

# Chief Keef, Bands

Ain't nothing good but finger licking bands  
Lick off my thumb then I begin  
One count, two count money counting  
I left my money counter at home, I'm here to count it  
Fuck that nigga, he ain't talking money  
Call that nigga, he be talking about money  
I be on that money shit  
Nigga you be on that funny shit

Ring ring what's on my phone, it's money  
Ding ding who's at my home, it's the motherfucking police, fuck  
Riding in that foreign right now  
Counting on these hundreds right now  
I told that fuck nigga, pipe down  
Fore we up these pipes, you get piped down  
Gloed up, think I see the light now  
Niggas snakes, I don't fuck with that now  
I'm a rich nigga right now  
Finna go get some money right now

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I'm running through this money quick  
How could I forget not having shit  
Now I just be buying shit  
I'ma money making nigga you little son of bitch  
Walk in the stores, I be trying shit  
I try it then I buy the bitch  
No I don't buy a bitch  
She suck me up for free I can't deny the shit  
Smoking tooka pack  
Ruger on me, where your ruger at?  
Finger licking bands, finger licking bands in my pants  
I'm a walking lick, talking brick, talking shit  
You little son of bitch get hit with this banana clip  
I be popping shit, kicking shit, dropping shit  
Pull up on your block, straight chopping shit  
Pull up on my block and I'm chopping quick  
Swerving, here the coppers is  
They behind a nigga, tryna find a nigga  
But I'm running nigga, they can't grab a nigga