

Chief Keef, Chicago Zoo

I got apes in my crib like the Chicago Zoo
Ya'll sneak a shot in, do what ya'll gone do
Cause once we hear some shots we blow an Uzi with the 2's
Fat ass .223 chopper, his kufi was shooting
Was in my backyard, a long beach just like Snoop
I can't count all this money, 3-2-3, 2-3-2
I was selling snails while you niggas was in school
Say hello to my little friend, he gone reply what it do
I got lions, tigers, bears, jaguars, panthers, sheeps, and goose
Hyenas and monkeys, monkey nuts up on my tool
I got giraffes and elephants, you know what's in my room
I got camels and baboons, they gone get the tool
I got 30 shots in my trap like I'm on the block
My trap on their heels, Jack and Jill get knocked
Down to the ground, niggas stumblin' a lot
Got my chopper in the jungle, they be rumblin' a lot
When you play my shit they start a riot
Start a fight, we start a fire
Nina don't remember clowney, hop in my Audi, I'm outie
Spendin' money like a Saudi
In the Valley out in Cali
No LA fitness, make you lose weight, bitch Bali
On my dick, she lick it, she remind me of a mistress
On my dick stay gettin' it, you will think I killed it
Call me Weezy baby, car ain't got no ceilings
The AR-15 start dancin' cause ya'll got no bang
I'm coolin' in the water with the stingrays and sharks
You think you are tequila these the shots on the rocks
Rollin in that Nascar, pull up, hit the pitstop
Bad bitch head high, now I'm gettin' neck top
Run up in your party bitch, we rockin' it
Police can't come through the door, cause I'm lockin' it
Unless they got a warrant, they just talkin' shit
Fed house still doors why ya'll talk this shit?
You tryna catch a nigga slippin'
Crusin' in a rental
Make your bitch forget her business
Like amnesia was the issue
Bitch don't look at me when you sneeze
Cause I probably ain't got the tissue
Nigga lookin' at me like it's sweet
Like I ain't got the pistol
I do this bitch like the swat, nigga clear the spot
You don't hear the shots, you need a cotton swab
When the doctor bring your bitchass back
We come through pop his ass
Start runnin' from the cops
Crossover, rocked his ass
I'm coolin' in the 60's up in Slaughson
And a broker in New York cause I'm a baller
This ho gave me her number like I'm gone call her
She was standin' up high but now she's fallin'
I see you lookin' with your lookin' ass nigga
You can't act like you ain't hate, you mad nigga
You'se a Ratatouille, you'se a rat nigga
I get blue cheese, I'm a black nigga
I hit sacks and fucked up a sack
Came out lookin' cool
When I say okay Kool-Aid it really mean okay cool
I know you smell me
I'm bringing like, I'm ridin' round with food
It's that loud pack, where the dog at? I got Snoop
You can see the aftermath man, not done bustin' tools
Nigga, you'se a bunny rabbit, Slim Shady, what it do?

My money superstitious see it comin' out the room
While they hate justify belief in supernatural coupes