

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 (Skrrt)

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)

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' Esco 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