

B Lunch

Westside Gunn

Hey, fellas, what is it?
Come on, boys,
Wanna fuck? Fuck all that Knxwledge, I don't wanna hear that
That's cool, I (Griselda)

Ayo, catch me in the vein rocking Fear of God rain suits
My nigga here for extra niggas he can't shoot
Cocaine pots, my chef stirring
Tangerine A12, that shit purring (skrt)
He got shot in his head only for a split
In the birds with my Trues on, looking rich
Bitches saying he with the
Put the trash bag over the Draco, hundred shots, wwe over did i
t
Spent a half-a-day in a fuckin' kitchen
All this dope money, we fucked up Lenox
Ah