

Benzino

"What's Really Good"

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"What's Really Good"

(feat. Scarface, Young Hardy)

[Intro: Scarface]

Toomp, Facemob in the house with you (What's really good)

My homeboy Benzino, that nigga smoke a pound every thirty minutes (What's really good)

Harlem, up top (What's really good)

What up Hardy? Yeah

[Scarface:]

I done seen the game change and switch up a few times

Kinfolk got a ten-year plus for two dimes

Small baggage but we still carried weight cause rocked dope

Got a nigga doubled up, the white boy's a nice boat

Been a minute since I've been in it but peeped from side lines

Most of ya'll get it fucked up forgetting the guidelines

When I came we had a code that we followed where none spoke

All the animosity swallowed with that we slung dope

Young niggas in it to win it fucking with hard now

Went from MD to Hennessey, fuck it we stars now

Might as well live a little, we stack it and die young

That's the mentality of niggas who hang where I've hung

And I don't know what made it change but nowadays on my street

Most of these niggas get indicted then turn to police

Where and why's take the cause, exposing your main plot

Then they find your uncle frozen with holes and his brains out

[Hook:]

[Scarface:]

We don't tolerate a snitcher and this is the first frame

With rules for real niggas who hunger for true game

[Benzino:]

(What's really good) Still gangsta, we locked in the street game
(What's really good) Real niggas bust shots when the beef came
[Young Hardy:]
(What's really good) And even though most of my niggas on parole
We know we still get it, cock back and we let it blow
[Benzino:]
(What's really good) The streets is quiet, we just here to let 'em know
(What's really good)

[Benzino:]
Yo, they say I hang around fellas with records and mean looks
Two-time convicted felons do records with mean hooks
Specialise heavy weapons, we labelled as entertainers
I'm nice with the pen, even better with the bangers
My lifestyle considered to some is dangerous
Make sure if you twisting a Dutch you blazing it
We stay heavy in the hood cause the streets is talking
Getting 'fetti like we should, if there's beef, we spark it!
It ain't no need to quit scrapper, I'm on top of my game
Sixty thousand South Africans screaming my name
We international, Caribbean pirates, we warlords
Get the buried treasure hidden up under the floorboards
It ain't no rest for Benzino, see I'm a stay on my grizzly
If I retired right now I know the game would miss me
But I'm a make you with my boys putting out these hits
And steady trynna make noise, you make security rich
C'mon!

[Hook]

[Young Hardy:]
I used to stare at the wall, huh
Thinking to myself if I'm gon' make it at all
I hustled just to get by, why
Throwing change in my pocket and a little left to get fly
I'm seeing time passing
And with this short cake I'm stashing, ain't enough to cash in
There's a bigger picture
When all I do is give twenty-five to a pitcher
I'm trynna have my own land
I don't wanna be in mom's house living a grown man
Kids in the living room shackled up
Bedroom's packed up, my rent bent, I'm backed up
I only want the best for me, sorta made a mess for me

I'm hoping this thing was left for me
But if it is, please bless shortie
I can't see myself forty to grind the same story

[Hook]

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