

# Gunnlib

Westside Gunn

Brr

Ayo, street sweepers hanging out the Corniches (Brr)  
Walked on water way before Jesus (Ah)  
Cooked the brick with no stove, pushed the gold Demon (Skrrt)  
Before I tell, kill me twice, nigga, know the reasons  
Right on the tip of my tongue  
Ayo, I been locked up about a hundred seasons (Ah)  
Turned two to five, it was pure genius  
Saint Laurent jean suit, heard the Margielas screeching (Skrrt)  
Go to B block, you know Doc got the seasoning  
Pole by the prayer rug, leave it (Ah)  
Now we gon' break fast, Louis for the remix  
Ten o'clock count, we make Salaat up in Neiman's  
Five times a day, I did a hundred in a Bimmer (Skrrt)  
Right on the tip of my tongue

Didn't hit 'em all, but it was close enough (Brr)  
Did it broad day, so you know it's us (Boom, boom, boom, boom,  
boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Going down Bailey in the Maybach (Skrrt)  
Kicked down the door, where the safe at? (Ah)  
Didn't hit 'em all, but it was close enough (Brr)  
Did it broad day, so you know it's us  
Going down Bailey in the Maybach (Skrrt)  
Kicked down the door, where the safe at? (Ah)  
Right on the tip of my tongue (Flygod)

Ayo, the saboteur going shopping  
We ain't wanna kill him, all we wanna do is rob him (Ah)  
Back when Hitler 3 dropped, you was in the mountain  
On the dance floor it's creased Timbs, white Louboutins  
C.O. Jones let us get the pack through  
Need to use the phone, I'ma need a thousand mackerels  
Con Air, we was all shackled up from PA  
Rockin' Off-White, I told 'em Virgil was the DJ  
Right on the tip of my tongue

Didn't hit 'em all, but it was close enough  
And I'm, AWESOME