

Blacc Cream (feat. Benny the Butcher)

Tsu Surf

[Intro: Tsu Surf]

(Black cream)

Gang[Verse 1: Tsu Surf]

No pictures wit' the plug, he good as don't exist

A duffle bag of hundreds?with?us

[?] open doors,?don't let 'em front it to?us

I gotta decline kind gestures

Came from money, business partners if you trust me with it

Bitch, she bilingual case it's funny business

Them niggas only know you got it if you make it known

Trips to the face alone

Shut up conversation, feds taping phones

Heard a lil' static, had to change the phone

Square bitch drivin', tryin' make it home

Who you got besides yourself?

Mines well go and get it

He just want beat it, bro

Wouldn't cuff a co-defendant

Trench is like the jungle, who surviving?

Pictures on the table, both shooters and who driving

The clarity's surprising

Trap things, out here since the AM for this black cream

First name basis with these crack fiends (Yo)

Cops inquiring 'bout what these tats mean

I'm just tryna stack cream (Flex, flex)

That all black cream

[Interlude: BENNY THE BUTCHER]

(Black cream)

Ayo, Surf, you know I feel you on this shit, right?

(Black cream) Uh-huh

Check one, check two (Black cream)

(Black cream) Butcher coming, nigga

[Verse 2: BENNY THE BUTCHER]

Shoulda seen me, grinding and stayin' alive wasn't easy

Needed more hammers than hugs when mama couldn't feed me

Trusted the process and like magic, made them pussies king me

Treated the pyrex and the cabinet like it was a genie

Probably start up a turf war off a Benny and Surf song

At your funeral, twenty niggas with straps in a church hall

If you real, you get your name on a tat, or a verse dawg

Twenty-one gun salute in a lot, then we murk off

Niggas envy 'cause they never could fuck with me, it's too much

They want me sitting back in federal custody, I had enough
I walked the plug for a eighteen soft and patched it up
Told that nigga, I'm around, get wit' us and backed it up
What you know about black cream? I'm havin' bad dreams
That I'm down to my last few thou', with my last fiends
Brown dope with white cut, it's like a halfbreed
I'ma make it, stack it and clean it, long as cash green (The Butcher)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>