

Draymond

Westside Gunn

Uh-huh, ayo, ayo

Ayo, check, ayo

With the right, I shake a millionaire's hand, with the left, I serve
a junkie

Walked the line, a lavish life of crime, remember them times

I had a bunkie on the tear, now my signature a souvenir (Haha)

Bitches wanna hang, bringin' me neck like I got nooses near (Uh)

My shit is hypnotic, when I spit it, they got stupid stares (Yeah, ye
ah)

Bought they lies quickly and minimize when the truth appear

They say this shit a gamble, you live your life in casinos (What)

Death is at the door, I shoot the reaper through the peep hole (Brrah
, brrah, brrah)

I see no equal, I play the game on hard, don't need no cheat code (Na
h)

It's easier to scam then flip a kilo (Yeah)

Dirt all over the C-notes, keep the clean stack separate (Uh-uh)

For the record, I'm reckless, shit, natural scrap is effortless (Yeah
)

Made the murder shit like a 38 specialist, what's special is

I heard your new shit, I'm less than impressed with it (Shit trash)

All the fools under my shoe, I'm settin' the precedent

They overdose, it's fentanyl in the pills when they pressin' it

Ayo, I had to split the cocaine pot like Roman Reigns (Ah)

Don't get your chain popped, you know the name

You light as a raindrop, I'm on Biscayne, Rolls Royce, no top before
the fame (Skrtrt)

Two hundred with factory diamonds, three hundred for the plain (Ah)

You can never compare

Your shit wouldn't add up, my mathematics is rare

Bob Backlund and Flair, MAC clappin', beware (Brr, brr, brr)

Trash bag with the potatoes in the front, no air (Doot doot doot doot
doot doot)

We praisin' both, after every body, we raise a toast

To the one they hate the most, word to Allah, got the Wraith and Ghos
t

My shooter had to sniff an eighth of coke to cope

Shit hurt when you gotta put your family in the scope (Doot doot doot
doot doot doot doot doot doot)

I had to pray over the work (We had to pray over the bricks)

We was drownin' in that water whip, niggas had to surf (Yeah)

To a kilo from the dirt (God)

Runnin' from the RICO, I still had perico on my shirt

Eleven hundred for an ounce, twenty thousand for a verse, chopper mad
e his shoulder jerk

Smell of money in the air on the fifteenth and the first

That bein' broke shit was a curse, I done killed your favorite rapper

Got a body in the trunk, we bangin' Esco in the hearse (We bangin' Es
co in the hearse)

She got the TEC inside the purse, the big Telfar, I used to sell hard
The Bally belt on, the yayo God
Used to owe the plug, I just pay him off
It's what you do after the brick, bitch, I'm Draymond