

# Intro

## 38 Spesh & Benny the Butcher

[Intro]

I exist in the shadows created by street lights  
My life is charcoal sketches, vandalizin' your oil-based watercolored world thoughts and insights

My life-my life, drama takes place underneath these street lights  
No-no curtain, no script, no costumes  
No playwright's direction, no-no dressin' rooms, no-no curtain calls  
My-my dreams are my image overlooked by these street lights  
As we-we struggle to find the space between, the space between desperation and insanity  
Loneliness in hell, hunger in street fights  
Darkness in these street lights  
Our-our souls play out underneath these street lights, man  
Only a select few are granted fifteen minutes of fame though  
We all run the same course through this man-made pitfall infested X-games  
See, I-I've learned everything underneath these street lights

[Verse 1: B.E.N.N.Y. The Butcher]

The butcher, I'm back recruitin'  
We posted up like Olajuwon back from Houston  
The streets, I adapted to it 'cause I was attracted to it  
Took the I-95 from Dade to Massachusetts  
You know how the trappers do it, blocks like Patrick Ewing  
That coke turn to rock, when it's smoke it go back to fluid, deeper  
When the brains of the teacher don't match your students  
Lease a few 100K out the streets, no tax included  
Ain't ask for nothin', I never had to do it  
I came home on schedule, ain't have to rat to do it  
I play whatever she like, she start relaxin' to it  
Before she unbutton my Louie, she gotta ask to do it  
I'm not a regular nigga, y'all some petty lil' niggas  
At eighteen I had a plug and a federal sentence  
You want my chain? Take it but end up dead if you get it  
Black Suburban full of shooters ahead of the sprinter  
Uh huh, look, if you want it all, then hit me  
I get more than fifty  
You can meet me by the border down in Corpus Christi  
My old bitch cold, sick, yeah, of course she miss me  
But she knew her choice to leave was gonna cost eventually  
I let these niggas think they were smarter but I was speakin'  
I drew the Mona Lisa up while they talkin', uh

Now this where we gon' clean up the market  
But when I had to flush, I just read in the toilet

[Verse 2: 38 Spesh]

Hey yo

I spent your re-up on my belt and pants  
I flew your bitch to a beach  
Knew she a cheat as soon as her feet felt the sand  
Open her legs like a health exam  
Hella Xans and we party like we a part of a Elvis band  
Fiends smokin' out the Welches can  
I took green and white and painted the streets, I'm like a Celtics fan  
A selfish man but I felt his plans  
A powerful mind can build an empire with someone else's hands  
Think major when I'm speakin' paper  
Leave the tailor with an extinct animal, fuck mink and gator  
I get the pounds then I shrink 'em later  
You got premature paper, your stash belong in an incubator  
How you niggas do illegal favors for free?  
Give me a key to drop off, I won't see you later  
I'm a whole brick of diesel layer  
That's why you see me in the club lookin' better than an Eagles' player  
I don't need a jersey, every piece at least thirty  
Run the streets all week but sleep early  
Mink inside of my car, my seat's furry  
You the weakest link in your squad, Keith Murray  
My plug know we gotta be strapped when he serve me  
As long as the price don't change then we sturdy  
Every time I text your wife, she hurry  
Leave a bitch with wet pussy, broke pockets, knees dirty  
Let's go

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