

# Ready Made

Westside Gunn

Ayo

Boom boom

Grr, grr

Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom

Ayo, flyest nigga since Apollo Kids, praying over Pateks  
Grab the coke pots, you know what time it is (Ah)  
The pink jacket is on, what's happening, it's me, lord  
Loading teller racks, two MACs, I paid a G for 'em (Grr, grr)  
You score once, we score three times each rhyme  
FNH in the Just Don Levis, he fly (Ah)  
Face hit the Fendi knee high, don't even reply  
Ready made duffles on the G5  
Ready made frog mask, don't get hogtied  
Flygod, the flyest nigga of all time  
Live for home invasions, catch you naked where the safe at  
ASAP, .40 in your mouth, make you taste that, straight jack (Ah)  
Bricks on top of bricks, that's mine  
If he drop 'em and them shits come back, I'm fine  
Ahead of my time, push the Bimmer A to the 9 (Skr)  
Yo, Allahu Akhbar, you niggas still eating swine  
Niggas scared of my prime, the dominant, you the opposite  
You should see the wrist when I be locking it (Whip)  
Jack some moccasins, kick the fucking door down up at Maxfield's  
(Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom  
boom boom boom boom)  
Dope shot the nigga wearing his hat still

So sang the blues like Bessie  
Poetry composed like Dizzy Gillespie  
Midnight with Sabio on my lips  
Midnight romance sprayed against my tits  
The conversation got a little dick  
I'm sizing up every exit  
We had work coming up from Texas  
Smoking Gorilla Glue with a razor in my jaw  
His timing was slightly off  
And before he could react  
It was blown by a sawed off  
Been through the worst of it  
Crawled through the dirt for it  
City full of murderers  
Say prayers in church for us  
Grimier than Michael Myers  
Murk you with a pair of rusty pliers