

Took the Money to the Plug's House

BENNY THE BUTCHER

[Intro]

He was very street smart, very
And he was observant
I took the money to the plug's house
The Butcher comin', nigga (Brr)
Nigga had the eye of the tiger, and he was hungry
I took the money to the plug's house
Ain't no fuckin' 'round with Benny and Uncle Al, uh-uh
I took the money to the plug's house
Yeah, that's right
Got a stash in the grass, a couple of guns
Yo
Word reached the killer

[Verse 1]

I'm from Buffalo where it's cold in summer
All we know is hustlin'
Lower numbers than the Ochoa brothers (Ah)
They broke the code, now we exposin' suckers (It's that time)
They know the flow disgustin'
A Griselda feature'll blow your budget
Been through hell, had to make it, I was well validated
Kept my family and my scale calibrated
2012, I'm in cells for a sale, had no patience
All these cats actin' gangster, autographin' affidavits
That ain't me, they do my last year numbers at best
I ain't fumble that yet, it's funny 'cause I'm gettin' running back checks
Real shit, it ain't none of that left
I'm landin' solo with the scorpion logo right in front of that jet
Your label office, I'm runnin' that next (Facts)
We on you if it's 'bout Conway, the same for comin' at West (What we do?)
Swingin' an axe, doin' lumberjack reps
I'm lucky, so an extra ace of spades gon' come in that deck

[Chorus]

I took the money to the plug's house
I ran in, scraped up the money
Then double taped up the money
Walk in, speedin' to a lick
Couldn't wait for the money

Why would I wait for the money?
Blowin' gas in the vault
Just to stank up the money, yeah
Just to stank up the money (Ah)
Broke niggas in the room
But they know that they can't fuck with money (Uh-uh)
Them niggas can't fuck with money

[Verse 2]

This for all my whole brick buyers and my quarter hustlers
And all the road trip drivers and the corner huggers
He made his first ten bands, let's applaud the brother
If you do that ten times, now you onto something
Yo, the shit I don't say no more, I damn near don't pray no more
Only to an eighth of raw, a fork, and the mayo jar
Numbers, you inflated yours, you got a created buzz
My flow got the fans rethinkin' who the greatest was
When I go pay for drugs, I need duct tape and gloves
Pots too, plates and scrubs, a spot where the neighbors good
A place where the fiends do favors for the neighborhood ('Member that?)
Come and cop and leave with extra rocks, he hooked the cable up
Miss me with that famous stuff, the label only hit me when that payment come
So we gon' play these hot blocks 'til April comes (That's right)
I had an amazing run, that's where I got my flavor from
Had me puttin' paper together just like a staple gun
It won't make you equal 'less you put on all your people
Got one first, now my whole team got bezels you can see through
I ain't talkin' 'bout Griselda, it's niggas in my street crew
Who was flyin' gas back from Cali 'fore it was legal

[Chorus]

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Them niggas can't fuck with money (Yeah)

