

One Foot In

Benny The Butcher

Yeah

Uh-huh

Yeah

Uh-huh

You know? You know, they gotta move out the way when the real niggas come through

Hahaha, I don't care 'bout none of that, they gotta salute this shit

Yeah

Everybody can't go, and you probably won't make it

I whip that powder to glaciers and found the oasis

My history a street dealin' narcotics on paper

'Cause work, I'm cuttin' more times than Kyrie been traded (Yeah)

I was one foot out the game after that freestyle with Flex

I was one foot in the door at Jay-Z house with West

Now you see how I cleaned house and see wild success

A rapper never reached out, he either senile or deaf

I'm gettin' big in the paint, I'm all rebounds and TECs

Put rapper heads on walls like TV mounts for checks

You beat out the best, and then you weed out the rest

Comfortable at home, wherever I put my feet down at next (Yeah)

And this one for the hustlers who I was handin' ounces

Now, look at God, I wrote this verse in my Grammy outfit

I was runnin' routes, resort back to your instincts

But when in doubt, was up a plug with one foot in and one foot out

I had one foot in the game (Game)

Playin' hopscotch with Kane (Kane)

True story based on actual events (And this really happened)

I had one foot out the door (Door), my whole team was sellin' Dog (Dog)

I was rappin', still straddlin' the fence (Goddamn)

I had one foot in, and one foot out

One foot in, and one foot out

One foot in, and ain't nobody know (I kept it low, though)

I had one foot in, and one foot out

One foot in, and one foot out

You really can't do both 'cause you will blow it (Gotta watch that)

Price goin' up, better believe what he said

Cocaine water waves still splash 'til we sea sick

C6 to C11 (Go), these bricks, I'm a legend (Go)

Whip it to forever, infinity measures on me

Niggas got some lines that's clever, but

They ain't really better (Go)

Than a guy that carry a cross and a Beretta

Sittin' in these label meetings like, "This shit feelin' like a set-up"

Nigga, shut up

You say the wrong number, I might get up

I hear these niggas new get-up, it sound real Stove-ish

But, I'ma let you rock until I'm fed up (Hahaha)

Put my foot on the gas, and I ain't let up (No)

I'ma let it up, A M boy

I'm just quiet with this cash money, I'm slim, boy

These ten bricks a boy look like cinnamon (Like cinnamon)

It was his own niggas that did him in (Ha), so I keep my circle small

Had my young boy run up on you clowns (Brrt, bap-bap-

bap) and shoot the circus up
I got one foot in the door (Brrt, bap-bap), and one foot on the raw

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