

Ishkabibble's

Westside Gunn

Ayo

Over pots, it's the overlord sittin' on crates (Ah)
Half and half durags, sippin' the quarter water
Quarter in my socks, lord, and we rocked
We hopped up out the Porsche and torture (Skrrt)
Hermès sport rocker, fiends actin' like it's a soap opera
"West, I'ma die, I need four dollars", no problem
Bring back six, and two more niggas
Dior dealers, stashed about half in the floor in it (Ah)
Ain't no business like raw business, S6 all tinted
Wipe down my guns, make sure it's authentic
Aw shit, head spinnin', lead noodles
Monogram collar on the red poodle, Feds will do you filthy
Have you comin' home seventy, some shit'll ever be (Ah)
Bentley on Beverly (Skrrt), Palm Angel MAC that shoot heavenly (Brr, brr, br
r)
Drop kick the brick and hit the Pedigree (Hit the Pedigree, ah)
Ayo, bodies on the nine, Murakami with the rhyme (Boom, boom, boom, boom, bo
om)
My shooter rockin' red Muslim garms 'cause he Slime (Ah)
Find another vein, he'll be fine, we divine (Ah)
Skeleton wrist, what a time, what a time (Ah)
My nigga got caught with dog food, got a dime (Got a dime)
Didn't drop a dime on the surf, I'ma shine (I'ma shine)
We mobbin' on the yard, one was nine, where was Shine? (Where was Shine?)
I'm Sly Green in his prime (Ah)

Ayo, King Musa, key to what, the Mali gold
Hire y'all to hold and keep cleaner than Diwali soul
Mean and never highly questionable like Bomani Jones
The silent plot, the angel investor nobody knows
His clothes smellin' like and Somali rose
Them fiends histamines keep 'em with a snotty nose (Damn)
What a waste like the place where that shotty goes
They'll prolly doze in the corner, tell 'em "Adios"
Heron could cop a fake rhyme, but he pushin' neon
This coke'll knock the face off the Sphinx like 'Leon
He just an unassumin' normal human, never beyond
What seem to be his means, he ain't tryna do a eon
I see him when he park up, he rarely ever talk up
The elevator broke, he in a four-story walk up
West Indian Archie memory, he don't even spark up
He pull the plug on every enemy that try to mark up
The price point, homie on his kingpin for life joint
Big Darby, private island, just him and his wife joint
Word, he only visit via charter, still beg, borrow, and barter
Son, we gotta move smarter like a Carter
And stand in purple rain like Prince and Apollonia
Playin' like Chillean seabass in Patagonia
It's only a few who could see past the average homie
Or the reason for the sneezin', be glad we got pneumonia, kid
On some cleaner than ammonia shit