

# Chief Keef, Hiding

I got choppers, I got gwala  
I got partners, send you to the doctor  
I got guns, singing like opera  
And my partners, they got money  
We ain't for nu'uh  
Fuck ya momma, fuck ya poppa  
What the fuck you doing, if you ain't getting money?  
Bitch I'm 3hunna, my niggas riding  
And we sliding, bitch we ain't hiding

I got my pistol, that's my issue  
My pistol get you, it got that grip too  
I shoot it at you, them bullets catch you  
And now you're done, you couldn't wrestle  
All of these niggas, they pretenders  
Act like they with you, they out to get you  
So don't trust them, so don't love them  
They want your spot, they want your hustle  
They want your muscle  
Rings on all 10 hands and they want your knuckle  
Bitches calling me, they want my time  
But I'm chasing all this money runnin'

What do you want? Where are you going?  
What you doing, if you ain't getting money?  
I'm smoking ganja, I'm counting commas  
I got my llama, so nigga don't try us  
I'm blasting at you, I'm laughing at you  
Flexing throwing cash up on your bitch  
And throwing cash up at you  
I threw some cash up at you  
Cause you need to catch up  
You full of mayonnaise, I'll let Nina red ya  
You in the red line, that's the dead line  
You ain't got my money on time  
Then that's your head mon  
Bumbaclottin', Rasta-rockin'  
Rastafari mothafucka, damn near lion