

# Crowns for Kings (Feat. Black Thought)

## Benny the Butcher

[Intro: Benny the Butcher]

Uh, every king will be crowned  
Trust me  
Uh

[Verse 1: Benny the Butcher]

This marathon shit, so let's see who first to the finish  
If it's less than a hundred racks, it don't deserve your attention  
'Cause burdens come with it, my second test was servin' a sentence  
My first was make a brick jump like it was hurdlin' fences  
Certainly, my last shit was a courtesy, nigga  
And further, we had bustdowns before you heard of me, nigga  
Shoeboxes stacked with racks sittin' vertically in 'em  
I'm fresh out of luck, I'm here 'cause I deserve to be, nigga  
I sat back, a vet, and watched beginners winnin' my belts  
Burned my bridges, came back a good swimmer like Phelps  
You know the feeling, young black male, what y'all dealin'?  
Take your whole life to get it, it only last you a minute  
In the kitchen countin' cash with cats with backward agendas  
Put a Benz in the brick, then toss it back in the blender  
That was us, next to a big like I was Puff  
The good die young, all the OGs thirty and up  
In Alexander McQueen kicks just to dirty 'em up  
Money tree, branches break when they not sturdy enough, uh  
See, I was good with the bad guy role  
Water in my jewels, put 'em on and baptize hoes  
Walk in my shoes, we got Shaq-sized soles (Huh)  
We flatline those wack rap niggas wearin' half-sized clothes  
What's the dealy? I'm only 'bout six hours from Philly  
That's an hour on the plane, I'll make it three in the Bentley  
My bitch keep sayin' I'm famous, but it ain't hit me  
I'm too ghetto, mellowed out, this Hollywood shit tricky  
See, before I knew an A&R, I was weighin' hard  
Back when Nicki Minaj was in a trainin' bra  
You play this game, you better play it hard  
The judge'll give you life and later that day, he gon' be playin' golf  
I'm from that era, we don't pay it if you weighed it wrong  
Back when your parents got your baby shoes plated bronze  
We took hip-hop and made it ours  
I sold quarters, just so happens I'm the author of your favorite songs  
They bullshitted me, I played along  
More bars than them niggas who got hit with the Reagan laws

Let's go

[Verse 2: Black Thought]

Yo, when we was hooked in the hood, gettin' booked like literature  
Kept us shook, like when the boogiemán comin' to get ya  
We was crooks, tryna cop more rides than Great Adventure  
Any image we took, not a father was in the picture  
There was times, not a bite nor swallow was in the kitchen  
Real niggas made a industry out of they intuition  
Facin' the darkest outcome, sprintin' to outrun the reaper  
Trying not to be the food in the mouth of the beast  
For whom the bell tolls  
Crown kings in Adidas suits and shell toes  
We had to throw a lot of body blows and elbows  
Wishin' we could get from Snyder Ave to Melrose  
Without the Dapper Dan bodybags and jail clothes  
That warned niggas not to lollygag when Hell rose  
We railroaded through the thicker things for gold chains and chicken change  
No one throwin' flames, there's growin' pains when in the game  
And the blow, ashes in the snow, it's no remains  
Push the wheel as fast as it could go, we overcame the obstacles  
But when you official, the block miss you  
Even if the old crew choose not to rock with you  
We was blue-black, stuck in the glue trap  
I had to pull my own self up by the bootstrap  
Where everybody play they own part like a tooth gap  
And old heads teach the young hitters to shoot back  
I been livin' proof that the pressure make precious stones  
And real Clarence Avants remain lesser known  
But anybody who question you, send a message to 'em  
I see my seat at the table to be a blessed throne  
Triumph and tragedy, his majesty muscle never atrophied  
The devil is a casualty, sucker, you're never catchin' me  
Even though you been after me, motherfucker  
You gotta bring a army to harm me, I occupy the capacity up  
Decapitator of a hater in this modern day  
My dossier no less, dealer spray Courvoisier  
I'm Jean-Paul Gaultier, Tom Ford, and Cartier  
Self-made, I fly vintage from the sommelier  
On reserve, flowin' from the blackest fountain  
It's all love from public housin' to the Atlas Mountains  
I've established the average to always bat a thousand  
So after butcherin' this track, it's back to countin'  
The money generated from me leavin' microphones broke  
Probably almost on par with all of Escobar's coke  
When I'm finished, I'ma keep a tennis shoe on y'all throat  
Just in case you mention in a interview you want smoke, nigga  
Two Fifteen

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