

Chief Keef, F What The Opp Said

Fuck what the opp said
Yeah, I'm runnin' fast as I can
Ayy, where you goin'?
On my way to pockets rubber bands

Twelve hundred dollar PT's 'cause I can (Quit that shit, man)
My bitch do ghetto shit with her friends
Bitch ass nigga, fly shit with the Candy Lands, huh
Poles in the kitchen with the pots and pans, god damn
Fuck it, squeeze his top, click clock
Tick, tick, tick, tock, man, your girl a big bop, nigga
Yeah, know how we rock, nigga
Fuck is you talkin' 'bout, nigga?
Better go get your guap, nigga
Stay away from them cops, nigga
Bitch, we been hot niggas
Got some Uzis and some Glocks for the block, nigga
Oh you lift up, don't come down, we at your top
Six still in the box, I'm damn near all he got
All this cash and sauce, need me a broom and a mop
Told me I ain't shit, baby, you stupid or not? ('Cause if you ain't stupid, I ain't shit)
Come over here, let me show you how to move the Glock
Poppin' out on a nigga like Jack-in-the-Box
Bitch, why you starin'? Oh, you like my fuckin' ice?
Think about plottin' on this lottery ticket, you gon' get a price
Treat that pussy like a carnival, tryna win me a price
Went to my jeweler and bought me some ice
Swear I ain't even ask the price
I'm the same nigga stole your bike
Yeah, I'm vicious but I don't bite (Yeah baby, come here, shawty)
Get a thirty to a lil' pint (Baby Duwop, get this)
Had the F&N in my right (Huh, skrrt, skrrt)