Freddy Js

Westside Gunn

H-Holiday Season
Yo, nineteen in the FN, one in the head
Sleep good every night, all them niggas is dead
Holiday Season, bitch
Hahahaha, you know who it is, DJ Holiday
As I sip my Pino Grigio on you broke ass niggas
I was just wondering, did you miss me?

Yo, nineteen in the FN, one in the head (Yeah)
Sleep good every night, all them niggas is dead (Good)
"Can't nobody fuck with me," nigga, I said (Ah)
Hellcat red and the Maybach red (Let's go)
New Rover red and the G-Wagon red (Skrrt)
Few hit his dreads, hit his chest, hit his legs (Brrt, brrt)
Came to fuck your bitch on the jet, I'm a player (Ah)
Virgil gave me this, I ain't even gon' wear it (Uh-uh)
Switches make these dirty motherfuckers get to sprayin' (Brrt, brrt)
Niggas crawling under cars, seen a couple niggas prayin'
Still got them shits duck taped, I'm the man (I'm the man)
I could change your life for thirty grand (Ah)
All these diamonds on me, they don't even understand
I'm a Eastside nigga, Freddy J with the pan (Whip)
Seen him on Chippewa, shit hit the fan (Brrt)
Then I sped off in a Lamb' with Big Lan' (Skrrt)
Same niggas hating, they was fans, they was fans (Ah)
Hit every house on his block, I ain't playin' (Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop)

I'm just sayin', do you hear that?
H-Holiday Season
You know, it's some real street shit goin' on
Westside Gunn
Ayo, Peezy, get 'em

Ghetto Boyz, we with that gangster shit (Yeah)
Pull up, spank a bitch
Might just slime you out, need a handkerchief (Yeah)
They come when you least expect it, you gotta be thinkin' quick
I'm out here chasin' my dreams
I came a long way, I was chasing fiends (Yeah, I got him right here)
You and me in a different league, my pants is K, these Chrome Heart jeans (F
uck boy)
Might see me out shoppin' in Paris, I'm buying this shit, I might not even w
ear it (For real)
All this Rick Owen, don't know what to wear (Uh-huh)
I'm not wearing Amiri, got too many pairs (Yeah)
The room I'm at is a thousand a night
Gotta call security to get upstairs
Told my ho, "If you fuck me tonight, I'll take you shopping and pay for your
 hair"
If I ever send niggas to get you, they going up top, they ain't grazing your
 lid
When the feds snatched me off the plane, I told 'em, "Let's do it, I'm sleep
y as hell" (No lie)
Know some niggas was sick that I'm winning, you know and it's fuck 'em, I te
ll 'em get well (Nigga)
My crib so motherfuckin' big, I make the wrong turn and get lost upstairs (Y
eah)

They ever get wind 'bout shit that we did, we gettin' the chair (Shh)
I put out the word, ain't nobody spared (Uh-huh)
He blow off your head then cut off his dreads (I cut off his dreads)
I come from nothing to somethin', I hold my wrist in the air, I'm celebratin
' (Yeah)
Call that ghetto elevation (Yeah)
I got rich, no education, nigga

Catch my nigga in the UK (What's that? What's up, nigga?)
Dolce Gabbana robe and shit (Ghetto)
Might be with yo' bitch
Hahaha, Holiday Season, Westside Gunn
Classic

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