

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
(Griselda)

Yo, top of the AM, I'm cookin' a batch
And rappin' and thinkin' 'bout traffickin'
There's blood on the money, we savagin'
You can tell by the drive when we havin' it
We took it easy, so don't press your luck
When I feel like squeezin', my blood pressure up
I took two hoes on a date, doubled up
Before we go eat, they just wanna get fucked
Pyrex man, yeah, you know my handle
Play with them pots, 'cause Butch don't gamble
But I'm in Vegas with Lees, bought a hundred
And all blue strips, that's only two handfuls
Griselda Blanco meets the Sopranos
I had to season that chicken like Dan-O's
Shit we don't speak on, all you need to know is
When we put our cleats on, opps get trampled
I got your bitch on a hit list, nigga
She'll leave you for a rich, rich nigga
Ten forints deep at the Quik Trip, nigga
I pray for kilos on Christmas, nigga
I drive this bitch like I got her for nothin'
She a Scorpio, a Cancer, she fuckin'
Mini Drac' with the banana, I'm thuggin'
Cartier glasses with the pants, I'm buggin'

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I got your bitch on a hit list, nigga
She'll leave you for a rich, rich nigga (She on a hit list, nigga)
Ten forints deep at the Quik Trip, nigga (At the quick trip, nigga)
I pray for kilos on Christmas, nigga
Butcher

Ayo, ayo, I'm the same nigga with the coke and pops
Ayo, ayo, Gucci strap, back with the polka dots
Gucci MLB jersey, who you be? I be worthy
Sold them bricks around noon, robbed them back 'bout 2:30
D&G stove, thriller on froze
Yeah, I got that rose plain, hearts on cones
Crosses on the Chrome, Amiris with the bones
Red bottom Chelseas, Indiana Jones
Yeah, I got your bitch fuckin' Prezi at the low
Bitch never had shit, why she take the road?
Pull over, well done, bones filet, well done
Shoot a shot and ten more times, let that nigga well done
How you niggas kingpins, you ain't never sell nothin'
Only tellers tell for, if they pullers tell none
Fuckin' like a porn star, legend on the rack, y'all
Creases on the dance floor, you ain't been to jail once

You know what it is, shit don't stop, nigga
I'm just leavin' the hospital, gettin' my surgery

Fuckin' anesthesia, ain't even fully wore off yet
Let's do it again, look, let's go

May Street, you know where my crew from
No name niggas, where is you from?
We ain't with the talk, gotta do somethin'
Far too long, we gone, we don't do puns
Buddy Hield, bro just wanna shoot something
Couple million, hunnid, since the blue ones
Crash the Benz, fuck it, buy a new one
Cut a bitch off and buy a new one, ha
Yeah
Lil' red bitch, I call her Fruit Punch
Red Raleigh, shit from out of DuPont
No Bua Wallace when I do lines (We eating, nigga)
When you do the label, watch the fruit come
I don't really like to go to parties
But this gon' cost you fifty if I do come
Yeah
I fraternize with feathers and parolees
Twins stay with me, that's the brodie
Any pressure, he gon' up his polie (Boom, boom)
Niggas on his face like a goalie
Niggas hatin', fuck them, die slowly
Seen them niggas start to get on snake shit
That's when they see me turn to Kobe (Black mamba, yeah)
Like, who these rap niggas playin' with?
I'm a silverback with banana clips
I'ma peel a cap when I'm sprayin' shit (Brr)
Look

Brought the feeling back is what they sayin', shit
The real is back for a million flat, my last playin' shit
Smokin' out a Ziploc that probably weigh as much as Westside bracelet
Call me SlamFace Killah, grimy rap shit, they sayin' I'm the face of it
Got a bitch out the hood, I showed her how to butterfly the filet and shit (Like this)

Lobster tail with the black truffle, lots of mail in that black duffel
Mm-hmm

I'm the gladiator, I'm the Black Russell
Sound the sir on the Mack muzzle
Touch one of mine's, that's trouble
I got rich as a bitch and did it my way
These niggas wanna act puzzled
You could've made it out of that struggle
But you'd rather hate than you lack hustle
Bro, damn, we be on go mode
Jumpin' with the sticks, no pogo (Woo)
Ice D.W., logo, try to run down, that's a no-no
Every time I post though, yo-ho
Keep double-tappin' my photo (Ha)
Got this rap game in the chokehold
Machine, bitch, I'm a new prototype

Tell everybody, I tell everybody in the city you my man
Everybody (Yes), everybody (Yes sir)
Thank y'all for the whistle name, man
Thank y'all for the record, the Sly Green record, man, it's real nice, man
And Westside, man, all I got is positive, constructive things to say
Can't nobody say nothin' to you, about me, about you, dude
Them dudes don't know me like you know me, Westside
You can do whatever you wanna do with my name
You, Benny, and your man Conway do anything y'all wanna do with my name, man
You my man, man (Of course)

You a personal friend of mine (Of course)
So you ain't gotta listen to what nobody else got to say (Yes sir)
You my man, man, come on
Man, Westside, you my man, man
You know I love you, bro
You my man, come on, man
You know I love you, bro
I know that
And look, man, I'm proud of y'all, man
I seen you on BET, man
When y'all done a thing on DMX
Oh, you got to see it?