

Chief Keef, He Don't Know

Fuck nigga wanna mug
He don't know I got the .40 in the club
He don't know I got my shorties in the cut
Cause this shit goin' very nuts
Throw 'em up, pop up, shootin' shit man, cops out
He don't know we got Glocks on us
He think we gon' knock him out
He said that he want war but he don't know
Can't tell that little boy what he don't know

It's me and Dirty Thirty
Bullets fly, like little birdy birdy
The only pimps I know is Mac and Dirty Thirty
With a Tec, told a 50 you can't have Larry Birdy
Yeah they say money, power, respect
But bitch its money, power, the Tec
Point at your block and won't even have any regret
You fuck niggas be knowing how we get
So don't get screwed, I got some niggas with a bunch of tools
They come through screwin' shit like [moppers do]
Like don't be talkin' what my choppa do
Turn your block to Lil B bitch, Wonton Soup
Pull off in my Lady Gaga, skrr
I got Hannah, Lady Gaga too
Lotta bullets fly, that's what I do

He don't know
Got so many cars, when I pull up he won't know
He was talkin' to this bitch, she was suckin' me, he don't know
And this bitch want blue dream back, I'm like "you don't know"
What I smoke, better smoke OG
I like Ben Franklins baby, I don't fuck with no Gs
Can't wait for no bitch cause these hoes be fuckin' lowkey
Cause you thought your bitch was your bitch
But she was suckin' on me, that thot I like
She ain't know that almighty so got cinnamon rolls
That nigga act like sneak dissin' me gon' get him on
It's me and Ben Frank, I don't like people, me and him get along
Blow your block, givin' out shots for the face just silicone
Cops won't know
Unless one of you lil fuck niggas snitchin' on me
Shootin' up houses
Living rooms, bedrooms, and them kitchens only
Shootin' up cops
Front seats, passenger seats, and them engines only