

## Ostertag

## Westside Gunn

Ah

Don't make me send my dawg through there in a UCONN mask (Hahah aha)

Husky nigga hangin' out the two door Benz (Brr, bah bah bah bah bah)

Brick in my daughter newborn bag

When they was scared to get it through the mail, man, I went Ut ah Jazz (Woo)

They said, "Stovie, think you made it?" How can I decipher?

Just know that I jumped in and killed, bitch, I'm Roddy Piper (Just know that)

They love my album like I died (Like I died)

I'm thirty kilos high, I brought the stove alive (Woo)

Then I dance on it

Last one had Hitler stamped on it, twenty-four carat gold pan jumpin'

Two hundred bands in the Chrome Heart pants, it's nothin' (It's nothin')

I read your offer, that shit was disgusting (Haha)

I might sell my next shit for a million (For a million)

Only seven copies and I'm dead for real (I'm so serious)

Tell your favorite rapper I don't feel him (Tell him I don't feel him)

Tell the plug the doors is off, it's time to fill up (It's time to get it)

If we make it home, we gon' kill him

Wins like this (Woo), feel like when the Pistons had Chauncey Billups (Stove)

Ain't that the word on the street

FLYGOD has the best shit