

2 Weapons

38 Spesh & Benny the Butcher

[Intro: Benny The Butcher]

I took every page out my life and put it all in this rap shit... and this what you get

[Verse 1: Benny The Butcher]

I played ball, played cards and had all of the aces
Raw glass, minotaurs stashed all in the basement
Ain't tell like ya'll told when you caught them lil cases
I kept eating, and kept secrets like my father a mason
Old custies flipped, had my name all in their statements
How I never took shorts, and how my corners was shaking
We played Little League and knew the streets was all for the taking
The OGs seen up your hunger and all of them faces
Adapted quick to trap shit, it was all in my nature
I watched quarter joints and half bricks fall off my razor
My bitch cold, and she smoke like she a quarter Jamaican
I talk numbers, all boss shit that ya'll could relate with
I like my Hennessy cold, you know water to chaser
Twenty deep, we all up, so we ordering cases
Toolies all on our waists, excuse me, pardon my gangsta
Cuz it don't get no more street unless it's part of the pavement

[Verse 2: 38 Spesh]

Ayo, I used to grind to pay my momma mortgage
Run the faucet, put a fork inside the pot, pray I find a fortune
Next thing you know I'm supplying bosses
And denying offers, went from driving Porsches to flying saucers
I done had all kinda foreigners, never got extorted
A nigga rob me? He dying for it
New mop, extra clip when twenty shots support it
That's enough shots to spit a sixteen and drop a chorus
My last plug got deported
He used to throw an extra brick on top of every block I ordered
Both my kids know that I support 'em
I'm copping Jordans, they momma and they poppa both shopaholics
You baller-block, and my block was balling
I put a phone line in your bitch name and tell her not to call it
.44 six shot revolver
One bullet'll have him jumping out the chair like he not the father
I'm testing crops' performance
I told 'em certain plants just talk to me, it's like the Shop of Horrors

My bitch said that I got to spoil her
She relied on me to eat for nothing, now I got to starve her
We send hoes shopping for us
Not for clothes, they fix they credit and finance watches for us
Used to ride in a hot Explorer
Now it's two hard tops in NY, and one drop in Florida
I came a long way from copping quarters
Got a side bitch in Tahiti that see me when I stop in Bora
You talk tough, but I got the aura
Of a nigga that'll come and shoot your daughter while she watching Dora
Huh!

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