

Benedictum

"Musical Freedom"

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[Talking]

Ben Hated (Guy):

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Man, hey

Check thi-, Stop that lil' shawty right there

Stop lil' shawty right there

(Who, that lil' girl over there?)

Yeah, get her, yeah get here fa' me

Guy (Girl):

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, come here gurl, hey, look here...

(I know you aint talkin to me)

Hey, hey, shut up gurl, (What?!?! SHUT UP?!?!)

Hey, look here, look here, look here

My boy, Ben Hated, he... he wanna holla at you,

(WHAT?!?!) my boy...

(Ben Hated?!?! I see why his black ass "been hated", look what y'all ridin in) What?

Bitch... Muthafuck... Kick rocks, fuck you!

Takes off, honking horn

Bitch

[Chorus]

Steppin outta Escalades & Navigators

We makin it so they can't fade us (They can't fade us)

So we got to reach our goals

Pushin platinum sellin gold (sellin gold)

Steppin outta Escalades & Navigators

We makin it so they can't fade us (They can't fade us)

So we got to reach our goals

Pushin platinum sellin gold (If you aint know)

[Ben Hated]

I stand here all night dressed like mo do's

Hustlin up outta four doors

Candy Caprices no mo', Escalades twankin Momo's

Who lookin, boy we is so pro, slow is just how we seem

Yayo weighed up on beams, for geekers that wanna dream

That's how I made my cream
With a down ass hoe, and a down as scheme
And a down as team fulla down ass niggaz that's down
for green
I see how y'all watch and wait, hope I decide to
navigate late
Don't run up wrong and meet your fate maker
Long as I get your weight maker
They call me Mr. Bossy, molases paint silver glossy
Fuck what it cost me, I'm Mr. Flossy get the hell off me
Ben Hate bout G's, Ben Hate 'bout multiplatinum CD's
Hell, Hate bout grind, Ben Hate bout hustle, Ben Hate
bout mine
Steppin out this time, in aligators, glock for them
haters
Hollow tips so they can't fade us, big money makers
You see me on the seen so clean, black magic gleam
Draped up in orange & blue (orange & blue), rollin wit'
my team

Chorus

[Re-Re]

Hell nah
Hell it aint road, industry execs see me
Guys leave, my flow be so lovely
Comin through like the folks in the back door
See me, be like Puffy gotta get the dough
Gonna let me ride the track
Seein how these folks be makin tha money stack
Matter of fact can't call the cat
Cause they chillin like a bad rat breakin off cheese like
a Kit-Kat
Now check that, the man with the Rolex and the
diamonds in his hand
Girls in the club wanna holla Cause they think he is the
man
But I can't stand them pretty ass bitches and niggaz
they gettin up on my nerves
And while they in my face, they actin fake, I'm kickin
'em to the curb
So what it concern, on whether I ball or stand on my
own 2 feet
Got you niggaz dislikin me , they can't get like me
I'm jumpin five bitches, over five geeks
Don't make no sense 'til you ask me
Cause I'm on top, make you wanna have me
I'm just smoke a blunt, march 2 steps in front
Cause haters aint never gon find me
Try to put the mean mug on when I come around
Nigga like you wanna give me a pound

But you comin at me like you brainy
Talkin 'bout you just wanna be down
Yeah right, nigga know you can't get wit' Re
So you better just have a seat
I'm on top my game, that's why you know my name
I done hit that fame now what it's gon be

Chorus

Ben Hated:

Wood grippin, Henn sippin
Pistol hold and pistol whippin
All lames that talk 'bout trickin
Dump them thangs and get to dippin
Type of niggaz, that slide all custom trucks
With the dubs, all chrome, grill bars, and them 2-
colored cuts
Pros, stand on the block, they nuts
Sick of them thugs and cut-butts
Jump in the 'Lac and shawty get cut
Hop in the 'Gator woe's get stuck, what's up
These bustaz wanna try me, I pull they girl when they
alk by me
Leave 'em upset lookin mad, and dog, face lookin sad
I don't sweat these pros man, I lick these pros man
And I bent these pros, Jump in the car with ballers on
Vogues
If you got a Benz with them ends you cn freak out her
friends
Sent that tramp out to your partnaz lake, night shake
the show stoppers
Welcome to my game, I do this thang wit' no shame
And if them folks ask, then tell 'em my name, Mr.
Ghetto Fame
I don't say no words just lay it back
Let my girl hold on my strap
I don't trust these lames
I fuckin crush these lames, touch these lames

Chorus

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