

# No Fucks to Give

Jarren Benton

(What happened to Funk Volume nigga?)

Ain't no more fucking Funk Volume

All you niggas get is Mr. Benton

I got them pussy niggas shitting kittens

I guillotine the fucking competition

I "what up" to my niggas still in prison

I'm still drunk and high, I'm on prescription

(Drugs)

Jesus, who the fuck I gotta sell my soul to to get it popping nigga

And when you see me keep it moving show me love and don't ask me no questions about Hopsin nigga

Oh lord I'm on my own I'm about to have a nervous breakdown

Ass up face down that's the way the industry fuck you nigga its east side a-town

Full-turnt like a-town

This the bully beat a motherfucker's ass on the playground

Your homeboy like "Jesus he's a sick son of a bitch, a maniac, play dead, stay down"

My homeboy still stirring up the pot

Remember we didn't have a fucking pot to piss in and we was sleeping on the cot

Man nigga popping hoes eating up the cock

I got a new trap J's geeking on the rocks

And that's a metaphor for rap weighing on the stop

I snipe a nigga with a sniper rifle have him lookin like he JFK, the mothafu cka leaning out the drop like \*pop\*

Yeah

Tell these bad whores Mr. Benton on the market

I hops in a pussy and no I'm not talking 'bout Marcus

I bodied a booth in the beat, oh now I smell a carcass

I tear up the club, snap his neck, break his bones and his cartilage

Jarren stop talking like that, oh my God you have children there

I give a fuck what you saying bitch we bout to be billionaires

I ran out all of my fucks to give

We go so hard now they fucking with this

Fuck is you doing bitch, I'm not a human

They want your thousands, you gotta keep moving

I ran out all of my fucks to give

We go so hard now they fucking with this

Fuck is you doing bitch, I'm not a human

Funk Volume's dead, but the bully keep movin' nigga

Yeah

Ran out of fucks to give, enough of this

I hit you in your upper lip, if you ain't come for this

Don't rush the kid, a MC going hammer don't touch my shit

With Jarren Benton, that's my nigga since 2-0-1-1

I'm running circles around you niggas, I'm playing duck duck

Goose

I've been on a mission for a million bucks

And any model that's a fan probably getting fucked

With no label

Yeah I got my own squad

WTF gang hold it down no problem

Wait that's only me

I been thinking about bringing niggas on but these other rappers suck like a

blowjob  
Hit a nigga til he needs a fucking nose job  
I have him crying like a grandma watching soap op's  
You were holding a drink, don't spill it on me  
I slide you out your 3s yelling opa!  
A young nigga, that Futuristic  
Dude the sickest, don't care who your clique is  
Wanna battle then you'll lose with quickness, lose your bitches  
Still spitting like my fucking tooth is missing  
Who you kidding, no fucks given in my verse  
Exterminating everybody, hailin' to the Germans  
I bet they all in they grave turning  
Think I give a fuck then you got the wrong person

I ran out all of my fucks to give  
We go so hard now they fucking with this  
Fuck is you doing bitch, I'm not a human  
They want your thousands, you gotta keep moving  
I ran out all of my fucks to give  
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(What's up with Homegrown, man?)  
You no Homegrown no more, I ain't got nobody by my side, yo  
Split with my management, now I am all by myself, don't even got a side hoe  
I flew from Connecticut end up with like I'm 5-0  
Then I moved in with my team to a spot that I couldn't afford, till' my debt was dry so  
Try to regroup is a lie though  
Telling myself in my head it's alright, yo  
Page after page I would crumple it up and then throw it away I was losing my mind, yo  
I was pacing around in my studio punching the walls and the floor like a psycho  
Then I channeled my energy and I dropped Webby's Lab 2, now I'm back on my p yro  
With the fire like Spyro  
You can see the smoke rise from the speaker wire?  
Just a crazy white boy like in Peaky Blinders  
On seat reclining til my life is golden  
Now I'm on my lonesome  
No label, no financial backing, nobody assisting promotions (No one!)  
But I gotta keep going  
I still got my homies that had me from Jump  
They still in the Sprinter we passing the blunt  
When we hitting the road and we gripping these shows cause it's all that we know  
So we have to keep up with the schedule  
Show after show after festival  
Now I'm back counting my decimals  
Paying my taxes and stacking like I should have always been doing  
I've always been doing  
You live and you learn  
I'm expected to go from in debt to exceptional  
Money amounts in accounts and I'm killing it now  
I've taken the wheel back right before other people come run my business into the ground  
There ain't a fuck I'mma give, yo  
Got my middle fingers up in the window  
In the ring til the day I die and that's word to Kimbo  
Jarren tell 'em how this shit go

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