

ADAM PAGE

Westside Gunn

(Griselda by Fashion Rebels)

Ayo

Top had the Glock, Neef had the gauge (Boom, boom, boom)
Bullets flipped him like Hangman Adam Page (Boom, boom, boom)
Lobster bisque, went to Spain, back with the shades (Skrrt)
Out in Gijón, my Dior shades sway
No one ahead of me (Uh-uh)
One in the head 'cause of jealousy (Boom)
Weaponry for every fuck nigga that'll F with me (Boom, boom, boom)
Especially these fake rap niggas
On the road to success, I was a successful crack dealer, uh (Woo)
Go and get the pot out, we still ain't whippin' (Whippin')
Around Hitler 3, I was on a late mission (Mm)
Make sure the money and the bricks stay and listen
If you hear anything, judge who pay attention (Brr)
Now I got diamond ink written on the dishes (Woo)
Eatin' wagyu, you fuck niggas' ribs twitchin' (Woo)
LV 40 Belows like I'm Bishop
Told the bitch, ''You can't fuck with me, I'm too expensive''

Tell them broke niggas don't say my name no more (Go)
I done got crazy rich, I ain't sane no more (Brr)
Wrist so heavy, I can't wave no more
Wrist so heavy, I can't wave (Woo)
Tell them broke niggas don't say my name no more (Brr)
I done got crazy rich, I ain't sane no more (No more)
Wrist so heavy, I can't wave no more (Uh, talk, uh)
Wrist so heavy, I can't wave (Talk to 'em)

I'll have 'em spray your shit up all week, even Saturday, they come
They keep spinnin' 'round your world, it be Saturn when I'm done (I swear)
Some seven-figure run (Go)
Had to get them broke niggas from around me, shit was addin' up to nothin'
Used to rap in the trap-house mirror while I was pumpin' (Go)
Foggy water bubblin' (Woo), I was hostin' 106 (Woo)
I was tryna get hundred bricks, get the summer lit (What?)
I just flew to Dublin, to Paris, to London (Where else?)
I don't even drive in the lane no more, I'm runnin' it (It's mine)
Man, stop askin' what I'm worth (Haha)
Well, I'm fuckin' rich (Broke-ass nigga)
I just turned down four tours for the fuck of it (I did)
I just shot dice with the aliens on the mothership (I did)
I still got residue all over the Fendi oven mitt (Woo)
If you got a plug, nigga, plug it (You should)
Therefore, I don't wanna hear more back and forth about
Who cooked O's, they ain't Stove (Ain't me)
I'm the brick beater
Nigel Bike Air, powder-footprint leaver (Woo)
I still got it cheaper, five bricks for a feature (I do)
The Louis trench so long, you can't see the chopper, but I'll make you a bel
iever (Brr, bah-bah-bah-bah-bah)

There has been one thing
One man that I wanted
To take everything that I could from him
To leave him with nothing but the ash of his pride (Griselda)

Before that one man, there had been a dozen or more other dumbasses to get i
n my way
And justice delayed is justice denied
But look at me and believe me when I tell you
That I will have what I want