

## I BEN

Summrs

Double B shit nigga, yeah (Top bird)  
C'mon, through with all that talking (This shit like two door a  
nd it's cold)  
Hehe, hehe  
Bitch niggas tryna buy promo, bitch let me buy yo' catalog (Brr  
, brr)  
What's all this talk about a nigga fallin' off now?  
On my momma this just my demo, turn me up this my introduction,  
look (Ha, ha, ha)

Call my whip a groomer, 'cause that bitch will get to huggin'  
Love my fuckin' jeweler 'cause he got my shit on yerky (Uh)  
Got my lil' bitch in Amiri, she up in a Mirror, she doin' her s  
kin (Skin)  
You quiet, frankly you stupid thinkin' I on' got money 'cause ni  
gga I Ben, (Hrr)  
Ben Frank nigga, Bee, man fuck all that talkin', all that rappi  
n'  
Man let the success talk to these niggas man  
(Hold up bitch, I'ma call you back, I'm call you back twin)  
This bitch so heavy (Hmm), hear it go  
I ain't gettin' lynched, I don't hang with niggas, fuck you tho  
ught this is (Hmm)  
They almost got switched out they lights, fuckin' rapper, they  
was on that shit (Hmm)  
Pop out I'm shootin' in my LV boots, bitch I don't fuck with Ri  
ck (Hmm)  
I'm on that Elvis shit, I'm on that Rino shit, yeah, yeah, yeah  
, yeah  
Feel like Michael when I put on them gloves, I grip on them mon  
key nuts  
Bitch askin' questions, I shoulder shrug 'cause I can't really  
tell them much  
Even my everyday S Class it just cost me a honeybun (Skrr)  
Throwin' some racks like I'm Brady, then we just go to brunch (  
Brunch, brunch)  
In Ohio on some soulja shit, my nigga I feel like Hunch (Hunch)  
Told y'all big dawg shit no lil' dawg shit, get the fuck on run  
t (Get the fuck on)  
I'm runnin' for president, but when twenty niggas tried to get  
me I ain't run  
(Come on bitch, you know me better than that)  
I'll, put you in the back of the car, son  
Fuck ten of them hoes, we can (Pshh, Pshh)  
All I gotta do is grin (Pshh), for them to put you out (Pshh)  
Bitch must go to the gym a lot (Pshh), all she wanna do is push-  
up (Pshh)  
Got yo' bitch on her knees, treesh, then I flew her ass back to

Belize (Pshh)  
They ain't wanna believe, now I'm in Chanel, please  
No bullets goin' through this big B nigga, shit I'm keepin' it  
P (Woo)  
So many carats up on my finger, this my championship ring (Double B)