

Joe Pesci 38

BENNY THE BUTCHER

[Intro]

Griselda by Fashion Rebels

Yeah, uh

This how shit supposed to sound

This how our shit sound, yeah

Y'all niggas got a lot of catchin' up to do, yo

Uh, uh

[Verse]

For the hustlers that's gettin' money, thinkin' fast in business
Who stayed up by playin' smart and duckin' bad decisions
I wore hand-me-downs in class, bitches laughed at niggas
Now I rock designer like I'm in the fashion business
I met a plug when I was broke, not to brag, I did it
I broke a nine off in half and got in traffic with it
This for my day one fans, niggas that been listenin'
Who know these rappers not better or as consistent
And when they talk about the streets, it ain't that specific
So I'm a tad suspicious, if it's fact or fiction
Uh, you ain't in the streets weighin' slabs and fishes
Nigga, you just another rapper tryna have the image
But don't want the scabs and stiches, shit, that come with it
And if you ask me, that's backwards, nigga, uh
I seen too many real niggas fall to let you bitch niggas beat me
But still I make this shit look easy
Bitches think I'm lit 'cause they see me
But I was just in the trap with a flip phone, stick, and a TV
Calls from home sayin', While you goin' through the roof
It's rumors back here sayin' what who gon' do to who
Been gone for two weeks, been two more funerals
They pulled up dumpin' out of the two-door Subaru
It's all the same, this what we call a game
When you move, it pull you back like a ball and chain
We rap 'bout our real life 'cause it caused us pain
And when you reach certain levels, it 'cause us change
The pain subsides, but the scars remain
I'm one of the realest niggas, that's broad as day
I'm on my Biggie, Who Shot Ya?, this for my parters still in lockup
Who only call back home to tell us in a box up
They killed Eric Garner just 'cause his posture
But you get life if you hit a cop up
How could we feel that that's not us?
Our skin 'plexion the same, nigga, please don't be obnoxious

I played with more keys than a locksmith
It's like I'm good at everything, I got this

[Outro]

Uh, Joe Pesci 38

He got a roach clip burnin' in the ashtray (Burnin' in the ashtray)

You know I'm spendin' good money, so he love me

Said he down to meet me halfway (Down to meet me halfway)

Uh, Joe Pesci 38

My Joe Pesci 38, yeah (My Joe Pesci 38)

This the same gun, some Goodfellas

This my Joe Pesci 38 (My Joe Pesci 38)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>