

Frank Murphy

Westside Gunn

C-C-C-Conductor

Ah

Stovie's home, I spin keys to gold
Saran wrap on the floor, been rippin' 'em like Bruce Bowen
My young boy got the pole, his stock went up though (Ha)
He said now he want twenty thousand to get him gone (Hahaha)
I said, "Last week, you shot a nigga over an emoji" (He did)
Followed him home and ran him up the steps like Stallone (Brr, bap, bap)
With the Uzi bag on to catch the shells like Julio Jones (Brr, bap, bap, bap)
)
My plug look like Razor Ramon (Woo)
I'm not sayin' I'm the end all, be all
Man, fuck it, I'm the end all, be all (Fuck it)
We laughin' at the list they ain't puttin' me on (Hahaha, ah)
High steppin' on the bricks like Deon
I fucked up this summer (I did)
Make sure you tell 'em niggas back there in the office countin' numbers (Tel
l 'em)
Don't ever judge a book by the cover
Bitch, judge a cook by how it bubble (Stove)

Yeah, yeah (Oh)
Pagin' Conductor, Nack, nigga
Superman Nack (Yeah)
Captain Nack Sparrow (Ahaha, oh)
El verdadero pirata, tú me entiendes
Entregamos las (Coño)
Y'all niggas know the story (Arriba)
It's all glory ()
Ayo (Uh huh)

I need my niggas to come back from the past
Without me havin' to manifest through this fly livin' (I miss my niggas)
My nigga Fuji was the heart of mine, Tragic Allies (Fuj)
My nigga Diamond was my partner and my first barber (Man, that's your barber)
)
That nigga had me late night, studio with all the guala, guala niggas
Talkin' numbers (), now the hustlers be jumpin' like "Cowabunga" (Trap)
Hit you niggas with fat shit, treinta y un
Was never twenty eight (Official), never needed to hustle OT
But niggas will come from OT to see me (What you need?)
So my connection was impeccable, now exceptional (Yeah)
Bones used to bring them through when they was blue (Adlib), he let me hold
a few
Then the feds came to RICO, the pressure was uncontrollable, yo (Woo)
It's time to get this money back and longer (Let's get this back)
Better have your ratchet on you, Crips California (Crips)
Dominicans don't play, from Washington Heights to Lynn to Lawrence
Santa Domingo get the grams of the to the gringo
You focusin' on your next single (What's wrong with you?), I'm with your bit
ch tryna mingle
Riches, Puerto Rico, Francisco, bring 'em in through Haiti
Coast guard easier to pay off (Toma)
We ain't playin' games and ain't tryna take the day off (Woah)
2010, I made a hundred in the street, niggas was furious
Thotties watch my elevation and plus weird niggas hatin' on me

And they was curious (Damn), lactose made our livin' luxurious (Woah)
Everything we touch in a Golden State like the Warriors, nigga (Doot, doot,
doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot)
Yeah, shit's alchemy, my nigga
Woah, gold Versace frame, live glorious (Bling, bling, bling, bling, bling,
yeah)
You know the story kid

You know, nigga, you know
Nigga, you know
Nigga, you know
Nigga, you know the vibes, yo, uh

These niggas hate to see me winnin' (They hate that)
I fell off the jungle gym and then I started whippin'
Right at the blink of an eye, we went from slapboxin' to pistol fights (Bow,
bow)
My lil' Puerto Rican bitch'll come give you a kiss goodnight (Mwah)
A sniff of white shit, you fuck around, that was impolite
Baby, I'm just livin' my life (Shit, you good?), you only get one, so just live it right
None of this shit came overnight, took so many long days of sacrifice
I'm just livin' my afterlife, just made another twenty thousand sittin' at the light (That's my word)
They say to raise a man it take a village, uh (That was bullshit)
I run a real business, I ain't just tryna maintain an image (For real)
And talk niggas to death 'bout how I'm a crazy spitter
But I will talk your ass to death 'bout how I made six figures (Let's talk about it)
And as far as the ones left, ain't that many real niggas (Not at all)
I was thinkin' small too 'til my money got bigger (Real shit)
Niggas couldn't fuck with me since ElCamino One (At all)
Richest nigga under 30 and that's on my son (Lord, Lord)

