

# Chief Keef, Booty Call

Safe to say, ain't no catchin' up today  
If you ain't real, get the fuck away (Fuck 'way)  
How you a G and you scared to bust a K? (Bust K)  
Hit you with the butt of the Glock and it bust your face (Bust your face)  
Told mama I wasn't gon' cuss today (cuss today)  
You niggas got me fucked up so it's fuck the day (Fuck the day)  
You actin' like you got it, lookin' rough today (Rough today)  
I got on a Datejust but don't know what's the date (What's the date?)  
And I got that Oyster with the blue face (Blue face)  
And I'm getting sick from counting these blue faces (Blue face)  
Plus I'm sending shots like it's 2K (2K)  
Screaming fuck these niggas 'cause they two-faced (Two-faced)  
Let off my FN, it sound like two cats (Two cats)  
Let them bitches fly just like a bouquet (Bouquet)  
And he get a temper, she like Rousey (Rousey)  
I know that I ain't Jesus, call me Jose (Jose)  
Hit you with this rocky, click-clack, brozay (Brozay)  
All these magazines, no need for roleplay (Roleplay)  
She told me she was straight, then she went both ways (Both ways)  
I told her hold the pipe and she said okay (okay)  
She told me that she loved me, I said no way (No way)  
She tried to kiss me, had to push her face away (Face 'way)  
Up the pipe and go for the fade away (Fade away)  
Hit you three times, I'm the Jake today (J-day)  
Mama used to say that I can't play today (Play today)  
Now I gotta see what show I play today (Play today)  
Make it rain up in the club, watch it get raked away (Raked away)  
Baby told me I got some ungrateful ways (Ungrateful ways)  
I pop up in the middle of the hot block  
Make the Glock pop, sound like pop rocks on your block  
Ten shots from the forty-five at 12 o'clock  
I know the cops tired of me because I bail a lot  
SWAT mad they couldn't get me and I smelled like pot  
One hundred dollar blunts, bitch I smell like guap, ayy  
Stepped in a grow house, now I smell like crop  
Looked in the mirror, damn near seen my pops  
Shawty beatin' up my phone for me to beat her box  
She can fuck all your bros, you gon' eat her box  
Shawty said she crush a lot and she creep a lot  
Shawty your Uber outside, you tryna sleep with a lot  
I just ordered fifty wings, she say I eat a lot  
These niggas ain't street much, but I'm street a lot  
Full of smoke up in my chest like Albuterol  
Slide on him late night like a booty call  
If you ain't from the spot, click-clack, who is y'all?  
Let you drive away, spin back, I'm doing y'all  
Y'all can split this clip just in case it's two of y'all  
Turn my yard to a stage, now we boeing y'all