

George Bondo

Westside Gunn

Ah

Ayo, I'm from a black block on the east side, peace and war
Out on Leroy with the MAC on, peace Allah (Brr)
My whole portfolio is gangster, whip with cocaine
Just shot a nigga on the anklet (Boom, boom, boom), sellin' dope
Save this Persian rug five times a day, prayers, niggas tasteless
Cells pop, niggas came through, stabbed 'em on the wakeup (Ah)
Niggas catch you at the showers for a hundred soups
Bought a goose, we pulled up in a couple coupes (Skrt)
The chopper on double loop (Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot,
doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot)
Your body got hugged, but not enough to shoot
We baggin' up trouble at the W, what's up with you? We huntin' too (Ah)
Still plottin' and schemin', on the cot, daydreamin'
Get shot out the Heron, pray demon, you ain't breathin' (Skrt, boom, boom,
boom, boom, boom)
The yay reekin', your lips movin', you ain't breathin'
You start coughin' up blood for the same reasons, you ever sold a hundred?
Then spent it all in the same weekend, razors leave your face leakin' (Ah)
Chill, let the Wraith creep, and the brick broke in eight pieces
Double Cs on the suede sneakers, I kick the real shit
Who you be? Where you bome from? I had to build shit (Ah, I had to build shi
t, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
I had to build shit (I had to build shit, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,
boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

Look, uh, we was sellin' dog food and we was sellin' fish (Cap)
Feds was buildin' cases, they ain't never stick (Hahahaha)
Y'all had the triple beam dreams, we really measure bricks (We really sold t
hat)
Shit was movin' fast as we cookin' up, we sell it quick (Hah)
Any beat I'm on, I gotta get my shit off
Your watch ain't cost thirty and up? Take that shit off (Take that shit off,
nigga)
I'm impactin' the culture like Eric Bischoff
Big biscuit of that Biscotti makin' my bitch cough (Cap)
They on Google, they wonder what I got rich off
They see me pullin' off in that Don, the top lift off (Hah)
The kid from May Street that used to whip soft (Whip)
And let his fif' off, now I'm the big boss, I drop the bag, I have you picke
d off (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
My shooter don't speak but you can tell that he dangerous (Cap)
He just aim steady the stainless (Hah)
Drive-bys out of minivans, Chevys, and Ranges (Brr)
Rap nigga go to the club in my city, tuck every chain in (Hah)
Get niggas clipped while I'm with celebrities hangin' (Uh huh)
I got two felonies, now they tell me I'm famous (I'm famous now)
My life is definitely changin'
Roc Nation brunch, I'm with a R&B singer gettin' better acquainted (What up,
baby?)
If thou steal from Flygod, that's a sin
It ain't another rapper that's alive that can match my pen
Back again, MAC clap your men, stack the half an M
I was him, before you ever heard me on a track with Em (The Machine, nigga)
Yo, look back, three years ago, when ain't nobody know me (Nobody)

Now I treat this rap shit just like somebody owe me (Butcher comin', nigga)
Think it's a game until I Patrick Kane somebody homie
That's slidin' through with a stick, shootin' one by the goalie (Brr)
I got nice, practice repeated, when rappers was decent
When you ain't leave the house unless your gat was matchin' your sneakers (Y
eah)
Is y'all nigga rappin' or tweetin'? (What else?) Stackin' or beefin'? (What
y'all doin'?)
I get you whacked at The Venetian for blasphemous speakin', uh huh
Watch band snakeskin, gang at the door, let the apes in
Twenty-k spent, that's how my day went
Bulletproof the foreign to feel safe in (I'm good)
Mirrors smoke grey tint, it's just to take trips to the bank in
Telly by the border, Glock on top of the covers (Uh huh)
The room next door got duffles stacked on top of each other
Me and my old plug alright (We cool), but we don't rock with each other
That was only business, and we done did a lot for each other (I made that ni
gga rich)
Yeah, I'll fuck around and leave the party with my tool ringin' (Boom, boom,
boom, boom, let's go)
Jewels blingin', tailored suit like a blues singer
You know my back wood like two fingers (Tuh), hustler, I'm the true meanin'
Turned one to two like I'm Houdini (My stove game still official)
Yeah, this for the corners that we anointed (Anointed)
Opened up with a small group of soldiers that I appointed (Uh)
I'm up due to all of the bullshit that I avoided
She suck, fuck, count up the money, but still annoyin'
It's Griselda, nigga

I'ma loosen my collar, y'all, hold on
What's up, y'all, it's St. Louis, representin' this OG
And this OG, once again, y'all know who we is
We all over the world, but somebody love us
This lady love us
Oh, we gon' do this, I'ma quit talkin', like
I'ma loosen my collar, baby, let's get busy
Hut, hut
Boom, boom, boom, nigga like work, work
Westside, pop gang, nigga, throw 'em up
Boom, boom, boom, nigga, we don't give a fuck
What? What? Nigga, what?
Boom, boom, boom, Hail Mary
Boom, cha-boom, told you niggas scary
Boom, boom, boom, that nigga 'bout to run
Click-clack, them niggas got guns
Boom, boom, boom, Hail Mary
Boom, cha-boom, told you niggas scary
Boom, boom, boom, that nigga 'bout to run
Click-clack, them niggas got guns, like
Boom, boom, boom