

Benz Friendz (Whatchutola)

Future

I told that bitch, I told that bitch
I told that bitch, I told that bitch
Yeah, this for the niggas with Benzes and the niggas without 'em
Scram, ho! I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch
I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch
I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch
And I don't want no bitch who need to have that kind of friendship
I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho
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I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho
And I don't want no bitch who need that kind of nigga, scram, ho These cars don't mean shit, these hoes don't
mean shit
These clothes don't mean shit, these shows don't mean shit
(Whatchutola, what, whatchutola)
(Whatchutola, what, whatchutola) These cars don't mean shit, these hoes don't mean shit
These clothes don't mean shit, these shows don't mean shit
(Whatchutola, what, whatchutola)
(Whatchutola, what, whatchutola) Graduated from the fabricated sabotages
Conversated with a lady goin' Lambo crazy
Bitch, you better cut it, shawty, I'm 'bout to cut you off
Oh, you greedy in Tahiti, I just seen you flaunt
Aye, tell that girl you 'bout to settle, whatchutola
Aye, see how she react when you're no longer in your Bimmer
Then she find out that the Bentley wasn't really rented
Can you sell a kilo? Help a nigga move a kilo
Oh, you want the private jet to take a flight to Rio
Can't no Maybach prevent a nigga from makin' mula
Oh, you gold diggin' diggin' graveyard loser
Ain't none of my cars American, King of Zamunda
Let's have a heart-to-heart, drink wine, make art
Backseat of the Benzo, the AMG
Can you love a thug, is all make believe
Pure fantasy, I see through it easily I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch
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And I don't want no bitch who need that kind of nigga, scram, hoI told the girl I'm 'bout to sell the Porsche, I'm
tired of it

She go and told these folks I'm goin' broke, a smile poured
From my lips, cuz if I'm broke, it's only hearted
Broken records from broken English, that's all it
Hol' up and if I were, why would you throw a party?

Affection is so convenient when ballin'
Correction, these hoes don't mean it when fallin'
I guess that's why Lois can't be with Clark Kent

Fly on a nigga back while he Superman
But if I'm in a wheelchair, you still there?
Stop searchin' for words, I feel stupid, man

The shit is the Pittsburgh, I still care
White button downs and Emory scrubs
Had to write her birthday down because my memory sucks
But this shit comes back up like some acid reflux
Or a Michael Jackson jacket with some plastic zippers
I was zippin' through the city and I don't give a fuck
1994 Toyota Land Cruiser because

That bitch ain't never broke down on me, why would I do that to her?

Simple is it, symbolism, I'll pull up at a club

And might not never buy a new car again, if I can help it
Cause if I buy one then they gon sell ten, then what I'm left with?

Throw a nigga one on the strength, then we might could talk

Til' then, I'mma ride my fuckin' bike, or walkI told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch

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And I don't want no bitch who need that kind of nigga, scram, hoI told that girl, I told that girl tell the truth

Say she the greatest bitch I ever met, then show me some proof

These girls be droppin' these lies, these girls be makin' shit up

She don't wanna stand in my line, she tryna come to the frontYeah, she love her country but hate American cars

For the shape of them, he'll have you know all of them bitches is foreign

If yellow seems to be the color in fashion

What happens to all of this good black pussy he keep ignorin'?

The world told him don't shit rhyme with orange

The girl is only with him because he's tourin'

Well go on angel, I don't blame you, don't hang yo head

I know it's survival for you, get it like an IOUShe's so, materialistic

I'm just enjoyin' life, I'm livin' life, you know?

That worldwide pussy, yeah, worldwide pussy, yeah

Pull up at this girl crib bumpin' Lil' Boosie, yeahI told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Benz, bitch

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These clothes don't mean shit, these shows don't mean shit
(Whatchutola, what, whatchutola)
(Whatchutola, what, whatchutola) We drive these cars on the regular
This life that I live is incredible
We gon be fly whenever, we gettin' richer forever
Without these foreign vehicles, can we still gon' be together?
Tell me

Songwriters

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