

# Dirty Harry (feat. Rj Payne & Conway the Machine)

## Benny the Butcher

[Intro: RJ Payne]

Uh

Oh, this what we doin'?

Mmh

Plugs I Met, BSF gang, nigga

GxFR, oh, we cookin'

Uh, watch me work

Check

[Verse 1: RJ Payne]

My pen movin' like I'm improvin'

I deliver Def Jams, call me Rick Rubin

Big nine millimeter or the SIG shootin'

Brains hangin' out your wig, you a Fig Newton

Pie cooker, word to Jimmy "Fly" Snuka

Tomahawk dunk on all of you five-footers, uh

Speaker knocker, this that 45 woofer

Slaughter guys, and this hit was ordered by the Butcher

Payne, more bananas than the zoo

Gorilla, and all my hammers got that panoramic view

You niggas gamble with life 'til that cannon blam at you

Small-minded, blow out your brain and expand a nigga view

Raw specimen, pure medicine

Benny said clean niggas up, I'm George Jefferson

Black Sopranos, we workin', three quarters Mexican

Bars hit you like findin' out your daughter a lesbian

We got 'em hooked, it's the drugs that they came for

Leatherface, it's still blood on my chainsaw

Shower Posse, niggas love when the rain pour

Sorcerer, the torturer, that's what they call me Payne for

OBH hammer, let a spark go

Got that big AR-Ab, I'm in the Dark Lo

Bumpin' Lik Moss, I pull up, then I park slow

Bananas and pineapples, nigga, no Kevin Hart though (Payne)

[Verse 2: Benny the Butcher]

(The Butcher comin', nigga)

Yo, I got the green light from OGs that fathered the era

But what I did with a pot gon' make it hard to compare us (Facts)

I wash the blood off the money that my daughters inherit

And kept the barrel so hot that it fog up the mirrors

These niggas rap, so next time we into some shit, check it  
Look, I ain't gon' clip you, I'm gettin' your bitch pregnant  
Up early, serve you 28 grams with breakfast  
And I could charge tuition to give you my wrist method  
In the trap five straight hours, blendin' up fine gray powder  
The fumes knock you out like Deontay Wilder  
I call it get rich music, but y'all say albums  
For niggas who got the long bids and lost they values (Uh huh)  
Look, it's crazy up in Attica, they wildin' up in Sing Sing  
Me against the world like Pat Riley and the Dream Team  
Level three vest, MAC-90 with a green beam (Brrr)  
Dead body on a dead body, I done seen things  
Ah, the ride back with the stress  
Supply packs to your steps, but I'm taxin' to death  
I used to wanna get a contract with the Nets  
But that changed when I got in contact with a connect, ah

[Verse 3: Conway]

Yeah, look, it's do or die, nigga, you decide  
Last nigga shot at me and missed, it was like committin' suicide (That smoke)  
Think it's a game? All we do it slide  
Brodie on the backseat shootin' some shit that's Lil Uzi-size (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Yeah, only hittin' above the neck (Huh)  
I stopped robbin', gave the mask and the gloves a rest (Uh huh)  
I flew to Cali just to find a new drug connect  
And I still got a good rapport with all the plugs I met (That's a fact, nigga)  
Yeah, I don't know why you pussy niggas bother  
Big FN bullets flip a nigga Charger (Doot, doot, doot, doot)  
Your favorite rappers is my sons, I'm you niggas' fathers  
I'm the reason all them niggas tryna spit it harder (Hah)  
You rap like you trappin', you made pennies (Picture that)  
We 'bout that action, we clappin', we spray semis (Yeah, nigga)  
Connect send me the package, I made plenty  
I don't fuck with no nigga that rap if it ain't Benny, motherfuckers (Brrr, yeah)

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