

# Big Ass Bracelet

Westside Gunn

As I look back, I watch him board the plane  
Ayo, ayo  
Brra  
Brra  
Ayo, ayo, ayo

Three stripes on the Gucci  
Lyrics back to back, 63s, we all had Uzis (Skrtrt)  
Selene knee-highs over the face, lookin' spooky  
If you ever bought a three for fifty, nigga, you knew me (Nigga, you knew me  
)  
In the ghetto, AP strapped the coke out a soupie (Whip)  
Neck full of Veert pearls, lookin' all bougie  
Greeted my fiends with "As-salamu alaykum"  
Moms was a basehead, could blame it on Reagan  
What if I tell you drug dealers God's favorite?  
Three hunnid for the plate and didn't taste it (Uh-uh)  
You ever left a tip so big, you fuck the waitress? (Woo)  
I rock my DOOM Dunks with red laces  
I pray for my niggas with Fed cases  
Who that nigga in that big ass bracelet?  
Ayo, looking like a Margiela model at the Guggenheim (Ah)  
Turned three to eight, that shit too divine (Width)  
Chrome Heart goggles like I'm scuba diving  
Hermès seats, it look like the coupe was flyin' (Skrtrt)  
On the counter, never knew my life would turn this great  
Drunk so much Chase, I threw up my Papi Steak (Ah)  
Anybody violate, I annihilate (Boom, boom, boom)  
I switched the band on the Dick, you rockin' time today  
I could've fucked your bitch but I don't got the time today (I don't got the  
time today)  
Tie everybody up, we gotta find the yay (We gotta find the yay)  
Jamaican tank top, Jean-Paul Gaultier (Woo, brra)  
Airholes on the TEC (Woo, brra) fuck nigga, I don't play (Brr)  
Three stoves in the kitchen, two in the basement  
Who that nigga in that big ass bracelet?

They wire the money now, they used to wire the room (We was)  
We was cuttin' dog food out designer balloons (Inshallah)  
I was prayin' in the dirt one day I bloom (Haha)  
Become Hov in a metal mask, I be Shawn DOOM (We die big)  
We live enormous, you die big or you die alone (Brra, bah, bah,)  
Either way you die alone, my shooter Pat Mahomes (Brr)  
My bullet thrower  
I was court-side watching Syracuse play Villanova (Go)  
I flew here straight from a vineyard in Sonoma (Woo)  
Talkin' cocaine around weed growers (Haha)  
Bitch, I just had dinner across the room from Oprah  
My young boy jumped out in Giuseppe Cobras and the snow dumpin' (Brrra)  
This shit is nothing, these pussy niggas bluffin' (Woo, go)  
Every issue get aired out or cleared up (Yeah)  
Chanel prayer rug, my bitch said I ain't there enough  
I rolled up twenty bands, put it in her hair and told her "Wear it up" (Told  
her put her bun up)  
You need to praise God and fear us (You should)  
Find the illest, who dope then?  
I end them niggas with two shakes of a goat pen

I wrote this in the kitchen over the stove while the dope was spinnin' (Woo)  
They shot him through the door while he was openin' it (Brra, nah, bah)  
Stove Jesus on the cross screamin' "No forgiveness" (No forgiveness)  
No forgiveness, this is Louis loafer livin'  
They said it's no way out (Haha)  
But Puff backyard got the ocean in it  
I just hope you can swim, nigga  
Stove

It must be crack  
Got me selling all my clothes  
Spendin' all my dough  
It must be crack  
Got me knockin' at your window at three in the morning  
Talkin' 'bout  
They know I got two loves  
Man, get the fuck outta here  
Even when them hustlin' days are gone  
Crack was by my side still holdin' on  
Even when them twenties stop spinnin' (Hahaha)  
Crack, it be with me, disappear  
Crack still be here, it must be crack