

I'm payin' lawyers, never bought a Wraith  
I'm burnin' cookies for this morning bake  
I filled that sneaker box, I bought a safe  
I felt them bullets on my daughter face  
I coulda died so I ordered steak  
I was gettin' head, thinkin' damn I could be dead  
A .40 and a foreign, least two bitches in my bed  
That casket gotta come, I only fear the feds  
Them conversations recorded, please be careful what you said  
Just be making sure that baby straight  
Friends with them dope fiends  
Cuz got a pill problem, chasin' Perks with codeine  
His family ain't answerin' jail calls, let that phone ring  
Quarter mil was overkill, I hit him with that whole thing  
Know I gotta go, it's a question where they send me  
She say she never did this but that Fendi make her friendly  
Hit the kitchen with that Whitney, get to butchin' like I'm Benny  
I whip it the hard way, won't short me for a penny  
I show you what this pain like, Xan pill, plane flight  
That bitch playin' bourgie, she be fuckin' you the same night  
Heard he mighta told, I can't see him in the same light  
We ain't have no VVS's officer these chains tight  
Go and get a bust-down, double up your plate  
Anytime that you ain't ate go and rub it in they face  
Consignment come from Buffalo, the plug send the bill  
He ain't got no bodies, can't trust him on that drill

I count the money, let the bitches choose  
And make kitchen moves  
'Cause being broke at 30 make you miserable  
You got them stacks I bring a chicken through  
The way I whip it had captains and lieutenants in my living room  
I'm established out in Liverpool  
Countin' racks up while my accountant do my taxes in a different room  
They puttin' status over principles  
They ain't stackin', half these little dudes  
Just braggin' in their interviews  
Streets tellin' me y'all got it, had my feet on collars  
Since my plug gave me narcotics  
If you tryna match 'em up, send me y'all hottest  
The work come y'all negotiatin', we all cop it  
Shit cool 'til your clique get robbed, a clip get tossed  
Kill everything, get Chris Benoit'd  
While y'all buy whips for broads, I bought clips for squads  
Bodies drop then we lit cigars  
The Butcher! Let's go!