

Pissy Work

Westside Gunn

Flygod

Ayo, peace, Lord, I heard you back on the block
The lil man had the hammer, he was up in the spot
I had your red bottoms walking on eggshells, you got it
Six car garage, all exotic
Four bad hoes, all exotic
White stripes on the Off-White galoshes
Just Don shorts Supersonics
Get the one fives and tens, let's go shopping
Vera Wang famous
On a yacht speed racing
Chasing Nino's lifestyle, bitches and guns
I'm a get rich and give it all to my son
Each one, teach one
Stay away from fuck niggas
And take care of your moms

Time, time, time, time
T-time for a change up, the God
Time, time, t-time, time for a
Time, t-time for a change up, the God
Time, t-time for a change up, the God

Brothers off to jail, buses chartered off to hell
That's why daughters often tell, stories how their fathers fail
They pulled me over, riding dirty, boof the work, toss the L
Twelve called for backup and the dogs, when he caught the smell
I'm cut from a different cloth, it ain't hard to tell
And real niggas feel it like I wrote in all in Braille
Big Glock, when that shit pop, it can park a whale
When my shit drop, its gon' be soundin' like The Carter 12
Plan is to stuff the safe and then fade out quick
And get rich with the same ones, you stayed down with
Loyalty and trust is words we don't play 'round with
If you swing, then we gon' slide on some playground shit
And niggas be dead broke, tryna act like they up
How they just got in the game, tryna act like they us
When my whole team was up, tryna act like you broke
And want attention from those bitches or heat from them folks, nah
It was never handed to me, grinding was mandatory
I don't got no game, it's just these bitches understand my story
Speaking for my people every time they put those cameras on me
Learned it from the game, nah, my momma never planned this for me
Pretty soon you gotta pick a side
Commit a crime or get confined
Kill one of us and only get a fine
You hear this and probably get the vibe of nine-eight Kiss and Styles
Reasonable Doubt Hov, It Was Written Nas
These new niggas got too much fabrication
Not enough truth and too much imagination
I guess that's where the game at now, I had to face it
But I changed for the better, my nigga, old habits breaking
You will never eat with a team full of dead weight
We don't trust bitches or believe nigga's handshakes
Fiends in the staircase, bricks wrapped in red tape
Don't know what's coming first, Jack boys or a Fed case

I stayed focused, chain smoking kept my head straight
Whippin' deuces for the Frank Muller with the fair c-, Ah