

# Chief Keef, Fool Ya

Aye, aye, aye, aye  
Bang Bang Bang!  
Doh, doh doh doh  
Skert, skert, skert  
(DP on the beat)  
Hundred for the one's and two hundred for my

I paid hundred for the ones  
And two hundred for my gun  
Paid a hundred for the drum  
Just to go up in my gun  
Paid fifty for some bullets  
That's your box of bullets  
Shoot 'em at your stomach  
And shoot at your medulla  
With my ruger  
Smoking Tooka  
In my beamer  
I'm a fool  
Pull up on ya  
Pull up to ya  
Switch cars  
Did I fool ya?

Pull up in that 'Rari, hallelujah  
Then I hop up in my Beemer just to fool ya  
Fool your bitch, I pull up in that fucking Hummer  
Hummer H2 bitch, nah this ain't no scooter  
It go faster than a Harley  
Someone please pass me the damn Molly  
Even though I don't smoke with nobody  
I don't need no bodyguard I got my body  
Got my Tommy  
Shoot this shit right up at your tummy  
Now you're looking like a zombie  
Trying to get help but you couldn't find it  
My Beemer colored soo woo ravioli  
'Member when I used to eat ravioli?  
Now I can buy Kay Kay a little pony  
Anything she want, you know I'm on it  
That money I be on it  
I ain't got no business sitting on it  
I just got some business with getting money  
You ain't talking money, that shit phony

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So we're coolin' in my mansion  
Holding your bitch for ransom

How much you got to get her back fam  
She ain't worth shit so I hope you got a bounty  
Boy I heard your belt Versace  
I got 50 times Versace in my pocket  
Money be my logic  
So you know I'm all about it