

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' (Skrtrt)
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' (Skrtrt)
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

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

That ol' real shit