

# 327 (feat. Tyler, The Creator & Billie Essco)

## Westside Gunn & Joey Bada\$\$

[Chorus: Billie Essco & Westside Gunn]

Look, I swear Paris will be prayed for (Prayed for)  
Unreleased Off-White to the ankles, ayy (Ankles)  
I'm in them places that you can't go (That you can't go)  
Don C, Nigo in the same row, ayy (The same row)  
I swear Paris will be prayed for  
I need Casablanca by the caseload (Caseload, brr)  
Silks with the oranges and the mangoes (Mangoes)  
I'm a model now, baby, got the face for it, ayy (Face for it)  
I swear Paris will be prayed for (Ayy, yo)

[Verse 1: Westside Gunn]

I'm rockin' old Nashes, on the runway in my coke fashion  
Anybody move, we toe-taggin' (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)  
My 327s was blessings, leather Vuitton vests  
Keep a loaded firearm in Mercedes armrests, Lord stressin' (Skrrt)  
Twenty-two with grays, twenty-five left in the cage  
I told him hold your head, it's worse in a grave  
I threw coke in the pot, watched it bloom residue and consume  
He started wavin', had a lighter and dope spoon  
A nigga try to kill you for your recipe  
My shooter nasal drip flowin' heavily, duckin' my third felony (Ah)  
Take your shine, two for five, me and mines  
Runnin' from suit and ties, you say you the flyest, then who am I?  
Balenciaga with the heel, lemonade a popular drink still  
VLONE jean jacket rockin', so be real (Ah)  
Over pots, I'm too exquisite  
On the dancefloor tryna finger fuck on every visit  
Some niggas'll never risk it  
Hoppin' in BMs, I'm proud of my position (Skrrt)  
They never had a pot to piss in  
Body parts on Cavalli dishes  
On Mulholland in the drop Porsche wildin', my loafers crocodile  
Stylin', I be havin' greater visions (Ah)  
You can tell by the way I whip it  
You gettin' money, then the haters with it  
It ain't dry, I told 'em wait a minute (Ah)  
Praise both for the way I did it  
[Chorus: Billie Essco & Joey Bada\$\$]  
I swear Paris will be prayed for (Prayed for)  
Unreleased Off-White to the ankles, ayy (Ankles)  
I'm in them places that you can't go (That you can't go)  
Don C, Nigo in the same row, ayy (The same row)

I swear Paris will be prayed for  
I need Casablanca by the caseload (Caseload, Badmon)  
Silks with the oranges and the mangoes (Mangoes, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I'm a model now, baby, got the face for it, ayy (Face for it, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I swear Paris will be prayed for [Verse 2: Joey Bada\$\$]  
I'm from an era of hard knocks and quiet storms (Shh)  
Rap songs about crack rocks and firearms (Bah, bah, bah, bah)  
In the stash spot on some Money Mitch shit (Woo)  
Adjust the AC, conceal the biscuit (Yeah)  
It's your life, you can choose to risk it if you wanna  
These niggas don't want smoke, they want some marijuana  
I used to get kicked out of class just for my aroma  
I went to school high, forgot to pick up my diploma (I was high)  
That's way back when we used to cypher Arizonas (Uh-huh)  
Now I'm in that Maybach, I'm with Puff and Hova (Facts, woo, woo)  
We bendin' corners in the six-deuce  
Talk about last night's ten thousand dollar bottles of Pétrus, sip it like it's juice, homie  
How could I lose?  
The shit that these fools'll do to be in my shoes, I'm done playin' by rules  
Learned from OGs, I'm retirin' the jewels  
Everything is plain jane, different day, the same thing  
I mean, it's usual  
Everything that's new to you be the type of shit I'm used to  
I could give a fuck about the hater shit, I'm used to it  
If it's fuck me, then know the feeling is mutual (Bitch) [Chorus: Billie Esho & Joey Bada\$\$]  
I swear Paris will be prayed for (Prayed for)  
Unreleased Off-White to the ankles, ayy (It's young Bada\$\$, ankles)  
I'm in them places that you can't go (Yeah, yeah, yeah, that you can't go)  
Don C, Nigo, in the same row, ayy (The same row)  
I swear Paris will be prayed for  
I need Casablanca by the caseload (Caseload)  
Silks with the oranges and the mangoes (Mangoes)  
I'm a model now, baby, got the face for it, ayy (Face for it)  
I swear Paris will be prayed for [Interlude: Tyler, The Creator]  
If you feelin' good  
Then everybody say yeah, yeah (Yeah)  
Yeah, yeah (Feelin' good)  
Yeah, yeah (I'm on my Gunn shit) [Verse 3: Tyler, The Creator]  
Bitch, I'm all that, all that, Kenan, Kel (Kel)  
When I walk in, niggas ring the, ring the bells (Bells)  
Roses at my feet, niggas kneel, bitches yell  
Glitter on my neck match the glitter on my fingernails (Ayy, yo)  
Niggas always got something to say, well fuck 'em  
Same guys was mighty 'til they got to duckin'  
We got the pucks and we chuckin'  
They playin' chicken, we cluckin'  
I'm Colonel Sanders to you motherfuckers  
Niggas trash and we dumpin' (Uh), I been rappin' and fuckin' (Yup)

He 6'5

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>