

# Luger

Westside Gunn

Yeah, BRRR  
You know what's up nigga  
Machine bitch, Daringer  
We back at it again boy  
You know this shit easy to us  
Griselda (Griselda)  
We gettin' money nigga

Look, my neck on Slick Rick bitch yeah I'm the ruler  
Watch is bluer rock the Muller watch that I just copped from jewelers  
But I come from the bottom, I'm straight up out the sewer  
Drug dealer, chop pursuer, pot consumer I been through a lot  
I'm just a cognac drinking nigga, a Glock user  
Top remover, and yes, that baby Tec it got the cooler (brr)  
Them hollow tips, they get to popping thru ya  
Take my shooters out to eat, the waitress bringing lobsters to us  
Like I said, fuck your covers and your list  
Long as that Rollie bust down, looking disgusting on my wrist  
Plus I'm lugging the fifth out in public with the blick'  
My shooter close, he can't wait to start bugging with the stick  
Might catch me in LA, smoking Dutch's with my bitch  
Came a long way from trap kitchens fluffing up a brick  
Look at me now, I bet them other suckers sick to their stomach  
They see me popping, they wanna cut they fucking wrist, damn  
Pardon me, this moon rock's got me coughing  
I'm with a bitch that I just knocked from Boston  
She gon' top me off and then  
An Uber drop her off and then I'm back to jotting raw shit  
You pussy niggas cop us off  
Aim this 30, pop ya at your top, then, I'ma knock it off with  
Everything I drops the hardest  
That's how I knew I was gon' pop regardless  
Bars like the shit outta the chopper cartridge  
Scope and beam on it, and I just spot my target, Machine

The cuban weigh a key, you see the rolex  
The phillip mint duffle full of fold up tecs  
Trap kitchen, paraphernalia nigga  
Bodies on bodies, this Griselda nigga  
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Ayo, rockin the ferragam' fifth drop, yo  
Been backin all night in my bitch spot yo  
Look at the crystals my fist got yo  
I whipped that shit til that shit block yo  
Ten millimeter in the Simon Miller  
Rhymes is iller, your life's real but mines realer  
In the attic up, hundred pounds in a vacuum sealer  
Perignon spiller, Oscar de la Renta  
Jewels heavy, it's the most incredible  
Grease stains Timb boots up in federal  
Black ski mask in your bushes  
PO want shit, all he wanna do is cook us  
Yola on the Foreman got me looking gorgeous

Just left the lot with my bitch, we copped twin Porsches  
Just left the lot with my bitch, we copped twin Porsches

Yo, uh

I used to run my block with fiends with hundred shot machines  
Could've got degrees but ended up, in Comstock in green  
The kicks fake, but the top Supreme  
We went on shopping sprees, and he ain't want shit, just a Glock to squeeze  
Spraying tools off, while I'm shaving through raw  
I cook my first half in a baby food jar  
The fiends kept calling, it was taking too long  
Now, I bag a whole block, off a plate that's too small  
Yo, a couple zips don't make you a hustler  
They go from 10 to 30 bands when they make it through customs  
Catch me racing through in a laser blue Tesla  
With Griselda on the plates, hundred K in the duffel  
Scary shit, the boogeyman carry sticks  
The plug said he's 'bout to touch down, like Larry Fitz  
Rappers saying they gon' shoot that up and bury this  
Tell his mama go identify him by a pair of kicks

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