

Benz Friendz (Whatchutola) (Feat. André 3000)

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

I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho

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

Conversed 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

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

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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, 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

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, 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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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
I told that bitch I'on't give a fuck about a Lamb, ho
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, scam, 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) 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

BILLY VAUGHN, DAVID SHEATS, ANDRE BENJAMIN, PATRICK BROWN, RICO WADE,
NAYVADIUS WILBURN, RAY MURRAY

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