

Claire's Back

Westside Gunn

World famous DJ Clue? Desert storm
Ayo
Westside Gunn
Y'all niggas fronting, man
Y'all big homies ain't got no paper
Rrrrrrrrrrrrt (Grrrrrrrrrrrrt)
Ayo
We still spinning records from '99
Ayo
Get that Griselda
Let's go

How your big homie don't got no money?
Travis Scott factors, all money rugby
niggas in Ferrari buggys
You ever woke up with a bottom bunkie?
The niggas who used to love don't love me
Got so much money, told that bitch "Don't touch me"
Ayo
Got so much money, told that bitch "Don't touch me"

Ayo Amiri high tops with the bones
You ever pull it out, you'd better shoot it till it's all gone
If you make it back with no song
Name another rapper kicking chopper on the phone
Selling brick after brick after brick, I'm in the zone
My nigga found God, now he in a cell reading on the regular

Tell Ye "You need to have Sunday Service in this hoe"
Got the pole on me, make the wrong movie
So on the floor we took a headshot
Now when he talk, he talking slow
Dro' bricks, thousand miles, no bad chromogen
It's four hundred flat eras getting fly like that
Get you killed for five thousand on the weekday
Lept in it, had dice games up in
ECW, Simmon off the rope

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Ayo
That's fuckin God, nigga (That's fuckin God, nigga)
The Richard Mille on my motherfuckin' wrist, that's God, nigga
The kilo on my other wrist, that's God, nigga
The three kilos in my neck, that's God, nigga
A hundred in each ear, that's God, nigga
Whoooo
Thirty thousand in my mouth, that's God, nigga
And I still got about half a million somewhere else I don't even fuckin' put
on no more, nigga (Nuh uh)

That's God, nigga
See, I get offended easily (Very fuckin' easily)
Stupid bitch gon' ask me if I was a millionaire
I got that shit in art, bitch (Bitch)
I got three cars that's a million, bitch (Stupid bitch)
I got that at jewels, bitch
I got that at clothes, bitch
You do the fuckin' math (You do the fuckin' math)
Eastside Buffalo nigga (Argh)
0-5-5
Free my nigga Sly (Free Kutter, free Lo')
Free (Free my nigga Cease)
Agh

And this sport seems to just get a little more violent every time I step into the ring
Please, ladies and gentleman, here on Long Island
Welcome the world Television champion
Griselda

Rrrrrrrrt
You know we still in the streets, nigga
Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrt
Still getting money outside nigga

Look
The Scorpion in the scale, that's why they gotta pay us
Violators still got old blood, try to pull a razor
Fire the yay' up, got every arm and hammer box on the Bodega
Now I'm way up and I've run out of favors
Hope y'all got y'all weight up
They try to score on us, we chase down, block the layup
Y'all, y'all niggas is federal cooperators
Green money counters on the counter, count my paper
Hundred thousand dollar wages when I'm out in Vegas
My bitch hope out the Bentayga, body like Teyana Taylor
Silly dog, you know my product come from, Venezuela
Bricks are fitting off the forty, I got za in different flavors
Catch me rocking all my jewelry court-side watching the Lakers
Bitch my lights so beautiful, used to bag five eights
I had white in my cuticles
My shooter popping thirty's, he must like pharmaceuticals
Thirty on him, ain't no telling what he might come do to you
Cullinan; you know it's me
You see the white one moving through, got a beam on the stick
Griselda, we the truer living kings of this shit
Fashion Rebel purple brand Gs with the stitch
You know that, it's Conway aka the Machine, bitch

Uh
This shit I learned in the trenches just made us felons
Did a bid and when I rode to the crib, she saved the lettuce
When you come up and they don't get to eat with you, that make em jealous
You should only be concerned with the paper we made together
Sorry I'm not sorry, block parties to yacht parties
I'm a trapper, I answer first thing when a pop call me
Speeding, doing sixty over the limit then drive 'Rari's
If I can't make brick money off it, it's not for me
Land in your city private, you know how boys do
The driver on the tar mac, you know how boys move
In three suburbans back to back, we bring the convoy through
I rode in five hundred horses without the cowboy boots
My rep with the connect, that's what got me to work cheap

I'm independent still, my numbers be silent the first week
I'm the Butcher, niggas load up they Glocks when they heard me
I make the December 25th feel like Friday the 13th
When I told Def Jam my number, they said "No problem"
Seven figures just for rapping, feel like I robbed them
I'm the truth, but ask these rappers and they gon' say I'm a problem
And I get it 'cause I did it like Guy Fisher in Harlem, nigga
Argh

Griselda
The Butcher coming, nigga