Chief Keef, Come On Now

Parked the foreign in a handicap Get a ticket, pay that shit Spend that money Make that shit I was in Broward county Leg that shit What's the tab Chase, I feel like fear Make her feelings rev Make her catch a cab Imma go my path Imma roll my half I don't like to kick it Nigga come on now I don't like to kick it In my pockets bitches I spend her no .. And my chips got riches Speedin' over bridges Need that crispy chicken For my ugly days I do .. spendin' For I don't feel like did Diddy gettin' kitty in your city Foenem got my 50 if you got a problem with me All this power feel like 50 you want me nigga come and get me You can call me Sosa Cannon Lion got them drummers with me Filet mignon Cheese, nachos I need combos Too much, I know 100s, 50s Gimme You hear me You so silly Run up the millis

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Fucking with me They gon bring them .. Hollow tips, cracking all your chips All my dogs fighting like I'm Michael Vick Got a condo in Atlanta, where I fuck my bitch Fuck my bitch Where I fuck your bitch Thirty six diamonds shine like MJ's pants And my gang be off the wall but I don't wear no vans Get your mans 'fore I cut off his hands I got hoes in every city Gotta wool for every season I leave all my bitches fiending Cause I leave that pussy leaking Got a big Bentley and a G Wagon fuck your Jeep Bitch I'm finally rich like that nigga Chief Keef

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