

Lessie

Westside Gunn

[illegible]

Niggas will put a price on your life and won't think twice
Sicilians that will slice, slice dope still like prosciutto
Rocked to sleep by a Geisha doll straight from Tokyo
I'm the ghetto Diana Ross, he's the hood Billy Dee
Sexiest poet on the planet, epiphany of destiny
Tony Morrison with a pistol, oxycontin, methamphetamine crystal
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All these niggas startin' to sound unofficial
Balmain cufflinks, Dapper Dan threadings
Saint Lucia ocean front weddings, from a city of monsters
Demons, schemin', kidnappin', and beheadings
Where your own blood will take the witness stand
And this forty'll take him right back to the promised land
Chasin' Ferraris, spiralin' out of control
Grimy bitch from the gutter, and I mean that from my soul

Ayo, it's Westside Pootie, and we still gettin' money
Six cars in the driveway and six bedrooms in the house
I'm seven years old, eatin' one hundred dollar plates
Y'all don't know what that taste like
Gucci shoes, Gucci socks, Gucci pants, Gucci top
But the hat Louis, we tasteless, yeah, yeah, we tasteless
Three years ago, I told y'all to stop copyin' off my daddy
And y'all still broke, this is Griselda
Griselda