

Rick

Benny The Butcher

I just want what's mine
You understand that, right?
Cool, we shouldn't have no problems then
Griselda
Look, woo

Rapped a year in Trues, stack and making moves
My young niggas tossing caps like they just graduated school
Look, you put a little in the stash and play it cool
There's only one rule, the niggas with the cash make the rules
You know us, bag full of grips and ammo
Plugged in with immigrants who sell bricks and sandals
It's a difference from risk and gambles
I do this for the 5 foot chandelier over the big piano
Shooters all in red, they do it all for bread
Brought me back your hat, they said they blew it off your head
Cuffed to a killer, green uniform and dreads
Only way to get free now is chewing off your leg
I sat with the kings, and ate with the peasants
5'9, slept in a cell 8 by 11
It's not one thing 'bout my name you can question
It ain't really much you can say 'bout a legend
Think about it, 18, by that age I'm a felon
My name in the paper "Crime Wave" was the headings
They ain't give us leverage
We got sports, entertainment, and stretching
I'm just workin' on my aim with this weapon
What you tryna cop? You can buy it here
We got a spot, so the dope fiends can try it here
Uh, Versace shirt with the lion head
It's my brick, so when the pie split, I get the lion's share

Uh, I turned a half into one (Into one, one)
Then heard the money counter run (I heard the money counter run)
Uh, ashes falling off the blunt (Off the blunt)
While the money counter run (While the money counter run)
Yeah, we just wanna have fun (We having fun)
And hear the money counter run (I heard the money counter run)
Yeah, I'm in the middle of the slums (I'm in the hood)
Letting the money counter run (Letting the money counter run)

Yo, they say I'm guilty by association
Niggas got open cases and coke for acres
New York Giants, Oakland Raiders
Niggas unload the banger, empty in broad day, to show they faces
Pictures of Black Jesus hanging on the wall
Do not disturb sign hanging on the door
You ain't ever buy a gun and shave the numbers off
And had the strip so hot, made you take the summer off
When I pull up, I'm only with hoes and shooters
Play cloth fit, Versaces with the gold medusa
The speculation beneath me, ain't no assuming
My reputation precedes me, I owed them rumors
Gold bottle of Ace, and a half of sour
Flew her here just to fuck me for a half an hour
Fuck school, I couldn't sit up in that class for hours
Needed cash in the spot where I could stash the powder

Left the 9, took the 40 'cause the blast was louder
I heard your shit ghost-writ' that take the passion out it
Only bitches with ass allowed in, you can ask about us
The watch face got glass around it, uh
Bad Spanish broad named KK
Stars in the roof that's the Wraith way
Used to sell a G-pack before a day break
Don't ever fuck around with us, that's the safe way

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