

VEERT

Westside Gunn

Ayo, you ain't never had to parallel park a Bugatti
5k, my YN'll catch a new body (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
[?] opps, jumper on Bulgari
Ruth's Chris cup, mix codeine with the Starry (Shit)
Out in Paris, ate Caesars five days straight
No reservation, all I had to do was rock my chains
French bitch fuck me 'cause my bracelet, didn't know my name
Long way from 70 something, [?] (Brrt) (Gotti, ayo, shine!)

The dope was grey and it smelled like vinegar (Fuck, coño)
Knew to cut it five or six times and it's the carjack press cinema (Jack, jack, jack)
Slime-ass niggas is amphibious (Snakes)
Stick to the family van, hideous (Brrt)
Instantaneous (Right away), six aliens (Nack), jewels deep (Yeah)
Traps out the Latin boutique (Trap)
Mood swings, food for kings (We eatin')
Death toll, walk in, Supreme echo (Fly)
Clothes retro, fashion expos, select hoes (Mami)
Church music (Sounds good), fallen angels (Yeah)
Half a million dollar Winnebago (Money)
Cops in plain clothes (Woo), Spain shows (We out), been to great lows (We in now)
Now the motion like Mayco (Movin')
Hundred-dollar tips in Turks and Caicos, yo (Whoa)
Queso, case closed (Yeah), black Rolls (Nack)
Nack done chose the path of gold, the math done told
And that's when you get it after you know, shit's the format (That's the order)
Wipe your feet at my doormat (Word)
I'm trying to see where y'all is at (Where you at, son? Chk-chk, boom, boom)
Witch doctor (Magic), raps and cracks, I'm a philosopher
The Pyrex, I could be a part of (Hit my line)
Dancin' salsa, out of state posture (Oye cómo va)
Colossal L, wine and steak, pasta (Uh-huh)
Drunk and high, looking like a pilot in a space saucer, vroom (Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, we out)
Putting a bullet-pfft-in the impostor (Toma)
Yeah, son (Headshot), the illest nigga on the roster (Nack, cha)

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Long way from 70 something, [?] (Ahh)

They said the streets miss you, game miss you, kitchen miss you
Bricks miss you, plug miss you, fans miss you, fiends miss you
I'm back, nigga, I'm back
My wrist rested up, I'ma make it jump back
Shooters hanging out the Rolls Royce (Brrt), nigga, I'm back
Got my wrist rested up, I'ma make it jump back
Uh, uh, I'm back, nigga (Woo), I'm back
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, they think they this

Them niggas better stop (Them niggas better stop)
You can't compare one bird to a pet shop (Haha, you can't)
You can't compare one perc to a fentanyl spot (You really can't)
Just took my twins to Disney
On the way in, sold a brick outside of Epcot (Hahaha)
They like, "Stove, you ain't cooked in forever, I know you rusty"
I'm like, "I been had my tetanus shot" (Bitch, stop playing with me)
And I got the TEC in the drop (Brrt, bop, bop, brrt)
Bitch, I been feet to floor like Fred and Bedrock (For real)
Fourth Rope cocaine champion, you can't wrestle with God (I got the belt)
The Virgil rug say "Rug"
The plug name in my phone say "Plug" (Plug, man, in my phone, say "Plug")
Horses on Sunset with Tremaine and slime
Rocking the Denim Tear Uggs (Haha)
Tracy McGrady, cook on one crooked eye, I'm the what? (I'm the one)
I'm the one (Bitch, I'm me, who the fuck?)
And the album done
Stove (Haha)

Y'all bitch ass niggas wanna talk that gunplay shit
Y'all niggas never will, shit
Y'all niggas is pussy, ass, hoes, lames (Griselda)
L.O.E., nigga, Broadway, gang, stand up
Nigga, we cripin', we crackin', we blooded up
Nigga, we everything
Y'all niggas been bitch
I'ma tell you one more time, I put this on my grandmama
You take my name, you call me dad
Reverend Daddy motherfuckin' Allison
Slow fuck-ass niggas, you niggas ain't get no money
I been doin' my thug thizzle
I been doin' this shit
And that's the last time I tell y'all niggas
I'm a gangster for real
Just came back from howlin' at Pappy Mason
Supreme Team, nigga
Free that mob boss nigga Hook
Holla at my nigga Chubbs
Holla at that nigga Sandman Lacosta
Nigga, we cripin' for real
We out here gang-banging, slangin' and doin' all type of shit
Crip, blood, Latin King, Nieta
Dosieta, Ventecieta
Nigga, we doin' our thing
Nigga, moro de sobra, tiela como rotera
Brozo yo como Rovaniello, comi la suco, yeh
Bozo tiela abroto, yo lo bra que ni lo to'o samja
Broto yo sobra, que ni lo to'o yo bra tisanda
Me comin' mi clasa, tryna fuck with the realest
African Dandara
You niggas'll get killed
We murder for fun, you pussy-ass niggas
But guess what, it's just a joke
Holla at me later