

Pow Pow

Benny The Butcher

Keep quiet when you see bosses talkin'
Whip with all the horses from the Pyrex under the water faucet
And trappin' on the 2nd floor apartment
I had a kid, went to jail and came home to my daughter talkin'
I clip ya man, you probably call the sergeant
'Cause you a rat they should gave you a flashlight in a corner
office
You ever try addin' all your losses
I'm in the company of slaughterers, kingpins and border crosser
s
I got a dog that call home New Orleans
He never watched the Hornets
He just cook up work while he boilin' crayfish
Marble floors, the toilet stall is porcelain
That nigga rich and cheap
He feed all his side bitches Boston market
This rap shit still a passion in me
And I murk everything I'm on
So that's why I brought casket with me
Fuck my pops, that's the bastard in me
When it come to stretchin' I'm a professor
Hustlers take classes with me
Me and my boo in a wide body coupe
Nigga, you live by it you gotta die by it too
You ain't never had enough work that you could supply a group
So cheap, that everybody and they momma buyin' too, let's go

I got three bullets for the hate, three bullets for the grudge
Three bullets for the Jakes, three bullets for the judge
Three bullets for ya head-I'm aimin' over ya vest
I came with 17-I still got two bullets left

I got three bullets for the hate, three bullets for the grudge
Three bullets for the Jakes, three bullets for the judge
Three bullets for ya head-I'm aimin' over ya chest
I came with 17-I still got two bullets left, let's go

"These are the real Sopranos"