

# What's Really Good

**Benzino**

Toomp, Facemob in the house with you (What's really good)  
My homeboy Benzino, that nigga smoke a pound every thirty minutes (What's really good)  
Harlem, up top (What's really good)  
What up Hardy? Yeah

I done seen the game change and switch up a few times  
Kinfolk got a ten-year plus for two dimes  
Small baggage but we still carried weight cause rocked dope  
Got a nigga doubled up, the white boy's a nice boat  
Been a minute since I've been in it but peeped from side lines  
Most of ya'll get it fucked up forgetting the guidelines  
When I came we had a code that we followed where none spoke  
All the animosity swallowed with that we slung dope  
Young niggas in it to win it fucking with hard now  
Went from MD to Hennessy, fuck it we stars now  
Might as well live a little, we stack it and die young  
That's the mentality of niggas who hang where I've hung  
And I don't know what made it change but nowadays on my street  
Most of these niggas get indicted then turn to police  
Where and why's take the cause, exposing your main plot  
Then they find your uncle frozen with holes and his brains out

We don't tolerate a snitcher and this is the first frame  
With rules for real niggas who hunger for true game  
(What's really good) Still gangsta, we locked in the street game  
(What's really good) Real niggas bust shots when the beef came  
(What's really good) And even though most of my niggas on parole  
We know we still get it, cock back and we let it blow  
(What's really good) The streets is quiet, we just here to let 'em know  
(What's really good)

Yo, they say I hang around fellas with records and mean looks  
Two-time convicted felons do records with mean hooks  
Specialise heavy weapons, we labelled as entertainers  
I'm nice with the pen, even better with the bangers  
My lifestyle considered to some is dangerous  
Make sure if you twisting a Dutch you blazing it  
We stay heavy in the hood cause the streets is talking  
Getting 'fetti like we should, if there's beef, we spark it!  
It ain't no need to quit scrapper, I'm on top of my game  
Sixty thousand South Africans screaming my name  
We international, Caribbean pirates, we warlords  
Get the buried treasure hidden up under the floorboards  
It ain't no rest for Benzino, see I'm a stay on my grizzly  
If I retired right now I know the game would miss me  
But I'm a make you with my boys putting out these hits  
And steady trynna make noise, you make security rich  
C'mon!

I used to stare at the wall, huh  
Thinking to myself if I'm gon' make it at all  
I hustled just to get by, why  
Throwing change in my pocket and a little left to get fly  
I'm seeing time passing  
And with this short cake I'm stashing, ain't enough to cash in  
There's a bigger picture

When all I do is give twenty-five to a pitcher  
I'm trynna have my own land  
I don't wanna be in mom's house living a grown man  
Kids in the living room shackled up  
Bedroom's packed up, my rent bent, I'm backed up  
I only want the best for me, sorta made a mess for me  
I'm hoping this thing was left for me  
But if it is, please bless shortie  
I can't see myself forty to grind the same story

[Hook]