

# Chief Keef, Tony Montana Flow

Bro  
What up?  
Where are you?  
'Fuck you at?  
You sound 'bout it as fuck  
I'm 'bout to go home, I'm tryna, tryna go to you, can I?  
I ain't even at the house right now  
So when are you gonna be at your house?  
I don't know, in a minute  
Okay, I'm just going to go home, I guess

I just want the blue cheese and a thousand islands  
Bitch, you want me to punch you, bitch, you wildin'-wildin'  
Might not wanna come over here, 'cause bitch it's crowded crowded  
Unless you Master P and bitch you 'bout it 'bout it  
Shorty ass a squirter, that's a talent talent  
King size beds was a palette-palette  
Even in kinder garden, I wasn't tattletalin'  
I ain't generous, I'm not Ellen-Allen  
Life is sweet, nigga love watermelon  
I got green and I'll put it on yo' melon  
Bad ass lil' nigga on the corner sellin'  
Young nigga hungry, got that mornin' belly  
Nigga gettin' money no matter what you selling  
Tell 'em you a pit, get some dog repellent  
Shorty got some time from an informant telling  
Baby bro like, "Give it to me, nigga, I'ma sell it"  
Baby bro gotta take it over and be smarter with it  
And I'm smoking on that musty call me arm pit, man  
I be lettin' my chain and wrist talk to a bunch of bitches  
You can get ya Gyro'd, nigga, no Tzatziki  
At your head, no Medusa-dusa  
You know I be with gorillas, nigga ucka-ucka  
Even when I'm by myself, I'm a noodle knocker  
Pulled up, shittin' on 'em, nigga dooka-dooka  
I know I ain't gotta do it, but I'm a pistol toter  
Just in case the opps see me and be like, "There go Sosa"  
Got a warrant, the cops saw me, like, "Let's go, Sosa"  
What the fuck you was just doin' up in Mexico Sosa?  
Shorty said, "When the last time you been in Chicago Sosa?"  
She like "When the fuck you gon' stop smokin' that Petrol Sosa?"  
She like "You smokin' gas but first was that red stuff Sosa"  
She like "You ridin' foreigners but first it was the metro Sosa"

You drunk? Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
I do  
Bang, huh