

C.R.E.A.M. '17

Jarren Benton

Yeah

Uh

Cash rule everything around me

My momma must have did crack in the 80's
Came out the pussy hole acting as crazy
Shit they put you in the pages for smackin' your babies
Keep starin' I draw the weapon like Keith Haring
It's apparent these niggas is wildin' they need parents
Bitch I'm ruthless, I'm fucked and I made excuses
To throw the deuces I told you bitches we ain't exclusive
I'ma black activist on Actavis your math don't add up
These niggas bad at calculus I never close the Maybach curtains
Wipe the prints off the cage that merked 'em
Circle the block and hit the lane that's smirkin'
Ain't nothing funny ay
Money talks and niggas is dummies
It's a wrap, the stick left as stiff as a mummy
These niggas bleedin', don't front like your ass is Christopher Reeves
Ain't no fuck this Superman you get up in your jeans I can't sleep cause I a
in't count a billion yet
I got killas on payroll, let me feelin' a check ay
How you broke when you just had a million net
They say black's bad with money can't get rid of his debt
Damn
Pistol on me
Marinara with rigatoni
I eat like Tony Soprano
Don't front you niggas know me
You can't win when you got haters on the team
They did that nigga Eric Garner like Radio Raheem No D batteries they train
'em at academies
No empathy for niggas just their whole anatomies
Sadly another casualty
Too many niggas wanna be rappers, scrapers, and athletes

Okay I'm back in business
But never slack I'm stuck in the era of trap pretenders
Who would've know the underworld was filled with Master Splinters
Life is a bitch
My biggest distraction are baddest women
My momma told me, "Nigga focus on academics"
I'm pistol totin' the biggest bang could slap a chemist
I'm Maury Povich, Mama cryin' cause Daddy missin'
I'm back with vengeance the label gave me no rapper image
I'm too authentic, I'm too much for the avid listener
The back, the center, stick up niggas like Robin Givens
I'm from the city, they blow out brains we optimistic
No competition, I'm droppin' wisdom, the hottest nigga
I'm ridin' Phantom with your bitch that's a Goblin visit
I went from no pot to piss in to a pile of dishes I feel like a of princes w
ith a pinch of Catholicism
The modern Jigga, the Nas, mixed with the album Thriller
You dancin' with the stars, the cosmos are outta rhythm
These niggas hatin', my patience thin as these model bitches
I balls out, my cash straight, I'm Skylar Diggins
I balls out, cash straight, you gotta dig it

I'm hotter than a lot of niggas, fuck it, all 'em niggas
I'm going nuts George Carver nigga pause a nigga
Fresh like a Harlem nigga man what's wrong with niggas
Tell your baby mama she should call an awesome nigga
Ferrari Spider shit just looks like it's crawlin' nigga
I'm the man, did that shit with no father figure
My shooter cold with the Tommy like watchin' Martin nigga
I'm so forreal, my jokes are deep, the sharks'll giggle
I'm talkin' riddles, the game's a jungle I'm Robin Williams
What's poppin' Benton we eatin' it's time to starve them niggas
We eatin' it's time to starve them niggas
If niggas won't smoke we gon get the coffin nigga