

## Party wit Pop Smoke

Westside Gunn

Ayo, you couldn't keep score, Patek Phillipe wars (Ah)  
My niggas stare at Rugers, Gucci bit off Iceberg shit, I still  
copped the Mickey  
Pissy elevators, hand in hand, I wore Issey, Lord, forgive me  
Fashion Week, I gave 'em headstarts to Mississippi (Brr, brr, brr)  
Submachine guns, somebody fucked him, brains hangin' off the frame  
Blood on the Salvatore Mundi, we rock cocaine (Ah)  
Tie-dye Dior floss, stickin' niggas up at Christie's  
Eugene Delacroixs for half price, leather strings and Rickys  
Ain't no eye for eye, you take an eye, we take your whole head  
(Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Shoppin' sprees at galleries, Lafayette, come here let's hold hands  
Baggin' at the Mandarin, they can't take the drip, Balenciaga mannequin  
Pots dancin' with the grams of fish, whip game scandalous (Ah)

My heart got a thousand shadows on it  
His brain had a lead hollow in it  
Bloodbaths under the moonlight  
Spill his guts when the time is right  
Valentino for his favorite whore, homicidal couture  
Vintage Mizrahi in the streets of Paris  
Violence lingers inside me  
Extortion fills my bon appetit  
Hog tie him, make him watch a nigga nut in his wife  
He started to cry  
I kissed his cheek, then drove the icepick in his eye  
And one call will have a girl scout on your granddaddy's porch  
Cause of death is heart attack on the coroner's report  
If he got a felony, it's guaranteed to excite me  
Gun and drug charges give me butterflies  
Evil as Satan, but I see God all in his eyes

Ayo, it's Westside Pootie  
And my Lamborghini got a backseat, and y'all drive rentals  
In other words, get your weight up  
Y'all still broke  
Oh yeah, and stop copyin' off my daddy, too  
It's Griselda  
Griselda