

Echo Long (feat. WestSideGunn & Meyhem Lauren)

BENNY THE BUTCHER

[Intro: Benny the Butcher]

Yeah, yeah

Seventeen shots

Took off like a 458

Like a 458 Ferrari, nigga

Uh, it's Benny, Daringer, yeah

You know what the fuck we on, man

Yo, yo, uh

[Verse 1: Benny the Butcher]

I'm from a quiet town, but shit get hostile

You know my style, we got straps stockpiled

Shit crazy, niggas ran up and shot crowds

Got it hot lately, that's why you see all these cops 'round

These hoes iffy, say they love you, then hurt you a lot

They talk bad about a nigga, worse than Fox

Dear Mama, I'm a rider, a version of Pac

Icy Rollie, can't tell if the minute hand work on the watch

My daughter seen me with a gun, looked at me like I'm crazy

I pulled her in the other room and said, "This for our safety"

She was scared, it was a AR with 50 in it

Knew I was special, was born the same day as Jimi Hendrix

He a snake, fuck him, he don't deserve to be round ya

We got money young, then had to learn how to count it

Knew a nigga who got knocked with 32 ounces

On his way home, that was back in the early 2000s

Comfortable, chilling, laying up at the W

Playing, but I'm thinking 'bout staying for a month or two

Beef with a rapper, they gon' ask me what I wanna do

I tell em, "Catch him, hit the chauffeur, clip the butler too"

Seventeen shots stuffed into the rim

The plug start to like you when you spend what I spend

You learn to talk to God when you been where I been

Need that yellow bag money, that's that M and a M, nigga

[Chorus: Westside Gunn]

Ayo, I had a nigga cook my motherfucking dinner

I had a nigga iron my clothes (iron my clothes)

CO bringing the phones in (ring!)

Stab him in the neck if he owes (neck if he owes)

[Verse 2: Meyhem Lauren]

Henny'd out with the drunken face

Thirty thousand in the couch like the sunken place

My niggas put Buffalo on

I rock black Cartier frames with buffalo horns, shit

In this Lexus acting reckless
I'll treat your necklace like a complimentary breakfast
I wouldn't cook with the wine that y'all drink
It's a cold world, Lord, keep a 9 in your mink
Uh, switch kicks, switch rides
Loyalty forever, I'ma never switch sides (never)
Ain't no such thing as oil based cut
So if a gram turn into sand, I ain't picking it up
Nigga, I'm crispy as fuck, son, I'm gorgeous and great
If the going price is ten, just know I got it for eight
The streets is my safari
I breeze through, my balls smelling like Bulgari

[Chorus: Westside Gunn]

Ayo, I had a nigga cook my motherfucking dinner
I had a nigga iron my clothes (iron my clothes)
CO bringing the phones in (ring!)
Stab him in the neck if he owes (neck if he owes)

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