

Chief Keef, Flees

In a two seater, in the carpool
Gold runners on, and they are new
And gettin' money, what we up to
You ain't with us, then it's fuck you
Play chess in the streets, make your move
My house in LA look like Cancun
These hoes be takin' selfies in my bathroom
Fo'nem watch the spot from the cam room
We servin' that come back, front one more
The juggs cannot stop me from countin' honchos
You gotta re-up when you run low
I'ma run it up and I'ma run for more
These bitch see the steez when I bop out the car
Met the bitch today but I'll get top by tomorrow
You don't get it like the gang, no not like the scar
I'm on planet Earth, I'm finna shoot back to Mars
On Mars with a scope, finna shoot at the stars
High as fuck, seein' Saturn have a shootout with Mars
Your dime say she see me in two different cars
I just hit Niemans and a few different malls
Back to the wall, feet on the floor
Pedal to the metal, whole bunch of gold
Buy a lot of clothes, achieve a lot of goals
Friends turn foe but I'm wavy like a float
Syrup got me like a snail
On the yacht, finna set sail
Smokin' dope, finna inhale then exhale
All this loud in my fuckin' lungs, man, I can't yell
I can't even pronounce my foreign ass bail
Bitch I'm smoking on dope, bitch, I eat boss-anova
Bitch my pockets on boulders, we don't ride in no Rovers
Bitch we ride I8s, bitch I'm high, outer space
Ride foreigners, no plates, OG Kush, you can taste
I smoke a zip every day, pour the 8 to the face
Bitch we game paper chase, bitch you food, can't relate
Might do a show in Japan, rockin' outfits from France
Catch that pack when it land, watch me go count them bands

At the stoplight, two-seater, me and Yo
Me and Sosa fucked up, nah, that ain't no
Hit the club, bitches bustin' everywhere, yo-yo
Do my thing, flee the scene, I'ma leave with po-po
Snow bunny with me sniffin' Coca Cola co-co
I used to be solo
I steady send shots, miss and that's a low blow
String on the TEC like the string on a yo-yo
Run and I'ma blow though

Coolin' at the spot by the ocean
Pickin' up a bitch off of Ocean Drive
Pulled up to Wells Fargo
Run out that bitch with the sack, hop in the car like bitch drive
I can try to walk a straight line but I'm really high
And I could've took a Greyhound but I'm really fly
Oh yeah I'm fuckin' bitches, baby, I'm not in denial
And the jury tryna steal me but I'm takin' it to trial