

# It's Possible

## Westside Gunn

Yeah.

Ayy, Westside Gunn, what's happenin' though?  
It's your boy P Worthy  
Tappin' in all the way from the west side of Bompton  
You feel me?

This for my Park niggas, keep shit brackin', we at the park, nigga  
Nella West, can't forget about none of my Park Millers  
The ride or die, Pro Club rockers with Corduroy slippers  
Lean sippers, tall can drinkin' on English malt liquor  
Day one, some homies is still in there fightin' hot ones  
Shootin' dice in front of heads up until the cops come  
Big homies still at HQ, that's how the block run  
Gunn told me, "Talk that shit", so I'ma do that (I'ma do that)  
Car pullin' up we don't know, niggas like, "Who that?"  
Berioso, shit get real, homie, mafioso  
Couple keys in the trunk, got 'em off the boatload  
On my way to Vegas with L and Ocho, woo

I'm from where anything is possible, nigga  
Where we at with it?

It's possible when the obstacles and the odds is against you that you faced with

Impatient, but I had to take it back to the basics  
Fresh out the youth, he a couple months in that placement (Uh huh)  
Third case tether bond, placed me on the ankle bracelet  
Murder doin' drug traffic, never wrote or made a statement (Not once)  
Left two bodies on the scene, they thought they both were gang related  
Bruno got rid of the street, Jermaine ran, but he slipped  
I was coppin' four and a half, break dancin' the big  
Free my main mans in the brig, for the 'caine, did what it did  
The neighbors kept callin' the hood, sendin' ravens to the spig  
Was high profile, stayed in my lane, made it my biz  
Wasn't nowhere to be found when the feds raided the crib  
We was outro, said they found a yopper and a AR  
Was off the grid, but now them bitches got me on they radar  
Did the chicken noodle soup, turned 10 to grey turk  
All these pigeons in this coupe, feel like the Birdman Jr  
Hooked up with the con creatures, cookin' up them fried penguins  
Lookin' at a five piece just ridin' with this nickel  
Got lime in the , got hitman hired to hit you  
Bro got popped with them bricks, I wish I was drivin' when they flicked you  
Would've fleeted from the scene, you know if I was have been with you  
Would've took one for the team, wouldn't've never let them frisk you  
Partly responsible for me graduating the distro'  
I did the impossible and made it out of my sitcho', whatever

Auto Mick nickels with the pistol, get your issue (Boom, boom, boom)  
Eatin' new wave, beat the pot, instrumental (Ah)  
Smile Johnny Dang, 30K for the dental (Ah)  
You in a Maybach, the only thing, that shit a rental (Skrt)