

Runway

Westside Gunn

That ol' real shit

True story

Ayo

They used to slide food through the slot in my cell, now we eat in a mansion
(Uh-huh)

Diamonds like Prince, now I see 'em in the ring dancin'

In Queens like Prince Hakeem with your queen, lampin'

I'm handsome, white girls love me like I'm part of Hanson (Uh-huh)

Mamis love me like I'm Bad Bunny (They do)

I've been that nigga out here havin' my way before I had money

Life a marathon, son, can't sprint on this long road

I was thinkin' like O-Dog instead of Sean Combs

Bad boy, I need a billion (Uh-huh)

Always knew that niggas could never hold me down, I'm too resilient

Zoom in the Beamer coupe, one button remove the ceilin' (Skrrt)

This MC'll shoot like Shyne, standin' on business (Blaow, blaow!)

Lot of niggas play the game, but a small fraction is winners

The others don't even know they losin', that shit ridiculous (Haha)

Before music, I was tuned in with the sniffers

Grams for blue strips in my mittens, real shit

We could either destroy or we could build shit

Pay attention to your circle, know who you deal with

Gotta know the difference between fraud and trill shit

These niggas washed, dropped a lot of albums, I don't feel shit

Ayo, we used to wanna be like Mike (Like Mike)

Now I got 50 in the mics (In the mics)

Still keep dope in the rice (In the rice)

You talk about money, get it right, nigga (Get that shit right, nigga)

We used to wanna be like Mike (Like Mike)

Now I got 50 in the mics (In the mics)

Still keep dope in the rice (In the rice)

Talk about money, get it right, nigga

Ayo, the outlandish, two-steppin', grams dancin'

I'm handsome, I'm Manson, bulletproof under the Vanson

I'm lampin', reclinin' in two-seaters, I'm prancin' (Skrrt)

Graveyard shit, fiends was vampin' like Jimmy

Toast the semi; me (Argh!)

Pose in a Bentley; in Kingston, walkin' through Tivoli

Badmon, I felt like Ziggy

Zig Zag Zig Allah, zips on the ricky (Argh!)

I don't give a fuck who you are, I gets busy (Argh!)

Versace, Fendi

Rasklaat, I'll blow your brains out, you hear me? (Boom-boom-boom!)

Have you covered in red dots for pennies

Please forgive me, Lord, I go hard

Left 'em distraught from Goyard

Mozart, rose gold, I'm so hard (Woo)

I don't even know y'all, I'm so raw

You nothin' at all, nigga, I'm havin' a ball, nigga

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