

RIP Bobby

Westside Gunn

Brrt

Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom

Ayo, Ks out the Huracan

One nigga landed on the roof, word is bond

Fashion Week seats, I could've tripped the bitch

Whip the fish, leave the kitchen gave my wrist a kiss (mwah)

Phone click and shit, I got all of these licks to hit (hello?)

Griselda, bitch, you see we getting rich

My first day home, I got a Bent

Fiends on the doorstep

Which niggas stepped on my Waynes? We left the porch wet (brrt)

Ayo, which niggas stepped on my Waynes? We left the porch wet (brrt)

And what's left of his brains was on the porch steps

Razor hit his neck and his vein, nigga, I tore flesh

Ayo, seen him on Perry, hopped out the Corvette (skrt)

His brains landed on Fairy he didn't snort yet

Yo, Geiger, I need more checks

More less, we all fresh

Teaching '97s, I'm a rhyming legend

Youngin fired his weapon, and slide a shell inside your melon (talk to 'em)

The Wraith hold a miller, hold the shillings

Load the biscutits on codefendants

The loafers boa constrictor, the cobra lift up

The FNH and the 424, this just so pure

Pass shorty the plate, I told her sniff some more

The plug's sister, we kicked his door and ripped his floor

We left out with grace and more

Celebrate with a fifth from the liquor store

Then sip some more (we drinking, nigga)

I pop biscuits off, your top, I lift it off, Conway

The world is yours

Rest in peace Bobby

(You know what the fuck is up, nigga)

Lalalalalalala

The world is yours

Nah, rest in peace Bobby

(Real nigga shit)

(Haha, mob)

Everybody wanna get rid of me 'cause they're jealous of me

My whole life everybody's been jealous of me

Everybody's been worried about me my whole life

They've done this to me, they've done this to me

Don't you call me weasel either, pal

No, I didn't, I think you're paranoid

You said, no you said it

You called me weasel and I heard you

I wanna sit down that chair

I wanna guide my men
I don't want to get in there
I don't want some guy, 7'4", putting his dirty, filthy hands on me
I don't want some guy, hillbilly, putting his dirty, farm hands on me
And I'm gonna tell you what's gonna happen
I'm used to getting the handicap 'cause it's 2 of you and 3 of us
It's a handicap in Europe

Look, AMG63 driver
Blood bottoms match the pedal, shit'll screech tires
Please try us, nigga, we fire (we good)
Keep firing, no cease fire (brrrt)
Fuck it, pull out his teeth with these pliers (hah)
You pussy, you can't even take a seat by us (fuck outta here)
My respect not only demanded, it's required (facts)
You fucking with a \$2000 sneak buyer (uh huh)
Such and such and them was winning
Griselda leaped by 'em

Ayo, Club Salmon and oyster
It's cocaine, shit, you can tell by the moisture
3 man cells, I had the most mail
Selling cracks in the rain
Fiends on the Stone Island coat tail
The Bentley on Rodeo (skrt)
The Wang ain't cheap, cop more yayo
Beat face Presi on the yard
Soon as the fucking doors pop, stab a guard
Beamer i9 with wire guts
I know some real dreads that'll chop your arm off
For the fuck around, Lord, your time's up, fire tucked
Rachel's bouffant look, caught him at the showers for 5 books
Papi
Ayo, caught him at the showers for 5 books
Papi

You're probably wondering why
Well you know, any time you manage winners
Any time you are a winner
Any time you are on top
There's always controversy
Look at the New York Yankees
World Champions in baseball
Look at all the controversy they had with Reggie Jackson, Billy Martin
There's always gonna be
There's always gonna be people knocking you
There's always gonna be people that are jealous of you