

Shootouts In Soho

Westside Gunn

Ayo

Ayo, my chef been whippin' for three days straight
Fiends locked up for four houses, damn, no shake
What the fuck is that Celine on your face? No case
Drug deals easy, more booze is lookin' like space
Jean Paul Gaultier, see through Jamaican tanktop
Hopped out the two-tone lord, made the bank stop
Love is with no strings, please
Doubt me if you need five or better, baby, not in a Brianna sweater
The triple beam love us (Ah, ah)
Flip hit a stem and he loved it (Ah, ah)
Flip hit a stem like a trumpet (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
He fell out his wheelchair, now I wonder (Woo)
Ayo, who rockin' the road from head to toe?
If you pull it out, you better blow (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
He might got it, you never know
Style blow, out a linger gown
Chop his fingers down, you broke (Ah)
It's Randy Savage on coke, ayo, ayo

I might drip a lil' drugs just to get a lil' buzz
Growin' up, I had to struggle to know what comfortable was (Yeah)
I might've fucked a few girls just to get 'em to love
In my day, you learned the hard way what gullible was
I'm like, you took a few Ls, won a few dubs
What a wonderful world (Uh), it's no wonder we thugs
MMP, bottle empty (Bah) I got means, I got plenty (Bah)
I got lean on my kidneys, I wear jeans that don't fit me (Damn)
I feel free as my willie, pockets fat as a whale
See as a kid they tried to scare me like them reefers was gon' kill me (Grim)
Who else you know got smoke like a chimney? Chimney smokin'
Ain't no hit, take your chains off, you're already chainsmokin'
Fiendin' for a vic, fiendin' for a sick flow
Mama seen to the stove, biscuit, chicken box, chicken pox or not?
Dirty socks with the hole, bought a big coat (Grrah)
This is everythin' I hoped for, wished for, and more (Bitch)
All I ever wanted was a Benzo', bimbo (Ho')
Gemstones and a red Pelle like I'm Jim Jones
Bought a new chain, left it on my dresser box, where it's locked
Roll up in some dead stocks, dress socks, wearin' crocs
Dressed in fox, bearin' thots, steppin' out, drippin', not sweatin'
Like a pair of docks, check it, now
Chains like I'm Mr. T, chains like I'm Mr. T
Change like I'm Mr. T
Said chains like I'm Mr. T, chains like I'm Mr. T (Skrtrt, ah)
Change like I'm Mr. T (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

I can't answer the phone right now, I'm cookin' dope
I can't talk to you right now, bitch, I'm cookin' dope
Thirty-six O's in a kilo, you know
Dolphins in the pot, Dan Marino, you know
I can't talk to you right now, baby, I'm cookin' dope, ah

Second floor apartment, seventeen with the burners on high

Get your hands high
Got it for the low but the drought price high
Off-White clouds, tell me Virgil in the sky
My bitch like, "Is it Ablo or Abluh?" I don't know
I know coke, I know Balenciaga coats
I know lighter flames under bent spoons, black smoke
Backstroke through the blood money and the crack smoke
Can't breathe, cryin' then them tears look like snowflakes on the jeans
That's perfect for me 'cause I bring snow to every season (Woo)
They don't love you no more (They don't love you no more)
Once the Feds come, they don't love you no more (They don't love you no more
)
They don't love you no more (They don't love you no more)
Once the money gone, they don't love you no more (They don't love you no mor
e)
Ha, Al Woo hit the stem and he loved it
High out his mind, cooked a whole brick