

Chief Keef, Aston Martin

On my wrist bout 40
One chain on my neck 15
This Tec with me hold about 50
Blow his block like whatcha say about little key
Comin' through very foul with a referee
The only thing on my mind is money
That's why I don't know nothing when you ask me something
Been smoking on dope in the fastest car
Bought three chains from Johnny Dang
And coulda bought an Aston Martin

I got weed I don't need bitches
I got money I don't need friends
Me and B friends, Ben Franklin that's my best friend we pimpin'
Blocks, fuck with them make us put the heat in ya
With the opps nigga I can see the G in ya
Come in my house we got dope all up in the weed vender
Come too our block we gone make your dumb ass bleed nigga
Flexin' on niggas like a sucka he I itchin' our finger
Pull up catch an opp then we gon' put racks on a nigga
Then shoot up the rest of the niggas
They gon' get the best of us nigga

Car go skurt-skurt, Tec go click-clak
Tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh
Let a opp ride down the block like it's good good
We gon' tuh-tuh his windows
And my Glock on me case a nigga think it's macaroni
Smoking on a big blunt of tooka
She wasn't on me when I was in the hood hood
Now I'm rich she say she got that good good
Pistols beat like KRK, we coming through day by day
We don't want no peace treaties, we been pouring them things all day
Wop made me up a peace treaty and we pulling off having a race
Walked in the bank with a smirk, walked out laughing away
I'm rich now
I can buy a school or a club full of bitches now
My niggas in the field still Lam fuck niggas down
Fuck niggas don't like how I'm living now