

Benz Friendz (Whatchutola)

Future

I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch
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And I don't want no bitch who need to have that kind of friendship
I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho
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I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho
And I don't want no bitch who need that kind of nigga, scram, ho

These cars don't mean shit, these hoes don't mean shit
These clothes don't mean shit, this show don't mean shit
(Whatchutola, what, whatchutola)
(Whatchutola, what, whatchutola)

Graduated from the fabricated sabotages
Conversed with a lady goin' Lambo crazy
Bitch, you better cut it, shawty, I'm 'bout to cut you off
Oh, you greedy in Tahiti, I just seen you flaunt
Aye, tell that girl you 'bout to settle, whatchu tired of?
Aye, see how she react when you're no longer in your Bimmer
Then she find out that the Bentley wasn't really rented
Can you sell a kilo? Help a nigga move a kilo
Oh, you want the private jet to take a flight to Rio
Can't no Maybach prevent a nigga from makin' mula
Oh, you gold diggin' diggin' graveyard loser
Ain't none of my cars American, King of Zamunda
Let's have a heart-to-heart, drink wine, make art
Backseat of the Benzo, the AMG
Can you love a thug, is all make believe
Pure fantasy, I see through it easily

I told the girl I'm 'bout to sell the Porsche, I'm tired of it
She go and told these folks I'm goin' broke, a smile poured
From my lips, cuz if I'm broke, it's only hearted
Broken records from broken English, that's all it
(Hol up) and if I were, why would you throw a party?
Affection is so convenient when ballin'
Correction: these hoes don't mean it when fallin'
I guess that's why Lois can't be with Clark Kent
Fly on a nigga back while he Superman
But if I'm in a wheelchair, you still there?
Stop searchin' for words, I feel stupid man
The shit is the Pittsburgh, I still care
White button downs and Emory scrubs
Had to write her birthday down cuz my memory sucks
But this shit comes back up like some acid reflux
Or a Michael Jackson jacket with some plastic zippers
I was zippin' through the city and I don't give a fuck
1994 Toyota Land Cruiser because
That bitch ain't never broke down on me, why would I do that to her?
Simple is it, symbolism, I'll pull up at a club
And might not never buy a new car again, if I can help it
Cause if I buy one they gon sell ten, then what I'm left with?
Throw a nigga one on the strength, then we might could talk
Til then, I'mma ride my fuckin' bike, or walk

I told that girl, I told that girl tell the truth

Say she the greatest bitch I ever met, then show me some proof
These girls be droppin' these lies, these girls be makin' shit up
She don't wanna stand in my line, she tryna come to the front
Yeah, she love her country but hate American cars
For the shape of them, he'll have you know all them bitches is foreign
If yellow seems to be the color in fashion
What happens to all this good black pussy he keep ignorin'?
The world told him don't shit rhyme with orange
The girl is only with him because he's tourin'
Well go on angel, I don't blame you, don't hang yo head
I know it's survival for you, get it like an IOU
She's so
Multi-realistic, I'm just enjoyin' life, I'm livin' life, you know?
That worldwide pussy, yeah
Worldwide pussy, yeah
Pull up at a girl crib bumpin' Lil' Boosie, yeah

We drive these cars on the regular
This life that I live is incredible
We gon be fly whenever, we gettin' richer forever
Without these foreign vehicles, we still gon be together?
Yeah