

# Alladat

## Jarren Benton

[Verse 1]

I pray for my enemies, I told the lord to bless the both of us  
Papa threw the deuces but fuck it I never hold grudges  
My worst fear is to die broke  
Life in the jungle would rip the horns off a rhino  
Music always been a part of us, mama was never hard on us  
I was always worried when she had to ride the MARTA bus  
Started drinkin' young cause them Koreans never carded us  
Young and black but they didn't give a fuck and it was obvious  
Lifestyle of a dopeboy is simply captivating  
To niggas turning Master Splinter on the affidavit  
I'm jewish with the bread, every dollar's calculated  
These niggas sideways, this nine'll get em calibrated  
I'm just a dreamer asking God to shine a little light  
These niggas soft and they'll probably die in a pillow fight  
Im smoking hashish out of a silver pipe  
I told that bitch to run the jewels, word to Killer Mike  
Promethazine and Sprite on ice when I ain't feeling right  
I ain't concerned about vices, bitch I'm just livin' life  
These hoes gon' let us cut just like a kitchen knife  
I'm on that kryptonite, I break them when I flip the dykes  
I eat beats and then I spit the bone, a pistol's chrome  
Catch me in the old school bumpin' Vic Damone  
Mister Benton home, niggas get to falling back  
Cash rules everything and nigga I want all of that! [Hook]  
Fuck the world, bitch I want all of that  
Cash rules nigga, give me all of that  
I ain't playing, I want all of that  
Kicking down your door, bitch give me all of that  
I want all of that, nigga give me all of that [x4] [Verse 2]  
Name a nigga in my city that can fuck with me  
Besides the OG's y'all pussy niggas is weak  
Nightmare On Elm Street, put these niggas to sleep  
Old frog ass nigga, I dare you faggots to leap  
Lame ass niggas can't walk in these pair of shoes  
Jump out airplanes and shoot at coupes while I parachute  
High as a paratroop, old school like a pair of [?]  
Rappers wear a suit cause this bully gon' bury you  
I'll disable y'all, niggas agitated like the cable off

Southern niggas spilling hot sauce on the tablecloth  
Think the god's soft, then this K about to break them all  
Pussy ass niggas gettin' jealous cause we taking off  
Imma feast, got your bitch cooking quiche  
Hundred grand at my nigga's grave, may he rest in peace  
Kick game like a priest, I told you I'm sucker free  
Politic with rich Jews while spilling wine on a fleece  
Toast to tomorrow I'm sippin' wine on a beach  
I rhyme like a beast, the nine inside the Caprice  
Garbage ass nigga your fucking lines is weak  
And you can lose life if you fuck with mine, capiche?  
I've been this way, show you how the switch blade penetrate  
I fuck hoes that look like Gabourey Sidibe  
I stuff bricks in a pillow case and hit your face  
These narcotics got me feeling like I sit in space  
Cash rules everything around me  
Money over bitches, told these lame ass hoes to get from 'round me  
Eastside killer I came from DeKalb county  
A-Town's royal, you motherfuckers should crown me  
[Hook]

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