

# Rubber Bands & Weight

## Benny the Butcher

[Intro]

Uh huh, yeah, yeah  
Uh huh, yeah  
Ayo, Al, I got you  
Ayo, the Butcher coming, nigga

[Verse 1]

Look, I got ten niggas with me, all body catchers  
That's ten straps and Air Max 97s  
You know why we legends, ask the streets, yeah  
They watched me stretch it, I put the microwave on 90 seconds  
The day my brother died like 9/11, I missed him  
He smoked a big one when he took that backseat ride to heaven  
She see my watch, but I don't got a second  
This wrist got us extras, it's in the pot doing calisthenics  
They talk tough talk, but they don't want no issues  
All they talk is gunplay, but they don't own no pistols  
Sat down at a meeting, manteca on the menu  
Red laser on the nickel, turn a hater to a Hindu  
If you used to being broke, then this paper gon' offend you  
Niggas either dick riding or they paid for their credentials  
I was young, the plug told me, "Just be patient, I'ma hit you  
Shit slow, work with me, just take what I can give you"  
I took that, doubled back and got greater, I continued  
'Cause my loyalty as good as any favor I could lend you  
You can hate, but I'm official, I don't break 'cause I ain't brittle  
That's real G shit, if you a gangster, I commend you, ah

[Chorus]

Cocaine jumping out the pot, rubber bands and weight  
Dope fiends walking up the block, rubber bands and weight  
6am, but I ain't closing shop, my other plans can wait  
It's Tana, nigga, yeah, you know my block, did twenty grand a day  
Cocaine jumping out the pot, rubber bands and weight  
Dope fiends walking up the block, rubber bands and weight  
6am, but I ain't closing shop, my other plans can wait  
It's Tana, nigga, yeah, you know my block, did twenty grand a day

[Verse 2]

My background official, I don't back down from issues

I spin back 'round and get you, pull my mask down and clip you  
You can go and check my record, not a blemish on my file  
The whole Griselda bought Rolexes and put VSs on the dial  
My man calling home sick, said he stressing over trial  
I said, "You get a hundred years, you still a legend in the town"  
We was youngsters who grew to be crooked, they threw me in booking  
This beef shit, speak up, this Uzi'll cook it  
They played hoops, I played the stoop with the tool in the bushes  
First day I met your old lady, she threw me the pussy  
Yeah, we real niggas, hundred grand, that's my mother fault  
I need another vault, nigga, yeah, that's hustler talk  
In this game of life, it mean death if you come up short  
My man doing a stretch for a body that his brother caught  
Cocaine jumping out the pot, so you know  
That my post game standing on this block like Karl Malone, ah

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Rubber bands and weight, rubber bands and weight  
My other plans can wait, did twenty grand a day  
Rubber bands and weight, rubber bands and weight

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