

## 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)

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 their 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