

Bennie Franks

Twista

No muggy manny man gonna feel this shit here tramp
try out the (?) bobby land rasta man one land one land live one land love
you come you come you test the rasta
you come you come you test the rasta
you test Bennie and I told ya motherfucker boom
now ya fucking dead

I drop bombs like who say mad ass
verbal ammunition when I solve a blast ass I stash cash
assassination like Ras Kass
bitches and 10 hut
I'ma money making soldier cause I don't give no fuck
the world is mine
you stepping over gages grenades and land mines so hand mine
if you was around nigga you probably ban mine
off the load watching out for the rorrow popping at the po po
99 brinks truck candy apple sitting on normols
them niggas don't wanna see us come up
so fuck them marks for the legit ballers for the world blow up
its ain't no sold off shit I'm still top of the mess
check Tom disrespect Tom teflon through his chest
and fuck em for T
I'm rolling in my candle camouflage
wing ding and white wands and now I ready to march
embark on this who trying to whip the lyrical arsonist
look learn and listen my baguette still glisten
my nine shines its 6 past 6 so bitches prime time
who in they write mine nigga trying to define rhyme
L-E-G-I-T ballers
give it up for them pistol pistol the knuckle street baller
come on

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its a joint we completed niggas ballers boy
thats the money making soldiers bringing all the noise
ain't nothing on ya block but them vocaling toys
riding tinted out real straps hoes galore

now it don't get no deeper than this
mr. obysis come on my style with a twist
I'm out the midst
checking ya style is too close for coffin
put me to stand and nigga ya playing
If your all shit surrounding I'm abandoning
I strike back like heaven on
I'm on a spree taking out all niggas sounding like me like Andrew Cullonon
y'all can go to a reawrike guiness on a one road business
its a sin to swallow all the witness now I'm guilty by suspicion
I know this shit got ya mind twisted so who I make concern
tossing this shit like blind bitches touching ya ass getting burned (ahh)
212 of them degrees wrecking impostor emcee's chop em off at the knees
face to face with your enemy
I'm G.I. to C-H-I C-H yo heffa

fo fo go go blow em outta his a betta chose yo
the return of the funeral cage right
come on ya all do wanna do it to Tillman or a Ben Jagger
cause its that nigga from the 3-1-2 capital double L-L
bring the noise shit we bound to burn them boys
although he's a nice guy and when the drought is to em I brought em pain
come on rasta man tell em what the the thang hey

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who want to come test me now think
the game is over its officially my time
you fuck around nigga and get ya label shut down
who them niggas try to diss and made a clip but they miss
y'all shouldn't a let me tangle legit ballers and twist
I axe ya wrist off (i ya ya)
who can I trust hits ya (i ya ya)
who can I bust I fiend for cash put beans on fast got singers as jack
I told ya save that shit for last
guard ya glamoura I'm fucking up opponents and challengers
shoulda charged ya stamina here comes the
watch me damage ya
we mash and bang with mask and thang
get jacked ya name reclaim the game and I'll blast ya fame
you say the war is on bring it I spare you
come back to my city nigga I dare you

well you test my family I look here now motherfucker
you test Bennie and I told ya motherfucker boom
now ya fucking dead, they might not know
but that the news land done dadd you big bad bully frog you