitches often, lies, I heard bitches talkin'
How she mines, I send a text back, these bird bitches stalkin'
You gotta be careful, these hoes think they fancy
I just want my dick sucked, she wanna start a family
She average, get her taxes and go to Miami
With this kind of status, I'll probably go to the Grammy's (aaow!)
I know niggas hate me, I came out the trenches (trenches)
On some new shit, but some way sounded vintage (uh)
Paypal or credit, send that cake (I will)
I'm the real definition how you stay down and get it
I be the next Nasir, if they judged us off skill
Got ya bitch in the middle, Times Square, Lauryn Hill
Told her my phone was dead, she wrote her number on a bill
Off-white paint on my jacket look like a spill
Niggas played last year, but watch the price shoot up
All black entourage dressed just like shooters
You spend ya life with her, me, I gave a night to her
'Cause Drake told these bitches they don't gotta be nice to us

Thousand grams on the plate that's what my preference was
So I had interviews with connects, and not The Breakfast Club
Facts, he told me 26, it was 30 before that
I hurried and score that, you was dirty before rap, nigga, AHH!

"Black Soprano niggas tie you up"
"The-The-The Butcher"
"Black Soprano niggas tie you up"
"That's word to my Butcher"
"Black Soprano niggas, Black Soprano niggas
"Black Soprano niggas tie you up"
"Black Soprano niggas tie you up"
"Got another bag to go get out in Belize"
"Black-black-black-black-black-black"
"I got another bag to go get"
"Black Soprano niggas tie you up"
"I-I-I-I got another bag to go get"
"The-the-the-the 40 on my hip as I "