

Mamas PrimeTime

Westside Gunn

Grrt (Yeah, yeah)
(Griselda)

Ayo, I had to pull my paint brush out, don't move a muscle (Ah)
Came from boof on bundles
Spit in your face, but I'm super humble
I been ahead of y'all, my metaphors beretta wars (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
AllSaint leathers on my feet, need a extra arm
Cocaine mega loss, bag in the Venetta stores
Your head get severed off
Don't bother me unless a check involved (Uh-uh)
Philippe Beijing with some extra sauce
Stayed on the reservoir
Crossin' over Pasadena, high times, Fear of God
Super Flygod, yeah, yeah
Pour ten shots in your body, yeah, yeah (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Steppin' over Js in the lobby, yeah, yeah (Ah)
Everybody chores look like Bobby's, yeah, yeah (Ah)
Cherry Tesla, plaid on your ass, yeah, yeah (Skrtrt)
Shootin' out the back, through the glass, yeah, yeah (Grrt, yeah, yeah)
I'm so amazin' (Ah)
You niggas still blind, this greatness in real time
Love to all my niggas locked up, I send my
Fake and real is a thin line, I been inclined
Plus, the plug a friend of mine, send at least ten at a time
On a jet, pennin' my rhyme
You see my neck, you the see the shine, I'm divine (Ah)
Young boy aimin' at your top, yeah, yeah (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Catch Wagyu off the rock, yeah, yeah (Ah)
So many shots, they still ain't stop, yeah, yeah (Grrt)
Fiend shot in his foot and got hops, yeah, yeah (Grrt)

Look, uh, look
And so it goes
Don't you tell me how yo' bro did
So and so, and sold to such and such
Grew up with no justice, no peace, it's just us on them streets like the bus
Either MARTA or you marchin' like you Martin Luther King, bruh, keep up
Niggas speakin' on my name is free buzz
My lil' brother tote banana clips, ain't got no peach fuzz
Still throwin' Es up
We just hittin' open threes 'cause niggas still ain't (T up, big guy)
Got that shit in surplus, so ain't no need to re-up, look
Cold cash comin' 'round the clock, hell yeah
From a city where 2Pac popped two cops, hell yeah
I was bred there
Olu told you to take the blue and red pill
You know a nigga high as the heavens, but still drunk as hell
Heard that little shit that you dropped, we was not compelled
Niggas know they can't compare
My attitude is Laissez-faire
You do you and I do me, I'm down the street, stay over there
Clip long as well, when it block, it look like Clint Capela
Story teller sellin' Snow White, weed, even Cinderella
Either way, ain't nobody gon' get nothin' for free, I'm takin over
I can make the Devil sell his soul to me

Give it all back to Jehova, bring you right back to the street
'Cause now you witnessing the culture, sprinkling coke on the keys
Yeah-yeah, hell yeah-yeah, indeed
Bitch, it's Gunn and JID, a blind man can see the vibe is immaculate
I never gotta try, it's elaborate
I adamantly move like a madman
To the cash, I'm a magnet
They baggin' up the bullets in fragments
I'm smokin' on a pot for the cataracts
I put the red dot on a MAGA hat
That cracker pulled me over, look like Bob Saget
I'm overseas, out in Paris, pants all saggin'
I bet they paid me my whole fee like Lamar Jackson
I only came to smoke some weed

Hol' up, hol' up, nigga, yeah, yeah
Thirty-three a piece, that's a bargain, yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Courtside, all of my jewels Tracy Morgan, yeah, yeah (Hahaha)
Multi-million dollar endorsements, yeah, yeah
Line of Porsches, different colors and assortments, yeah, yeah
Ex-street nigga, but now I'm corporate, yeah, yeah
Walk in that record label office, they start applaudin' (Haha)
Fuck that contract, if I endorse it, I need the biggest portion
Park the foreign next to the plane and smoke one while I'm boardin'
Damn, I'm so important
Damn, your boy been tourin'
Damn, your boy been goin' animal, recordin'
(Talk to these niggas, king) Uh
Silencer on it
You won't hear shells pop
All you hear is the shells drop, like, haha
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Grrt)