

# Chief Keef, 2nd Day Out

Starting off my day with a blunt stuffed  
Pussy kept on talking he got fucked up  
Big black Glock and a cup of purp  
You already know I'm finna sip some sizzurp  
I'm back off in the kitchen working with the pies  
Say you need a half of brick give me twelve-five  
Fifty pounds of Gross several pounds of Midge  
Tadoe just brought a pretty fucking fifty  
My gun need a mag he happy then he mad  
Someone leavin' real soon, so he send his ass  
Hop out of that van where I tote the mags  
And if a nigga try me Imma do his ass  
I'm counting up the paper in my office room  
And I'm witch, bitch, please don't make me spark the broom  
Guns in every little cut, like a fucking savage  
Hear the SWAT team, come you gotta fucking have it  
Man I'm tired of buying jocks, I need a rocket launcher  
You ain't tryna incriminate it, bitch stop the camera  
I used to drive the foreign through my backyard  
Hit the dough and Imma blow you like a Saks card  
Sosa back bitch, yeah I'm back bitch  
That lil stupid ass, dirty ass, black bitch  
This that new shit, that fuck a jail shit  
Fuck nigga, no, that it ain't no in my heritage  
You on my shit list, you like a biscuit  
Granny say if it ain't broke don't try to fix it  
I got a sick wrist, it cost like six-six  
Zero zero zero nigga, come and get this  
I got a stupid swag please don't touch my Louis bag  
Pole on me nigga you gon' make me do you bad  
Bitch my Louis bag, that bitch Scooby snacks  
I need an elephant, giraffe and a Cougar cat

Bitch I end my day ten...  
Bitch I end my day ten in the morning  
You can sneak diss this bitch still is going  
We gon' hit his block, pull up, hit the horn  
I ain't talking the whip bitch, this bitch is blowing  
Stick a silly nigga now he's silicon  
Granny what you doing? She say I'm whipping corn  
I just bough a chopper bitch, it'll shake the storm  
Pull up auditorium and shake the dorm  
Saying you can't stand me, pussy take the seat  
Call 'em McDonalds 'cause he faking beef  
Hit the back block and then take the street  
Piss on his grave I got to take a leak  
Standing on the curb and I'm flaming dope  
Seventeen years old I was strangling hoes  
Had to grow up and make a bankroll  
.40 get to singing, she'll take your soul  
My auntie need some strips, sister need a crib  
Told her tie your shoes lil' baby and don't even trip  
I hopped up in that truck with the double cup  
And it can't spill I make that bitch buckle up  
I'm counting up bodies as they fucking drop  
Nigga think he had them streets we had to break his lock  
He got a high fade, we had to shave his top  
Car so loud vroom vroom, might wake the block  
Four Porches, nine elevens, and like eight bitches  
It's a horse on the seat they tryna take pictures  
And that pussy nigga scared, you know I hate chickens  
He done caught a domestic it's the state business  
Make them see the light and it's bright white  
Young boy brown as shit but my ice white

They spying on the spot with them fucking drones  
Tell them helicopters get the fucking on  
Baby I'm lowkey if I'm fucking you  
I can fucking don't say shit this what I do  
Smoke them like a kite like my cousin Ku  
Bullets popping out like a fucking Boo

Ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah  
Phew, Phew, Phew  
Phew, Phew, Phew  
Phew, Phew, Phew  
Second Day out! Ayy!  
Second Day out! Ayy Ayy!  
Second Day out!  
Phew, Phew, Phew  
Phew, Phew, Phew  
Phew, Phew, Phew  
Phew, Phew, Phew  
Phew, Phew, Phew  
Phew