

Peri Peri

Westside Gunn

Uh, it's Rome Streetz
Y'all motherfuckers lookin' bad out here, nigga
Fuckin' horrible

Ayo, next year you might see me at the Roc Nation brunch
Gucci down, work in my pocket in case I gotta make a punch (What you need?)
We with wild niggas that'll spray you up like a barber after a cut (Bah, bah
, bah)
Wear a shit bag, you get clapped in your gut
As far as your rappin', it sucks, facts, my mackin' illustrious
Pretty sluts lust to get in touch with us
Been through hell and back, still I know God got me
I levelled up, now I'm fuckin' with Griselda like Charles Cosby (Haha)
Will I grow to be the greatest ever? Probably
I got the MAK-90 from the FLYGOD, he told me spray your posse (Brr, brr, brr
)
Do you dirty like a pissy lobby
Half gram go for thirty, I smell like urban Issey Miyake
You niggas watch nothing thought-provokin' (Nothing)
I went from cold jail cells to headliner when the show was closin' (I did)
My niggas keep the poles from Arizona to
Fuck hoes with no strings, bust on her nose ring
Everybody know that Rome king, you under the wing
Like the turbine, armed robbery was my third crime
It's easier 'cause I didn't have a pistol the first time
Nigga, fuck outta here

Ayo, pearls before swine, greatest of all time
Been smoked the teeth out, still smilin' like she fine
Used to look like Mona Lisa '06, you had Manolo sneakers
Hit the pipe one time, she sweatin' like she got a fever (Ah)
Used to be a diva, now you lookin' eager
told you 'bout the smoke with Tina, yo
Tina still owe me fifty, she used to come through
With half-
off Fendi, new gloves, old glizzy (Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom)
You never put a hand on a bird (Ah)
When I say I'm the flyest, I'm a man of my word
Had coke in the tire, I was parked on the curb (Skrrt)
Walkin' over fiends, had the train on the third (Ah)
When bricks was thirty-five, mines was thirty-two firm
TEC-22, every shot gon' burn (Brr, brr, brr, brr)
And if you don't know, now you know, pussy

Ayo, this Westside Pootie
And I gave y'all six years to get a bag
We just spent a hundred thousand yesterday
Y'all better off workin' for us
Free Sly out the you know
I'm in Hermès, kickin' it like Judo
This too easy, I might drop an album this winter
And if y'all still broke then, jump off a bridge
This Griselda