

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 robatussin'
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