

The Warehouse 3

Benny The Butcher

Summertime Butch
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Y'all hear what's going on

I hope this rap shit is the answer 'cause I got so many questions
Changing channels, smoking pressure as I channel my aggression
This OG call me humble, I said, "Nah, big bro, I'm thankful"
Some nigga never make it out they city, it's so hateful
Lost my nigga Prick sometime around the end of April
My brother need a hundred on the phone, but he can wait though
My patience getting thinner than the fabric on a rain coat
I turned you out with pool hoes, now you playing with the angels
I take losses that would devastate, shit don't really get to me
You wanna know my mood, or how I'm feeling? Nigga, sit with me
Nigga pillow-talking with the bitches, always sipping tea
That bitch gon' be your downfall while you out here thinking differently
Off the rip, it was a 50 piece, never will they cripple me
Last year, I hit it with the formula and tripled it
I ain't really fuckin' with you nigga, like it's bigotry
The second one was classic, wait until I drop the trilogy
It's Ricky, nigga

Now why be having squares for him? I used to sell it to him hard
Finally signed a record deal, who knew the devil was a star?
Who knew?
I done finally found a hustle, why I ain't gotta sell to one with Jaws
I'm like 80 percent legal 'cause I still be breaking laws
If they run up in this bitch, man, they gon' nail me to the cross
If they run up in my crib and go too far, they might get lost
I'ma catch you on the camera, got some brand-new shit to start
Gotta look good on camera, we talk Canon in the mall
Nigga, it's BSF, so you better be on your best
I could easily go pop me a perc and be on your steps, uh
We all we got, but it's more like we all that's left of the real
These niggas hate through whatever, it's becoming a skill
While niggas making these threats, I hope they making their will
Be smart, nigga

Stain a rapper for his trash chain
Excuse my absence from the rap game, I was in the crack game
Question, do I rap or sell better?
Plastic bag over the gun, that's a homemade shell catcher
Grease the homies J-Pay, so that they jail better
As good as this bitch look, she should smell better
Got the kinda heart it take to face monsters
Punch Unc in the throat, he owe me eight dollars
A wire leave our fate bother
Free YSL, I hope we ain't the next crew that the J's conquer
Pretty sure your tale less gory, uh
This Ashy-ville nigga a success story

It's a white Jesus hanging, that's how you hide the wall safe
At trial with a bitch lawyer and we fucking on a court date
As men we come in peace
But if it's beef, that's Tomahawk steak
We do Porsche versus Ferrari like the Kentucky Derby horse race
No sleeping on a off day, y'all make mistakes that the boss can't

The trap, it's hard to get me out that bitch, like when a dog mate
Cut your homie in a lie, you gotta treat it like a heartbreak
G-Money lied to Nino, and don't forget Tony crossed Frank
Them broke nigga excuses, I'm starting to get allergic
How nigga want me to catch, clean, cook the food and serve it
Shorty slid for a coat, that's all he wanted, I said, "You earned it"
Then heard he did another one, while wearing it, I said, "Now burn it"
I treasure this AP, now wear it with my nuts swinging
Success might be different for you, depending on your upbringing
Sopranos don't explain shit, I gave y'all enough reasons
All summer '24, we seen a Cybertruck and Trump bleeding, BSF

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These are the real Sopranos