

Chief Keef, Cuz My Gear

She just really jock me cause my gear
She just really want me for my ear
She just really like me for my watch
She just really like me for my car

Holograms on my hand gave me a tanned wrist
Diamonds dancing on my fist look like a blank disc
Teriyaki suit with the lemon Fanta
Heavy weight, heartburn: Mylanta
Adversaries call me on my Blackberry
Now I'm in the laundry mat: Darryl Strawberry
On my cell phone, now I'm on my iPhone
She thought it was a cat phone
Now I'm on my bat phone
Hanging fangs down like a vampire ("Twilight!")
Sapphires dancing on my hand like a campfire ("Dancing!")
Camp counselor, living in the lap of luxe
Double cheese deluxe in the penguin tux

That bitch rub me cause she know I keep it real ("3 Hunna")
Say she don't like a nigga that's gon squal (nah!)
Well listen baby, I'm a keep it real
You know you ain't got shit, come in here
Butter blunt of kush in the air
And I won't feed you lies to your ears
Cause niggas better calm down before they hear
A lot of gun sounds in the air ("bang bang!")
I won't wife her keep it pimpin over here
Gucci shirts, we ain't simple over here ("Gucci!")
Fuck, nigga mad cause his bitch jockin
And I be flexin up the Maseratis, flex!