

# Black Rob

Jarren Benton

Woah  
Benton, Black Rob  
Woah, yeah  
Yeah (Kill the Coyote), uh

Black blood spill on cotton fields  
Dead slave, owners keep my pockets filled  
Whip the block and keep the Glock concealed  
Grave digger, I got plots to fill  
Mama used to stress about them doctor bills  
Trap Panther, bitch, I'm Bobby Seales  
Your melanin'll get your brains blown on your dashboard  
Bitch, that's why we kneel  
Government, guns, and God  
She just fucked the Entourage  
I'm adios, hey, baby, bon voyage  
I'm flexin' on 'em, [?]  
I hang with the apes in the jungle  
Gotta load up the K  
You never know if they gon roll up and spray  
The game cold, [?]  
They went for hell and I have nowhere to stay  
The god, Benton, baby, you better pray  
The devil working, we can't lose our faith  
I got trust issues, keep the tool by the waist  
I'm boxing demons, they say [?]  
Niggas turned to rats that used move out the base  
Shit got popping when I flew out the A  
Never gave a fuck about what you got to say  
Nigga, play the back or move the fuck out the way

Woah, yeah  
Crème de la crème  
May father forgive me for all of my sins  
But I'm going in like I'm out for revenge, I might hit 'em like  
Woah, yeah, don't mean to sound grim  
I count on one hand who I'm callin' my friends  
Say fuck all you niggas, ayy, pardon my Fren', count the money like  
Woah, yeah  
The crème de la crème  
May father forgive me for all of my sins  
I roll up on niggas and hop out the Benz and I hit 'em like  
Woah, yeah, don't mean to sound grim  
I count on one hand who I'm callin' my friends  
Say fuck all you niggas, ayy, pardon my French, we get to it like—

Wanna meet your maker? I can make that shit formal  
No church inside the wild, ayy, fuck all the morals  
My niggas bakin' pies, and that's no DiGiorno  
The mink coat killer, bitch, I'm not normal  
I'm Leatherface, spray the Drac' out the Wraith  
[?] scrape his brain off the drapes  
Point blank nature, peeled off, escaped  
Bunch of fuck niggas, oh, I feel out of place  
Been socially distant, bitch, way before COVID  
I'm weary of people, don't know niggas motives  
Been killin' shit for years and you niggas know it

Don't let me die before you give me my roses  
Like my pussy clean and my presidents dead, yeah  
No mercy for rappers, I pull up and pop off your top just like Pez, yeah  
Mouth full of gold, it's that crack on the stove  
Back on the wall, niggas know I don't fold  
One day you here and the next day you ghost  
I'm greedy, whatever, [?]  
I stick to the code and I follow the oaths  
I'm different from niggas while y'all do the most  
They left me for dead, I was out in the cold  
[?], got my foot on their throat, they like

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