

# 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!