

## Any Questions

**Benzino**

Yeah baby it's time to pump the bottle, baby  
Yeah  
Can you take to the re-rub off my shit?  
Yeah, Hangmen 3

All y'all done it, all y'all funny  
Shit can get ugly  
One man summit, always blunted,  
Haters most wanted  
I live it, y'all flaunt it (Any questions)  
Deep dish twenty  
Y'all too friendly  
My shit trendy  
You really wanna know  
Long time coming, long time hustling  
It's all my money  
House, cars it's all mine cousin  
My life sumthin', y'all like frontin' (Any questions)  
Fuck that dump shit if my gun click all y'all run quick  
Y'all just talkin'  
Boston, Harlem, Own, Sparkin

If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't  
Me and Ray like big Shaq in the paint  
We do it from DC to Detroit, to Chi-town, New Orleans, Texas and back down  
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't  
Me and Black like big Shaq in the paint  
We do it from Cleveland to Oakland, down to LA, VA and back to NC

Yo, best done, who done popped up out of hiding  
Snuck out the bowels of Gotham, who gone stop em'?  
The body mask wore eighty-fives, all solid  
It's all roll-ed, let's get this green like its call-ed  
I floss a lot black and get to Boston I'm hot  
Acting like I won't bring the black Porsche off the lot  
Then do the right thing, y'all know Ray, y'all know Jinx  
I'm like the night wing with the iced out bright wing  
Go ahead dog, sleeping I'm a steal ya plate  
Brought Ray and Made Men out to seal ya fate  
More ya ta none, beef, might borrow ya guns  
I borrow ya funds, dog we'll spoil your fun  
Eastside I lay at, I'm like whoa! when ya play that  
I'm not a killer cat to fix his mouth and say that  
Bad Boy, Made Mens and high living  
I'm outta here, streets, stay out of prison

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Four, five, sixes, arm tight bitches  
The middle finger's up to all my critics  
Flow so vicious, hate taking pictures  
I ain't feelin' niggas who fuckin' with the snitches

Hit you out the park like Manny, y'all can't stand me  
Won't see me at the Grammy's  
My team stunning, the high beams are coming  
Doors flying open, my team start thumping  
Leave your boys crawling  
Who got your back, call em'  
Problems resolve them, there not that important  
The last one standing, you the first one leaving  
The first one bleeding, now who the one breathing?  
Ninety-five south, don't ever try and follow  
Fuck around, get hit by the hollow  
Ray Benzino, Grand Marciano, Bad Boys, Made Men live at the Apollo

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