

# 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