

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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