

# Smash (feat. Elz Jenkins)

## Jarren Benton

I spaz on these hoes like the Birdman  
Mr. Benton bitch its curtains  
So fresh and clean with no detergent  
Ill nigga get a surgeon  
You gotta watch out for the serpent  
If that pussy good she'll get a Birkin  
I fill my Thermos up with Bourbon  
So high like "where the fuck the Earth went?"  
Oh no, nigga this is a horror show  
We run this shit better work on your cardio  
We killing shit nigga like the Sicario  
After the show its a party ho  
Pop out the gutter like Mario  
Get the dough from [?] to Barbie, yo  
I cried when Benny shot at Carlito  
I fucked a lot of hoes I hardly know  
Hallelujah rest in peace to Prince  
My niggas falling out that's word to Peter Wentz  
Niggas wonder why the FV split  
I'm independent they can't tell me shit  
I'm drunk as fuck I hit the cement twice  
I pop a pill to help me sleep at night  
Hallelujah word to Jesus Christ  
We lost a lot of legends rest in peace to Phife  
I might down a four, I might do the dab  
I might pop a pill, I might drop a tab  
I might roll a blunt, I might smoke a Xan  
I might hit the spot, I might show up, smashHop in a foreign, I'm killing the lane, my foot on  
the gas  
Smash  
Start this shit and we jump on the couch and we fuck this shit up and we  
Smash  
Met the lil' hoe, and I bend the lil' hoe, and I hit the lil' hoe and I  
Smash  
Pipe up the spot, and we make this shit hot and get banned from the spot and we  
Smash  
Still murdering shit in a Mink coat  
No habla these fuck niggas lingo  
I'm laid on the beach out in Santo Domingo  
The Desert Eagle might be tucked in the jean coat  
Whose side am I on, nigga Dame or Hop?  
I'll murder both of them niggas, just name a spot

I be there in a flash with the stainless cocked  
This for Ms. Tomica Wright, I leave you brainless Hop!  
I'm joking, still loving my brethren  
Jarren throwed off like I've had at the Seven-Eleven  
I laugh at the Reverend  
Put you on a highway to Heaven  
I'm out for revenge like that guy in the Revenant  
Black Mac 11, clap at you peasants  
My uncle smoke his crack get high as a pheasant  
I let my babies know that life is a blessing  
And when I'm on the road my wife just be stressing  
Hallelujah rest in peace to shawty  
Y'all can suck my dick until the semen gone  
Niggas wonder what the weed be on  
Can't sleep at night without the TV on  
Hallelujah motherfuck the peace  
The bully's homies, niggas cut that bitch  
Never catch me on no sucker shit  
And we don't fucking quit until we fucking rich I might down a four, I might do the dab  
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