

MR EVERYTHING

Westside Gunn

Four Seasons for a month, that's me
Pull up on the curb, cleats and hood, gotta be (Gotta be, skrr-skrr)
Nigga got some nerve, nigga think that he me (Ah)
Shooter said he wanna kill you anyway, it's free (Boo-boo-boo-boo-boo-boo-boom)
I was sittin' courtside, trench full of cheese (Hood rich nigga)
You ain't never sat in duplexes filled with fiends
All you heard was toilets flushing when they sweep I mean
I was laying on a cot all this shit was a dream
Now I'm sittin' on top with a M16, 'case a nigga wanna plot make that nigga straight lean
Bullets hot like sriracha (Grrrt), forty with the beam
Switch the strings in the lobsters, box logo 'Preme
Got blood on the mop, neck on freeze
Can I fuck you in your bestie? We can make a scene
I'm a cum on your bestie (Woo), have you lick it clean
When it come to this fly shit, nigga I'm the king (Swamp Izzo!)
Wipe the gun on the Baccarat first mix with Van Cleef
Mixed with Cartier, they can't stand me
Grillz by Dolly on my damn teeth (Damn teeth)
Walk through the Louvre lookin' fancy (Lookin' fancy)
Kobe wore the same Jeff Hammy (Ah)
Bought fifty guns for the family (For the fam-)
Fifty K in the Chrome Heart fanny (Ah)
These fuck niggas can't stand me

Yeah, I got it from here, Gunn
Walk through my garage, it's a car lot
Yeah the hundreds all blue, but the cars not
Building after building, I don't buy stock
Only me and Hov got this bitch, yeah this our watch (Damn)
That triple beam scale like a Grammy
This that for Winter, baby took her Plan B
Me and Gunn in a suite at the Delos fight
Yeah, you know that money longer than a Vegas flight
I got steel, I got lead, I got paper nigga
I got M's, I got O's, I got acres nigga
Bust a jugg, make a play, get some paper nigga
Why would you show them niggas love when they hate you nigga