

Ajax

Westside Gunn & Conway

(Intro)Now this is a town very thirsty for cocaine, here come Griselda.

Conway: Yea, ugh, (man coughing) fucking wax nga

Verse 1(Conway)

Look, I got it off the curb where hard serve,
Ngaz ah kick ya granny door in for a raw bird(where it's at granny),
Few shots make ya car swerve,
Backseat shooter loading up da Mossberg,
Playing Marchberg,
He 16 know how to work wit it,
Catch em on his block circle it,
Roll down that back window make sure you murder shy(Don't miss nga),
This for them ngaz that don't show up to their court date,
And sniff raw flake,
And tuck the .40 in the Northface,
That'll put a bullet in your face,
And off or base stacking up Forbes cake,
The Panamera Porce race,
I'm 33 made the Law chase,
Leave V live I'm pulling off Raft,
Couple shots hit me twisted up the god's face,
I'm still alive by the Lord's Grace,
I'm what you call great,
Lil nga stay in your place,
I ain't ah industry nga I gun butt you till ya jaw break,
16 in the clip and 1 in the head,
I had ah few enemies and every one of em bleed,
Nga tried to run,
Mac hit his stomach and legs,
My git stood over em dropped another one in his head,
Fuck these rap ngaz Machine bout to come for they head,
Might clap one of these ngaz in their colorful dreds,
I swear I ain't impressed with nothing he said,
Gum on the Feds,
Dump the 50 shot drum and I fled(Machine bitch).

Verse 2(Mach Jimmy)

Yo, Ayo

The .40 Glock was madd indigo,
We ran up in the spot with Shorty Wop I'm raw she shinning lyke where the dough,
My salvatory rock with my vintage low,
My laboratory popping are we talking or we shopping just let us know,
Yo! You pussy you got the Juice,
I look lyke Posdnuos,
I pop the blicky,
Compliment me,
Don't act aloof,
Truff,
You fuckers is waste Mon',
My London Fog trench,
I talk french,
Paul Prince on ya baby mom,
Tap dance on raw bricks lyke I'm Savion,
Imagine darkskin walk whipping,
Water whipping with Avion,
I blow her back lyke MichÃle Bennett,
I'm never going back and if you know me then you mad I never left,
Yes!,
The slime don't ooze til I signal,
When I round you know he move wit ah Big Gal,
My Cougar lyke little boys,
Berreta 8 thousand munch housing eating rapper for dinner boy.

Verse 3(Westside Gunn)

Lyrics Submitted by SlumLord

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