

Vader

Westside Gunn

Aah
Let's go
Aah
The butcher coming, nigga!

These niggas swear it's just rap
And then swear we all playing
'Til I'm paranoid and spraying
Like a aerosol can
Got a hammer on
That I could stuff a cannonball in
I'll really pull fifty racks
Out of
Think I panic? Small chance... (never)
Be careful who you call friends
Money two-thirty, need the crib and the car cleansed
I paid a thousand dollars for the vanguard vans, shooters outside my crib
Look like where Farrakhan stand
Where I'm from, the money good, yeah, the bricks is selling
And most niggas gon send a hitta before they send a message
But it's like every corner hot
Even the bitches tellin'
You got hoes with fed cases gettin' cities pregnant
With these hoes, I've always been selective
With the flow, I been respected
Count the bodies that my pent collected
Road to riches, pick the Lexus, never miss the exit
You know what happens when you meet with
You get connected