

Bash Money

Westside Gunn

Griselda
FLYGOD

Ayo, Prada nylons on, don't speak to God unless you speakin' life
Shootin' shit up but couldn't read or write (Brr)
Casablanca silks with the kilt (Ah)
Wore his conehead backwards, cut the eyes out, left his shit tilt (Bo
om boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom)
Meanwhile, I'm back of a Cullinan, Buckingham
One hand shootin', I steered the M with the other hand (Skrtrt)

Remember no one is big enough to go alone

Ayo, strive for blessings, four pounds in Vivienne West's (Ah)
Project stoves definin' my essence
They praisin' my presence, doors up on the Teslas
Fiends fallin' out, sayin' FLYGOD is they shepherd
I had the best fiends drive in from Canmore (Ah)
I buy an S, you buy an S, switch the colors, have Benz wars

Remember no one is big enough to go alone

Karate with the stars, nigga
Got my feet kicked up that far, nigga
Black belt, Balenciaga jeans, yeah, it's soft denim
Got the bulge in 'em, that's all cheese, Sargento
Got the new spot, glass house, that's all windows
I be starin' out 'em all day lookin' for God's signals
Starin' out into my driveway at the different car symbols
All big bodies with soft guts like scar tissue
These funny cats'll Garfield you
I just let this chopper ring, won't even phone bill you
Long money, long magazine, long pistol
These Celine tall Timbs is mean, short temper
Ah yes, money talk givin' niggas little man complex
Four finger rings will limit hand to hand contact
Tunechi, 3k, three bad bitches with me, booty beefcake
My homie in the back masked up like Lucha Libre (Baow)
Uh, all black nina, call her dark and lovely
Feds took my gall and I cried like they took my daughter from me
You don't know the half of it, bullets givin' c-sections
Split niggas in half for me, on codeine, I'm a crash dummy
Big dog, get swallowed down to my last puppy
I could make your Kim, Kourtney, Khloe do the dash for me
Young Money, Cash money, uh, blast for me
Throw some money on the dancer, make some money dance for me
Mula