

Rubber Bands & Weight

Benny The Butcher

Uh huh, yeah, yeah
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Ayo, Al, I got you
Ayo, the Butcher coming, nigga

Look, I got ten niggas with me, all body catchers
That's ten straps and Air Max 97s
You know why we legends, ask the streets, yeah
They watched me stretch it, I put the microwave on 90 seconds
The day my brother died like 9/11, I missed him
He smoked a big one when he took that backseat ride to heaven
She see my watch, but I don't got a second
This wrist got us extras, it's in the pot doing calisthenics
They talk tough talk, but they don't want no issues
All they talk is gunplay, but they don't own no pistols
Sat down at a meeting, manteca on the menu
Red laser on the nickel, turn a hater to a Hindu
If you used to being broke, then this paper gon' offend you
Niggas either dick riding or they paid for their credentials
I was young, the plug told me, "Just be patient, I'ma hit you
Shit slow, work with me, just take what I can give you"
I took that, doubled back and got greater, I continued
'Cause my loyalty as good as any favor I could lend you
You can hate, but I'm official, I don't break 'cause I ain't brittle
That's real G shit, if you a gangster, I commend you, ah

Cocaine jumping out the pot, rubber bands and weight
Dope fiends walking up the block, rubber bands and weight
6am, but I ain't closing shop, my other plans can wait
It's Tana, nigga, yeah, you know my block, did twenty grand a day
Cocaine jumping out the pot, rubber bands and weight
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My background official, I don't back down from issues
I spin back 'round and get you, pull my mask down and clip you
You can go and check my record, not a blemish on my file
The whole Griselda bought Rolexes and put VSs on the dial
My man calling home sick, said he stressing over trial
I said, "You get a hundred years, you still a legend in the town"
We was youngsters who grew to be crooked, they threw me in booking
This beef shit, speak up, this Uzi'll cook it
They played hoops, I played the stoop with the tool in the bushes
First day I met your old lady, she threw me the pussy
Yeah, we real niggas, hundred grand, that's my mother fault
I need another vault, nigga, yeah, that's hustler talk
In this game of life, it mean death if you come up short
My man doing a stretch for a body that his brother caught
Cocaine jumping out the pot, so you know
That my post game standing on this block like Karl Malone, ah

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