

No Fucks to Give (feat. FUTURISTIC & Chris Webby)

Jarren Benton

1: Jarren Benton]

(What happened to Funk Volume nigga?)

Ain't no more fucking Funk Volume

All you niggas get is Mr. Benton

I got them pussy niggas shitting kittens

I guillotine the fucking competition

I "what up" to my niggas still in prison

I'm still drunk and high, I'm on prescription

Drugs

Jesus, who the fuck I gotta sell my soul to to get it popping nigga

And when you see me keep it moving show me love and don't ask me no questions about

Hopsin nigga

Oh lord I'm on my own I'm about to have a nervous breakdown

Ass up face down that's the way the industry fuck you nigga its east side a-town

Full-turnt like a-town

This the bully beat a motherfucker's ass on the playground

Your homeboy like "Jesus he's a sick son of a bitch, a maniac, play dead, stay down"

My homeboy still stirring up the pot

Remember we didn't have a fucking pot to piss in and we was sleeping on the cot

Man nigga popping hoes eating up the cock

I got a new trap J's geeking on the rocks

And that's a metaphor for rap weighing on the stop

I snipe a nigga with a sniper rifle have him lookin like he JFK, the mothafucka leaning out the

drop like pop

Yeah

Tell these bad whores Mr. Benton on the market

I hops in a pussy and no I'm not talking 'bout Marcus

I bodied a booth in the beat, oh now I smell a carcass

I tear up the club, snap his neck, break his bones and his cartilage

Jarren stop talking like that, oh my God you have children there

I give a fuck what you saying bitch we bout to be billionaires

I ran out all of my fucks to give

We go so hard now they fucking with this

Fuck is you doing bitch, I'm not a human

They want your thousands, you gotta keep moving

I ran out all of my fucks to give

We go so hard now they fucking with this

Fuck is you doing bitch, I'm not a human

Funk Volume's dead, but the bully keep movin' nigga Yeah

Ran out of fucks to give, enough of this

I hit you in your upper lip, if you ain't come for this
Don't rush the kid, a MC going hammer don't touch my shit
With Jarren Benton, that's my nigga since 2-0-1-1
I'm running circles around you niggas, I'm playing duck duck
Goose

I've been on a mission for a million bucks
And any model that's a fan probably getting fucked
With no label

Yeah I got my own squad
WTF gang hold it down no problem
Wait that's only me

I been thinking about bringing niggas on but these other rappers suck like a blowjob

Hit a nigga til he needs a fucking nose job
I have him crying like a grandma watching soap op's
You were holding a drink, don't spill it on me
I slide you out your 3s [?] yelling opa!
A young nigga, that Futuristic

Dude the sickest, don't care who your clique is
Wanna battle then you'll lose with quickness, lose your bitches
Still spitting like my fucking tooth is missing
Who you kidding, no fucks given in my verse
Exterminating everybody, hailin' to the Germans
I bet they all in they grave turning
Think i give a fuck then you got the wrong person
Jarren Benton]

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Fuck is you doing bitch, I'm not a human
Funk Volume's dead, but the bully keep movin' nigga
(What's up with Homegrown, man?)

You no Homegrown no more, I ain't got nobody by my side, yo
Split with my management, now I am all by myself, don't even got a side hoe
I flew from Connecticut end up with [?] like I'm 5-0
Then I moved in with my team to a spot that I couldn't afford, till' my debit was dry so
Try to regroup [?] is a lie though
Telling myself in my head it's alright, yo
Page after page I would crumple it up and then throw it away I was losing my mind, yo
I was pacing around in my studio punching the walls and the floor like a psycho
Then I channeled my energy and I dropped Webby's Lab 2, now I'm back on my pyro
With the fire like Spyro
You can see the smoke rise from the speaker wire?
Just a crazy white boy like in Peaky Blinders
On seat reclining til my life is golden
Now I'm on my lonesome
No label, no financial backing, nobody assisting promotions (No one!)

But I gotta keep going
I still got my homies that had me from Jump
They still in the Sprinter we passing the blunt
When we hitting the road and we gripping these shows cause it's all that we know
So we have to keep up with the schedule
Show after show after festival
Now I'm back counting my decimals
Paying my taxes and stacking like I should have always been doing
I've always been doing
You live and you learn
I'm expected to go from in debt to exceptional
Money amounts in accounts and I'm killing it now
I've taken the wheel back right before other people come run my business into the ground
There ain't a fuck I'mma give, yo
Got my middle fingers up in the window
In the ring til the day I die and that's word to Kimbo
Jarren tell 'em how this shit go

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>