

Chief Keef, Gloin

GG sports, it's in the game
Ain't no pillow talkers in the game
He's a dork, he's a lame
No you can't hang with the gang if you ain't gang
Boy, I know it, know it, know it
You ain't down like a fuckin' doormat
I'm ridin' 'round lookin' for the money
I hop out, I be gloin', gloin', gloin'

Ring, ring, what's on my line?
Girl, it's that, money, I swear it call all the time
Bang, bang! What's that? - My gun
I up this muthafuckin' blow it boy, better make it, run
Ding ding, what's that? A pizza pie?
If it's an enemy then I won't be surprised
Ding, ding, it's a friend in a disguise
Nigga act like they with you, they out to get you - aahhh

Smokin' on this chimney
God, look at what you did to me
I'm high these bitches be feelin' me
Aye, aye

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Take a picture, it'll last longer
That lil lady got an ass on her
Chief Sosa, he got that cash on him
Call me Chief YC I got them racks, on racks, on racks on me
Cloth, I be cuttin' 'em
I just fronted you some money and you fuck it up
Goons with me, money with me, take it, fuck you up
Boy, you say that you's a gangsta, gotta look you up

Buda, look at what you did to me
Walked in the True Religion store, you know that I got plenty jeans
Johnny Dang, look at what you did to me
Walked up in the jewelry store, walk out like a damn mini freezer

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