

# Stone Killer (feat. Benny the Butcher)

## Dave East

DAVE EAST FEAT. BENNY THE BUTCHER - STONE KILLER High level rap

You know me, nigga Bugging out, I'm tipsy (Tippy)

I smuggled out Poughkeepsie (Upstate)

Package had a Seattle stamp, I thought the plug was from 60s (Neighborhood)

Bubbled out the Bentley (Skrrt)

Suckers tried convince me (Uh)

Gun powder inside my whiskey

Blowin' sour, vibing to Missy (Yeah)

Misdemeanor Elliot

These rap niggas is delicate (Soft)

I'll never switch

I been on some shit since Perry Ellis fits (Remember that?)

Broke weed down at the Marriott

This hustle, I inherited (I got it)

Prescriptions for the low

Come and cop it or I can mail the shit (Woo)

They shot him in his face, it ain't no repass (Nah)

I'm Tyson with that speedbag (Right)

I really seen a brick look like a Dreamcast (I did)

My aunt been clean for years, I pray to Allah she don't relapse (Inshallah)

They put cameras where we sleep at

With these grams, I don't need rap (I don't need it)

I told mami just go down slow

I'm from the projects, my nigga

Could give a fuck about an Old Town Road (I don't care)

I hit Berner for Pound Cake, he let a whole pound go (My nigga)

One of the illest niggas breathing and my whole town know

It's Harlem

My neck be this weight 'cause that sket keep me safe

I gave out more dog food than the SPCA (SPCA)

I'm in the label office crunching up figures

I'm one them niggas

That gave the fiends testers with the dust from a blender, yeah

I can't forget the blocks that fed me right

These crooked agents still want me for tax evasion like Wesley Snipes

To talk this way, I paid a hefty price

I sold dope, got knocked

But never spoke after they read me rights

The chopper on the bedroom floor lay horizontal

In the crib with the cathedral ceilings, the floor's marble

Heard an opp died while we was out clubbin', got more bottles

And the teller at the bank think my bitch a couture model, uh

Respect or the money, which you willing to keep? (Pick one)  
If it's lit, is you spinnin' or you sendin' a tweet? (Pick one)  
I kept winning, that got 'em used to the feel of defeat  
Yeah, you know it's really the streets, Benny and East  
Nigga, it's Pablo and the Butcher (Pablo)  
Survival had me booked up (Booked up)  
Inside the car, now I can see the stars if I look up (Wraith)  
Been a good month and that's on all the raw that I cooked up  
I might buy my bitch an Audemar just for good luck  
Yeah (Yeah), ask for smoke, I already got a blunt  
I'm headed to Philly with coke the same color as Donald Trump (Fuck him)  
The opps sliding, but not on us  
All this stress I got bottled up  
Calls from hoes that I don't want  
That powder we would bottle up (Right)  
I got guns for World War III, nigga, just sign me up  
Good luck tryna line me up (Good luck)  
I'm landing at LaGuardia  
Had meetings with the mafia  
I count that paper, then I can't sleep, I catch insomnia  
Jewish lawyer beat my case, we celebrate the shit like Hanukkah  
Caught him tryna get breakfast and shot the diner up (Boom)  
Fiends fighting over the boy, Brandy and Monica  
Gangster, you know how I'm cut, honestly, you should honor us  
I remember baggin' up haze, jacket was Nautica  
I couldn't stay out late, on my ankle, I had a monitor, wordBenny, Benny, Benny, Benny and  
East  
The illest niggas breathin', respect, respect  
Benny and East  
Yeah, you, yeah, you, yeah, you know it's really the streets  
Benny, Benny, Benny, Benny and East  
With these grams, I, I, I don't need rap  
Benny, Benny and East  
Gangster, gangster, you should honor us

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