

# PRICK

Westside Gunn

One, two, one, two, one, two, one, two  
One, two, one, two, one, two, one, two  
Uh, uh, listen, hmm

They think my life is perfect, they think it's ideal (Woo)  
They think I got it all inside just like I'm IKEA (Woo)  
Truth be told, I'm 'bout as empty as a popped bottle  
They see I make it look good, America's top model  
I'm still a top dog, I'm still the big homie  
Attended too many funerals of my little homies  
And I can't lie, the road that I'm on gets a little lonely  
Nobody wanna get it with me, just wanna get it from me  
Always a handout, always a sad story  
Never, "How you doing?" Always, "What you have for me?"  
And I'm assed out (Woo), credit card maxed out (Woo)  
But as soon as you say no, throwin' rocks at your glass house (Woo)  
But on the bright side, I'm livin' my dreams  
You small fries, I need my cheese, extra gravy like poutine  
I been on that winnin' streak like it's a part of my routine  
And I spoke it to existence, all of this shit was foreseen  
And if you ever had a dream, you know exactly what I mean

When I look outside my window, all I see is dope fiends and broken dreams  
And then I thank God 'cause it could've been me  
If it wasn't for this art, then it would've been me  
Rest in peace to all my dogs, man, it should've been me  
I said it could've been, would've been and should've been  
But it wasn't  
And I'm grateful  
So grateful  
Said I'm grateful  
So grateful

Ayo, peace to Bum City (Peace)  
Peace to Death Alley (Peace)  
Alley-way upstate, hit Paris for a patty (Ah)  
Gucci two-piece  
Fillmore rockin', it was Juneteenth  
Had to go to Bennett for summer school  
You knew me, I came from that  
Grover Cleveland bitches on my Nautica (Woo)  
Most popular (Woo)  
Hit the Taliban to chop it up  
Seen a watch for afar and binoculars  
Peace to Killa Tone and Mayweather, they'll put you in a hospital  
Sly got life, but we pray for the impossible  
Shay died from COVID, when I gotta go, I gotta go  
That's why I thank God every day, all day  
When shit get hot  
I sip Libby's Lemonade in the shade  
Pardon my ways, but my wrist gotta be six figures  
I always knew I'd be this nigga  
But it's all about the youth now  
Used to bag up two-point-two pounds  
Got my own shoe now (Woo)  
Dump, I know you proud (You proud)  
Airholes make the TEC bool down (Grrt)

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