

# Chief Keef, Here Ye

I be thinkin' that, I don't need a bitch  
I'm considerin', the millies  
Two girls, my overalls, I'm a hillbilly  
Loyalty bring royalty, hear ye, hear ye  
Yeah, we got drums, ba-dum-bum-bum, hear ye, hear ye  
I'm at the loft with my son, hear ye, hear ye  
I'm at the loft with my son, hear ye, hear ye  
Don't make me go and get my gun, hear ye, hear ye  
Told my old lady I'ma give him a run, hear ye, hear ye

Remember runnin' through that alley  
Bitch this cat ain't a scaredy  
Then I ran to a taxi  
All that subbin', they ain't at me  
We got hollows for the low nigga  
These hoes birds, let 'em go, nigga (ayy)  
Wanna find me? I'm at steakhouse  
And my styrofoam darker than steak sauce  
Three banana clip but we ain't space chimps  
Hit a fuck nigga with that AK Camp  
You know this doink smell like Arab  
I'm inhalin' that get-down-or-lay-down

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I swear Kay Kay only six (ayy)  
Already asked for a real whip  
She show the muscle, that real strength (bitch)  
So I'm bad with a Glock but I ain't Bam Bam  
Bitch, I get high and I get by  
Hit it from the back, tell her switch sides  
I don't say where, I just say bye  
All these dead opps, my shit fried  
I should go buy some gold spoons (ayy)  
And put 'em in the trap for my troops (ayy)  
Keep this shit a hundred, keep this shit a hooch (ayy)  
I take hundreds and fifties too (ayy, ayy)

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