

# Chief Keef, Couple Of Coats

Rolled up on your girl, riding in that skrt (skrt)  
Hop out with that swag, pay the bills like four a fur  
Boy don't make me swerve, you smokin' on some dirt  
She told me that she loved me, and then I closed the curtains  
I'm something like an oh yeah, pull up in that oh yeah  
Hey are you Sosa? I'm the man, oh yeah  
I've seen Burberry, but I ain't gonna go there  
I walk in Louis, and buy a couple coats, yeah

Damn, I hate being sober  
Hop out, show love  
Buying all the Louis, [?] sure enough  
The feds tryna get me, but I don't know none  
I do not speak English, I don't show ya  
But I'm partying like it's my last day  
Text yo bitch one emoji and she text a  
Butterflies up in her gut from my wrist, damn shame  
Got Hillary up in my Bentley, I'm the campaign  
Hit the club, it's crackin', she hop on the wagon  
She sees I'm swaggin', but I'm not matching  
Run up on me, who's lackin'?  
What's up? What's brackin'?  
I was a True Religion Fiend 'til I started getting racks in

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Whoa whoa whoa whoa  
No no no no  
That's not no dope  
Get out of this robe  
I'm up in Fendi, they offer champagne  
But I'm sipping lean, and I do not drink  
I'm off of the drugs, and he want some pack  
And she wants a hug, and I want the love  
I knew we would fuck when she got in my tub  
Glory Boyz Musical, young Zac Efron  
I'm off the dope  
I'm off the drink  
Hey love, what's the name?  
Do you smoke?  
Does it stank?  
Then what was falling, wasn't rain

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