

Frank Lucas (feat. Benny the Butcher)

Freddie Gibbs & The Alchemist

[Intro: Freddie Gibbs]

It might just spill over on you

Uh, yeah

(Kane train, baby)

Yeah

(Nigga, my name is cocaine)

Yeah, uh, yeah

[Verse 1: Freddie Gibbs]

You niggas snitchin', gettin' time shaved

Sold a book on my Boost Mobile, I boost the crime rate

Tellin' all my hoes that I love 'em, I'm playin' mind games

Them bitches after your last dollar, they take your last name

I'm married to this shit, jumped up off the porch, then I jumped the broom

Bunny Rabbit gang, we be robbin' shit like the Romper Room

Catch an Uber or a Lyft, I sent the bri-zick

The feds wanna turn the witness, I plead the Fifth

Been smokin' since thirteen, I fried my brain, so I ain't never stressin'

I can't hold no grudges, Michael Thomas, bitch, I'm catchin' blessings

Police tryna catch me, ain't gon' catch me ridin' without my weapon

Panoramic roof off on that coupe, I look like George Jetson

Space Ghost

Fentanyl, got a gas mask when I make dope

I done seen a lot of OGs catch a table habit tryna taste dope

I just got another case, moe, call my lawyer, hit him with the pesos

Gotta cook a bird where the J's stay, got a play-play for the yayo

Been thuggin' since a youngin', I'm too legit to quit

I keep this vision like my kinship, bustin' shots at the rich

I had the strap, she took the charge, I took that bitch on the trip

Flew in her friend, jumped on the boat, I fucked them both, shit was lit

Shit was lit

Pray my soul to keep, dear Lord, lay me down (Yeah)

The SWAT team might machine gun or grenade me down (Yeah)

And if they do, tell my people just hold my babies down

Nigga, we need to go back to pagers like it's the '80s now (Yeah)

Fuck rap, bitch, I'm poppin' off of poppy seed

My name cocaine, they ain't got put me in the nominees (Yeah)

Since Gangsta Gibbs brought back the bars, I see a lot of mes

Niggas is my sons, I wish they mamas would have swallowed these, nigga

Cappin' ass nigga

Jeezy used to say, "Boy, you one rappin' ass nigga"

I said I'm shippin' packs, I don't need no advance, nigga

Niggas thought I took a loss, but I jumped off, then I got richer

Shit is funny when you think about it
Rolex too big, I took a link up out it
Frank Lucas, I hit the closet, pulled a mink up out it
Livin' this life, pussy, dream about it, nigga, Kane

[Verse 2: BENNY THE BUTCHER]

Bury me with ratchets
Let the feds tell it, apparently I'm active
Gucci hoodie smell like kerosine and ashes
Don't get carried away
I been up, and look how carefully I stack it
Got your advance check buried in the mattress
We the Yankees on a pennant run
You needed soldiers, I heard you rented some
Tellin' war stories and you ain't been in none
But look what I converted to
From lettin' burners loose out convertibles (Skrrt)
My bitch gon' be the driver for a purse or two
Nah, my finger never could point
You know pussy best when it's moist
Got a hammer and a brick from a plug I met in the joint
Miami, Super Bowl weekend, I got head in a Royce (Uh-huh)
We chasin' cheddar of course, I wouldn't care if it's Deutsch (Nigga, fuck)
It was either law school or dog food
If I was makin' y'all moves, we all lose
Make these sucker niggas pay, those was our rules (Brrt)
You gon' need more guns and lucky horseshoes
Never took an L, but a few lost to mine (A few)
New loft downtown and this view was hard to find
Sold lines to abusers, now abuse y'all with lines
I'm in this black thing, Heem just a few cars behind
I bought two of everything, they said, "Dude lost his mind" (Ayy, you crazy)
Two gold Cubans like I'm tryin' too hard to shine
Two whips, one a coupe that's too small to drive (What else?)
Two-car garage (Uh-huh), two-broad massage, yeah

[Interlude: BENNY THE BUTCHER]

Niggas think I be frontin' (Yo, Freddie)
But I just be talkin' that real shit
I don't expect everybody to feel it, though
'Cause y'all niggas not really like that (You the only one talkin' your shit like I talk that shit,
nigga, let's go)

[Outro: BENNY THE BUTCHER]

With this 9 I got from the district, I'm shoppin' for Christian
I'm in Vegas drippin' in jewelry I got from the district
They say hustlin' like a disease, I'ma die with the symptoms
Put three hundred grams on a brick, cut the pie into sixes

The Butcher comin', nigga, ah

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