

Chief Keef, 3rd Person

I got itchy palms
I just left Saint Laurent
Runnin' up the guap
What I am I am, what I'm not I'm not
Life is fabulous
It's the crack of dawn
Niggas act real low
I put that shit on fours
It's tension, let me know (Let me know)
I keep shit a C-note (A C-note)
Fuck shit keep me broke (Keep me broke)
My clip hold three-oh (Hold three-oh)
Baby, suck it for me slow (For me slow)
You tired, then let me know (Let me know, bitch)
I can send you home (Home)
That Uber won't be long (Won't be long, skrrt)
She wanna sniff a slope
She walk around with coke
Had F's on my report card, now I got F's on my coat
Walked in there, bought a boat
I need helicopter, I got hella choppers, yeah
Scoops is telescopic, bounce around like grasshoppers, uh
I ain't got no choice but do this shit for my dead partners, uh
Oh, you want some beef? Well, welcome to the Red Robins, uh
I just left Minnesota, I BBC'd my jacket
Shawty bouncin' that ass, I think she want me to smack it
That H3, niggas ain't fuckin' 'round with these faggies
I don't want the ho again, nigga, I already done had it
Man, these lil' niggas crab, call 'em red lobster
Thought you was playin' with the gang, aw yeah, partner
In Marina del Ray with a bitch named Lana
Flipped a switch on a bitch, and I DameDot 'em
Fuck Chief Keef, he a ho (Fuck Chief Keef)
That nigga don't got no poles
He don't live that shit he talk (Nah)
Fuck GBE, they soft (Fuck GBE)
This a gang of dons, we got a gang of guns
I don't give guns to my son, my daddy gave me one
Fuck Chief Keef, he ain't havin'
Them niggas are not savage, yeah
Come meet my automatic, uh, yeah, uh, yeah
God said let thy have it, uh
Gang slip, sign right up
We can get right up
Split your shit right up, uh, uh, uh
Then we split right up