

# Pillow Talk & Slander

Benny The Butcher

We, we don't want much  
We just want what belong to us  
Man, we ain't greedy, we hustlers, nigga  
Butch

If I could talk to the old me, I tell him watch these hoes  
And them niggas gon' rat, delete them numbers out your phone  
I left Ashland at FCI, met a plug and then got on  
I could have made my brother rich, that nigga died 'fore I got home

I got the aura of a boss, ask niggas, they know my body  
I'm on MSNBC talking politics with Ari  
Ate sardines out the can, my birthdays ain't have a party  
So apologize for what? I'm too rich to say sorry  
Wrote a letter to the streets, addressed it whom it may concern  
Everybody can't go, and that's shit I had to learn  
I'll be back on my bullshit when the beef get confirmed  
I lay on a nigga like Katt Williams perm  
Walked the path of a king, first I saw it in my dreams  
Now it's happening, ayo, Hit, we got these niggas  
'Cause every time I drop, the hood telling me the streets is back again  
One, two, three

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Yeah, the streets dead, can't a soul save them  
Yeah, you just a rapper, that's a bold statement  
I watched a kingpin lose and that shit fucked with my mind  
I was looking up to 'em before my faith was in God  
Yeah, take you around a small town, you get much more  
First, you cut class, jump off the porch, now you cut dope  
Identity sealed behind that mask 'cause he's cutthroat  
She put some in a baggie, some in her purse, I don't trust hoes  
I usually judge these niggas by the taste of they watch  
And then the pandemic hit, they started faking me out, yeah  
I said fuck college, went straight to the block, no witnesses  
Better chances, guess it's safe at the top because it's lonely, nigga

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Niggas from the sandbox turn into your rival  
They watch you put the work in, then they feel entitled  
Pillow talk and slander, but they don't wanna try you  
It's about what I can teach you, not what I can buy you  
What I'm capable of doing is the only thing that scares me  
I'd have told the old me, "Don't even let them near me"  
Somethin' 'bout the rush, you just can't get enough of it  
Name on indictments with niggas you don't hustle with  
They just love to tell it, I just love to sell it  
Shit so strong, it's still wrapped and you could smell it  
Sittin' in the spot with the work and the gun out

At the end, true colors always gon' come out  
Real shit

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