

# Humming To The Bank

Jarren Benton

Yeah

Bitch I'm a dying breed

In a cold world, tryna find peace

Wrestle demons like an iron sheet

Fuck a cheap pussy on designer sheets

Niggas sleeping on me, they counting sheep

Had to level up, I was down beneath

I thought making money helped to hide the grief (I did)

Yeah

No love in the heart of city (no love)

Hard to be in the mix with these niggas (I don't)

I never party with Diddy (uh uh)

Gotta be at the party with blickies (blicky)

You know these niggas be shifty (shifty)

And I be too paranoid, iffy

I know the lord is still with me

Hold W's, headaches and sedatives

Probably need a second therapist (I do)

Desert Eagle for the derelict

We don't negotiate with terrorists (uh uh)

I don't believe these niggas narrative (I don't)

So pussy you could be a surrogate (real)

I murder everything [?] on

I pull up hit the booth and then I [?] it

No money's a problem (moneys a problem)

Mo' money and problems (money and problems)

However it goes, you never can dodge and it's always a problem (always a problem)

Big brother keep watching (brother keep watching)

And feed on the bottom (feed on the bottom)

I'm searching for solice but deep in my soul something seems to be bothered

These niggas all snakes, don't seem to be solid

These bitches ain't saints they, reach in your wallet

They pussy ain't free, we need to deposit

It is what it is, sir I could not call it

They selling they souls, but didn't read the clauses

The blood on their hands would not be acknowledged

I count up the dead, my dearly departed

Dear mama I'm sorry I'm cleaning my closet

Yeah

In and out of the meet with the higher ups

Smiling faces hate the sight of us

Money only thing that I discuss

Get my dick sucked in the cybertruck

Feeling tough, go ahead try your luck

Rappers all talk all the hype for what

You don't wanna be the one that rival us

Light 'em up