

John Bena

Westside Gunn

Yo, woah, yeah, 6, yeah

Pop trunks, get the top bunk, you only die once, the coward lives

I'll die with a thousand grams while letting the powder fizz

That's how it is, let Mr. Shade vouch

Yo, fuck that beef shit, that shit is played out

Beef is when all of them pass, easy like a walk in the grass

They keep telling me money talks, go and talk to your cash

Got all of that stabbed, same farce as my dad

Rest easy, pa, I'ma be parked in my bag

It gets greasy, right, a hard day make it an easy night (Yo)

Gotta visit the homie before he reunites, right (Si)

I ain't seen him in a double

It's still the same place since we was in the huddle, nigga

Ayo, rocking Billy, smoking billy, peace to all my billies

All these berries, got the biggest vein up in my bity (Boom boom
m boom boom boom boom boom)

Kill your Ballys, Balenciagas got me looking pigs feet

30 on me, fresh manicure, trigger finger itchy (Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom)

Thousand dollar plates, you niggas never ate (Ah)

I drink a different kind of grape

I blast, nigga, MAC-11 on my bitch too (Grr)

Blientele classic, Uber mounted on a big spoon (Ah)

Nina Channels in my living room, Sean Price, MF DOOM

Niggas on the borner, everybody wooping

Heard somebody shooting, AK-47 (Doot doot doot doot doot doot doo
doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot)

Blow his brains out, way we booling (We booling)