

# Chief Keef, Get It Jumping

Let's get this shit jumping  
Get these hoes bussin'  
Nigga's sneak dissin'  
Well they ain't sayin' nothin'  
Them bullets get the touchin'  
Them veins get the bussin'  
Cause bullets come a dozen  
And they burn like a oven  
I'm a sick mothafucka'  
Loud beat my robotussin'  
And I can't keep count of these bitches I be fuckin'  
I'll shoot a nigga down  
Bitch I'm kinda off, I grew up in this shit  
Goin' by what I saw  
Alotta real nigga's they was gettin' money  
So now I'm on the block nigga rain, sleet, or sunny  
OTF runnin', I fucks wit' Young Money  
I make one phone call yeah Cortez he comin'  
Wit' the Young Money, Kush stankin' like onions  
Edai you been my nigga, introduced me to six hunnid  
D-Rose what up, you scoring shit I hear  
Keep ya head up out here, Every year is our year

We, kinda fucked up  
Niggas ain't fuckin' with me man  
Free my nigga Juice  
Free my nigga Top  
Free all the guys man  
All My L's niggas  
All My Wiic City O'Block Niggas man  
All My front street Glory Boyz man  
Ya know. OTF bitch  
All my young money niggas man,  
All my 300 hundred savage's man