

Big Dump Ballad

Westside Gunn

Grr

Grr

Ayo

All-black Balenci's, bomin' out the bushes (Ah)
My heart got scars, my brother face crooked
Allah took us from 'Chine Gun, I was devastated
I'm from a city where ain't nobody ever made it (Uh-uh)
Now we lookin' at the stars, I was just caged in
I was just Gucci'd down in Ginza, eatin' ramen
Revelations, duckin' fed investigations
All night, I seen my celly pacin', Lord, be patient
If I had three wishes, I'd want to get Sly out of prison
Make sure my babies live life with no ceilin'
Then I'd give these fuck niggas wisdom
The world might be a better place, I forgive 'em
My wifey dancin' to this shit with no rhythm
Forty-three tucked in the Valentino denim (Boom, boom, boom)
Half a kilo, cappuccino, gold desert eagle (Boom, boom, boom)
Rich and evil, Steven Reagle, Ricky "Dragon" Steamboat (Ahh)
High tops with the Pucci peacoat
Yay' residue on the C-note, my shooters still keep hope (Sniff)
He still keep faith
Teesha spot, big eight on the dinner plate
Kids cryin', roaches crawlin', super need to renovate
First nigga show up, shoot his ass, just to demonstrate (Doot, doot, doot, doot)
It's the king of New York (It's the king of New York)
(Doot, doot, doot, doot)

I've cried enough tears
To fill three Nile rivers
When did you start writin' poetry?
I can't remember
This was already destined by God
An angel born in December
Coldest Plum ever (Coldest Plum ever)
They want my voice
They want my words
They want my songs
I make the gangstas feel cuddly and warm (Cuddly and warm)
Retracin' my footsteps, overthinkin' the missteps
Snowflakes in my necklace, that's courtesy of West
Carry this legacy like a bulletproof vest (Yeah)
Shot after shot of D'usse
Pour up my own troubles
Through whatever storms
Pour 'em after poem bubble
Wrote for Pray for Paris and WHO MADE THE SUNSHINE?
The same year, my pops died (Rest in peace, Pops)
Impeccable chaos, writin' kept my ass alive
Still stomp you out in the Louis V Timbo's
Eastside of Buffalo my birthplace, I've been throwed
Scar tissue, tear another piece of my soul
They did my boy filthy (Damn)
The night Inf was murdered
I hit West with the 9-1-1 (9-1-1)

In a state of shock and paranoia
All at once (All at once)
Felt cold, felt burnin' hot, felt numb (Felt numb)
Keep your ears to the streets (Ears to the streets, ears to the streets)
Long live Big Dump

Brr, yeah
Took me forever to, to write this
We've all been through so much pain in life
But it's joy at the same time
And it's loyalty over everything
Big Griselda