Wrist on Bruce Banner, my clique brought a few blammers (Huh)
Flee, I'm finna make a movie, watch me whip on two cameras (Whip, whip)
Have to flip the weight, my savage just ate
Talkin' 'bout ones, pussy, get you smacked with this eight (Get 'em)
Fishscale fryin' while your clique still lyin' (Clique still lyin')
Ain't no plastic on my ratchet, nigga, this real iron, uh
Me and Lord West connect, down in some set with vests
Twenty shots in the sky, nigga, come catch the rest (Brr)
Big choppas rollin' in the cherry red Bentley (Skrtrt)
Yeah, I'm light on my feet, but I'm heavy with the semi (Boom, boom)
Rockin' Palm Angels, youngins poppin' long bangers
Yeah, you know the vibes, when I pop up, the song changes (Facts)
Flee Delgado, three plates for a verse (Uh huh)
You can hate, but I'll wipe you off the face of the Earth, uh (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Bustin' two fifties, left some resi' on the counter
Phone ringin' off the hook, the cook be ready in an hour, huh (Whip, whip, whip)
I said the phone ringin' off the hook (Whip), be ready in an hour

Kushed God, bitch
The FLYGOD sent the smoke signal and I appeared out the pound
I'm gon' give you a little gem
You wanna see a nigga socially distant
Give a broke nigga a ten-pack
Right, look

I represent the hustlers, the dons, rap purists (Woah)
Separate the bosses from bums, pack stealers (Right)

I never wanna hear about consignment and stats serious (Really)
I don't take advice from niggas that fly Spirit (You can't trust a nigga that fly Spirit)
Top tier since my appearance (Uh)
They frontin' on you, tell 'em SMD, that's what the Henny said (Hahaha)
Sayin' I'm underrated, who made the ratings anyway?
Hundred million dollar thinker, you won't just pay me anything (Uh)
Forty one millimeters, kit purchase (Right)
Wifey got some start up money, no big purses (Right)
Can't put you in position, it's a disservice (Uh)
And I still get emotional when I hear Nip verses (My nigga)
Victory Lap as I'm burnin' this ounce (Uh)
Run down on you with burners, they sendin' threats from burner accounts (Damn)
More work, I done furthered the count
You been hustlin' all your life and still, you ain't earn this amount
They like "Don't fuck up the price, DZA" (Ha)
Doggy, your method ain't workin', throw your hustle in rice, nigga
Night night, niggas (Brr)

Ayo, the K shooter (Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot)
It'll spray in your face like Great Muta (Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot)
I break the big eight on the forty settin' plate, I keep a bitch like Luna Vachon
Take 'em to the country, triple my bomb
Triple H with the sledgehammer (Ah)
Meet me with three shooters at the rec, that's Fed grammar (Woo)
Two books got me a veggie
Locked down at ten, I got the microwave from 9:50, don't touch my shit (Ah)
Cut the bottom of the mop bucket, don't get none to NO
I told him he can get in with an onion
He was frontin' like he had one, that's why them Latin Kings stabbed him already
He had the joint on him, ain't shot nothin'
Law library bloody, CO time to slip those
Somethin' with a fat ass, I been coulda fucked her, who last digits 0-5-5?
Children hospital niggas, every time we wake up, somebody gon' die (Somebody gon' die)

Ayo, remember T-Dot, nigga
We used to cut the bottom of the motherfuckin' mop buckets, nigga
Put six rices and motherfuckin' eight soups in that shit
Mrs. Dash and Goya
I don't know what the fuck, I don't know what all the seasonings you had
But nigga, when you dumped the rice out, nigga, the bottom of that shit was burgundy, nigga
We don't fuckin' play around
I want ten green, all that shit
0-5-5, nigga
Free Sly, he 0-19 though
Free DC Black
Ah
Griselda by Fashion Rebels