

Dunks

Westside Gunn

Whosoever is born of God does not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him,
and he cannot sin, because he is born of God

BUCK!

Yo

Griselda, Griselda by Fashion Rebels

Ayo, arm leg leg arm head
Dread said put the TEC in the leg, then sick the Heckler instead
His baby moms got his head in her lap, screaming that he dead
I learned to politic ditto in the Feds
Cherry X-7 see me on tour with the Wesson
Learn your lesson, my man got 81 stressing
Never seen his kids once, you fake niggas front
Pucci trench coat, everything new but the pump
2K for the dunks, the SB's
Gianni swim trunks on jet skis
Threw the gat away
Leave his face in his madam's plate
Sadam told me hit the graf, don't agitate
Spot making \$20K a day
Easy, chopped the nigga hands off for his brick steady greasy
I make this fly shit look easy
Finnish Guess, the guests were in the kitchen
Flipping, you broke niggas better pay attention
(DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO)

Griselda, Griselda
Listen

Look, hold the torch to the wax pipe
I'm a torch, you a match strike
Before you talk get your facts right
Nigga, I beat a fucking cop with his own flashlight
I ain't wrapped tight
Two hundred bars, nigga that's light
Riccardo Tisci black Nikes, the MAC-11, got it half-price
A glass of 'gnac, splash the ice
My life's a roll of the craps dice, blow the strap plus I rap nice
Woo! Probably bring it to your doorstep
Had amigo rapping before Offset (talk to 'em)
Probably went over your head
I said I had Migo wrapping 'em before Offset (AAAAAAH)
Nigga that's wrapping up a square
You rapping 'bout the trap when you actually wasn't there (Who is you?)
I swear, a lot of new rappers is weird
They wearing leggings and dyeing they fucking hair (Hahahaha)
I swear, got to admit I'm that nigga
In the last two years show me who did it bigger
Rocking furs for the winter
I might put fox on like '96 Jigga (WOO!)
Real niggas follow the codes
Lil' homie was fourteen, six bodies, nigga out of control
I'ma put the pot on the stove, for a knot I can hold
Told the cops to suck a cock, nigga, I didn't fold
In V.I.P. twenty bitches all the bottles is gold

Your WCW wanna swallow me whole
As do a lot of these hoes
Balenciaga with the croc on the toes
You niggas pussy y'all finally got exposed (I see through y'all niggas)
I'm on my motherfucking job
These niggas wanna be king, but what's a king to a God? (AH)
I'm really 'bout that action homie that ain't no facade
In the booth I'm DeAndre Jordan catching the lob