

Chief Keef, Han Han

My boy, what? My boy
Hey, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hey, yeah
Hah, hah, hah, hah

If it's up, it's up then (It's up)
Only care 'bout money (Money)
Told that bitch she ugly (Ugly)
She think she classy but she dusty (Dusty)
She think she poppin' but she busted (Busted)
She be on that thot shit
LV on my luggage (Louis)
I want nothin' but bands (Guap)
Lil Reese a block-head (Block)
Folks could leave the block dead (Nah)
I pull up in a drop head (Skrrt)
Whoop, that's what the cop said (Fuck the cops)

I'm slipping? You tripping
Blam blam, him, him
Han, han, han, han
Han, han, han, han

Ayy, lil' baby, stop it (Stop it)
Off, could you knock it? (Knock it)
Down the block, I'm choppin' (I'm choppin')
Man, them niggas rock-heads (Bitch)
Oh, lil' nigga, we not scared (Nah)
I smoke weed 'cause I'm a pothead (Dope)
Leave a lil' nigga drop dead (Bang, bang)
I fuck around and leave a cop dead (Woo)
Foes never still slide on the opps, yeah (The opps)
I upped my jump, told her top it
Saw somethin' I wanted, I copped it, uh
The dope I'm smokin' too toxic, uh
Can't even tell lawyer what I did
Tryna pull it up, I'm fuckin'
I'm tryna see if I'm fuckin', uh
Saw the five-seven like, "What's this?" (Zaytoven)

I'm slipping? You tripping
Blam blam, him, him
Han, han, han, han
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Flexing on my old bitches like (Flexin')
I wish that, I can give a fuck
You can't even sit with us
You ain't gang, you ain't gang
Nigga you can take the thot
Do your thing, do your thing
You couldn't even get the box
'Cause you lames, 'cause you lame, ayy
Some hoes don't be tryna fuck
But they'll give you brain, give you brain
I just rolled a couple up
Residue on Helmut Lang, Helmut Lang