

# Chief Keef, Cause Im Gettin Money

I smell like I got 100 pounds of blocks on me  
It's reakin' out the car homie  
She wanna freak cause I'm a star low key  
Tell me what bitch do not know me  
I'm a blow this thing like Odee  
Leanin off this Act I OD  
Can't trust a face them niggas plotting on me  
And it's all because I'm gettin' money

Got that bitch off the drugs, she a zombie  
She wanna fuck with us, we get money  
Bitch is you drunk, you want my Beamer car keys?  
Let's see if they got Beamer taxis  
Just bought Kay Kay a Beamer car seat  
My boys gon' spray, let us see a opp please  
I'm Sunny and you niggas coffee  
But now that is my favorite mafi  
Bitch I ain't with that lovie dovie  
Bitch you just gotta suck and fuck me  
Got a pound of that erb, it's lovely  
Now I'm sparking up, climbing up trees  
While I'm smoking on this dope this bitch keep calling my phone  
Don't you see I'm getting high, bitch just leave me alone  
I see niggas feelings hurt, tell Chief Sosa what's wrong  
Bustin' like I'm dealing, jerk got my dumb ass pulled over