

Bubba Chuck

Westside Gunn

Brrt

Ayo, ayo, ayo

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom

Ayo, every other second, fiends knockin' at the door (Ah)

All you heard was Valentino screechin' on the floor (Ah)

Hangin' out the 458 with the .44 (Skrtrt)

Seen Flee up the block, the nigga hollered, "Lord, Lord" (Lord, Lord)

Banana clip out the MAC-10, my niggas score more (Brtrt, brtrt, brtrt)

Floor seats, watchin' LeBron, I left the fourth quarter (Ah)

Johnny Dang neck, spent a quarter on water, uh (Ah)

Balenciaga bucket, meet the black Tom Sawyer, uh

Ten minutes before lockdown, grab the Goya', uh

Kinky fuckin' gook, I'm upstairs fuckin' Toya, uh (Ah)

Poured up the middle, Bubba Chuck for the Hoyas, uh (Swish)

Blew his head off, crack the safe for the lawyer, uh (Boom, boom, boom, boom
)

Fendi from the booster, Hi-Point with the booler, uh (Mmm)

Makin' Salaat with twenty shooters next Jumu'ah, uh (Brtrt)

Next shot, Joe Dumars, uh (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, ah)

Ayo, from the three, all net, Isaiah Thomas (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

Fashion Week, me and Kim Jones with the chopper (Doot, doot, doot, doot, doo
t, doot)

Dice game, Saint Laurent down, pulled out the whopper (Ah)

Who you be? Walkin' on water, I be the opulent (I be the opulent)

Left wrist, right wrist, I better lock this shit (Whip)

Too much Ace, I threw the roofs up (My roofs up)

Ferrari with the roof up (Skrtrt)

You niggas talk too much (Talk too fuckin' much)

A hundred bricks, got 'em flewed up (Flewed up)

Too much Ace, I threw the roofs up (My roofs up)

Ferrari with the roof up (The roof up)

You niggas talk too much (Talk too fuckin' much, uh)

A hundred bricks, got 'em flewed up (Flewed up)

Rick Owens trench, touch the hem (Touch the hem, bitch)

Stove God, I cleanse the kilo of his sins (Hallelujah)

Holy water in the pot, spin, I'm locked in

The last blocks that landed, they stamped 'em with John Lennon face (Woo)

Only blue notes, my young boy got us up like two more

I seen him shoot seven left-handed, Toni Kukoč (Brtrt, boom, boom)

Cocaine Moses, I part the ocean

Drive a whole brick through in the Lotus (Woo)

These niggas bogus (Niggas bogus)

Wockhardt in the cream soda (Pour it)

Versace cap and gown, I got a water whip diploma

Whatever charges they throw at you, better hold 'em

Could've fought his case, I guess he'd rather fight his way up out a coma (B
rrt, haha)

Shoot the building, stash box built in

She said the runway for her, but I keep you filled in

Shit, I'm on my way to close a deal

If Columbus could steal land, bitch, we can steal land (We can steal land)

Drop top came with the bees like Candyman

Parked outside the Waldorf Historia

Bangin' half a mil', countin' half a mil', it's glorious (This shit is glori

ous)

Long way from bundles of boy inside of the foreign (Woo)
Dope fiends' arms tied up like Ultimate Warrior
I put a stove in the studio
Whip it, then I no-look dish it like Ricky Rubio (Like Ricky Rubio)
I'm 'bout to buy a hundred shares of Hulu (Go)
Magic with the chickens, we doin' voodoo
We gon' be filthy rich, we make it through these nine exits
Balenciaga Tyrexes, flexin', Stove

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