

# Bufs vs. Wires (feat. Benny & Boldy James)

## Westside Gunn

Ayo, Mag Dior on the pen rug, twenty chains on, we on Rodeo, blood  
Who touchin' my stove? We had to spray him up (Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot,  
doot, doot, ah)

Visions yayo, sippin' gator, he hit the stim hard once (Ah)

Then he walked up the block with a refrigerator

I'm in the Rolls (I'm in the Rolls, skrrt)

Knots on the Martine Rose when I pose (Ah)

READYMADE caskets, this work so good, get the elastic

Hid the AK behind the masjid

Who made the sun shine? (Who made the sun shine? You know what I'm sayin')

Next thing you know, we dip from one time (Ah)Real street nigga shit

Yo, uh

Track and field, runnin' packs, I'm still subtractin' real numbers

I took a loss and just had to build from it, y'all broke the code

Threw dirt on gang when y'all spoke to Hov, that was reckless

That's expected, VS cuts on my wrist big enough to catch infections

This heckler on me protect the homies, Boldy and West

I treated my .40 just like my only connect

Who said it was simple? Them prisons strengthened my mental

I broke the lead on the paper from writin' letters in pencil

This a process, I'm fresh, I just moved out the projects

Million dollar deals and still feel like I ain't hot yet

Biggie Smalls in a Coogi, Al Green in a mock neck

Russel Simmons my mindset, I'm old Hov with a Pyrex

What's the money worth when my mother hurt, brother layin' under dirt?

We can forgive you, but you get punished first

Dope on a paper plate, on a paperweight

I ran around the world for it just like The Amazing Race

The money counter singin' to me, sound like Amazing Grace

Cooked a brick of big at a time, I was eight for eight

The Butcher, nigga

Last three packs in the bundle, I had to swallow that (Hold the tops)

Balls of smack pumpin' while I'm crumblin' the loudest thrax (Good kush)

Cone racks, turned the plug around at the Mountain Jack's (Still more)

Niggas who thought I was finished hate to see me bouncin' back (It's on)

Touched a honeybun, tryna trap me up a thousand stacks (A big, big dog)

Shoutout to Butch and Gunn, my shooter don't know how to rap (Brr)

Never filed a tax, I had to run with that part of pack (Hyena)

Thumbs still numb from packin' up, foldin' lotto packs (Up in plastic)

I grew up on a block with scurvy, niggas topsy-turvy (All hitters)

Totin' Glocks with thirties in 'em, sellin' rocks and thirties (Screwboxes)

Oxycontin, Percocet, I was poppin' yerxies (Tens)

Blowin' on the way to see my PO, I was droppin' dirties (Remix)  
Re-rockin' birdies in the trap, half block of turkey (White meat)  
The work come in a silver pack like a chocolate Hersheys (What else?)  
Eat them pill 'scripts and them bowls, in total (Moonrock)  
Real nigga, still posted on the service drive with purses (Four-one)  
Where we at?

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