

# Beamer Benz Or Bentley (freestyle)

Tory Lanez

Calvin go get my notebooks, put em in the hearse for me  
Yo bout to murder dis shit nigga look  
Beamer benz or bentley, my jeans aint ever empty  
and nigga I aint gucci but no skier ever get me  
the 7 series Beamer aint the reason they respect me

I aint never been a pussy cuz my team will never let me  
the modern day hanibal, flock fresh animal I'm sick I'm sick and I aint got a antidote, skeetin in yo gurls mouth  
and her throat, I'll grill ya'll peel like cantilope  
Oh and its so sinsurr, two european broads and they both in hurr, me and rymes took turns we was both in thurr  
and my girl is like a fox but she don't wear fur. Ho's used to say no now they like oh yeah sure, they don't even  
call me lanez they like oh yes sir, I'mma go getter, never go get her, from her crib what I look like dat ho  
chaffuer. gettin hella dome, put lady gaga on my telephone, hella gone ay yo girl beat no metronome, my new  
bitch she a yellow bone, I buy her yellow stones cuz I like it when she got that yellow onnn.  
now tell me where the flag beat at, if i had one wish I'd bring mack's beat back, bought to buy a lamb tell me  
where da back seat at. please free gucci, boozy and weezy we black.  
so you could say that tory lanez is a born star but you couldn't find my roof with an on-star. never slip nigga I  
be on guard, sicker than a swine no time for your corn bars. eight long bags, stay calm fag, I'm a more beast  
then the J arm tag, colder than another shuttle tell me where the quilt at, Tory is a mothafucker tell me where the  
milf at. I can get you killed back, like the way I kill tracks, we gon leave you with yo scout and it's all peeled  
back. only nigga dat be hangin like a pendant, rip the beat so hard niggas had to mend it. fuck it lets cement it.  
cuz I killed it I'm feeling some resentment... fuck I just killed that shit... so I'mma come back and avenge it.  
reincarnation of the track on some revenge shit. step inside da club all da guns and da frenzy. I be writin till my  
pen break cuz I'm hungry, I'm to da point that my ribs ache. I just wanna see yo hips shake. My latin shawty  
call me poppa while she fix me up a big steak. see I'm hungry for a big plate and I'm never full even though I  
just ate. call me the four model fucka, get they twist on like a soda bottle cover, tired of breakin it to niggas dat I  
got they lover, hold her and I fold her like some sort of oragami sculpture. read between the lines, see between  
her eyes. Killin dat pussy R.I.P between yo thighs. I seem to be dispised by some very evil guys. fake niggas do  
fake shit so don't belive the lies.

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