

All In

Chief Keef

All in, all in
If you tossing money I am all in
Heard you wanna laugh nigga ball then
I just left yo bitch and I got all in
All in, all in
Yo bitch on me cuz I keep balling
And I swear that this money keep calling
But as long as it keeps coming I am all in

Aww damn
Just got some guns and some balls yeaa
Never wanna hear all in
That mac and tec be cousins
They be bussin, they cussin
Toolie out im like fuck it
Unless the police come I won't tuck it for nothing
Heard niggas on that fuck shit
Click clack this nina ready to fuck shit
Catch up no Dj Mustard
Boy you ain't getting no money if I ain't love it
Money be my discussion
You ain't discussing money, I ain't talkin

All in, all in
If you tossing money I am all in
Heard you wanna laugh nigga ball then
I just left yo bitch and I got all in
All in, all in
Yo bitch on me cuz I keep balling
And I swear that this money keep calling
But as long as it keeps coming I am all in

All in, met yo bitch and I was all in that thang
When I pull up I went all in the paint
Trap house, flats all in that thang
Nah boy you can't hang, nigga you can't hang
You ain't with the glo gang, you ain't with the gang gang
I be spitting propane
It's something that I know man
I be balling, I be wilding
VIP and fuck a line
And I be all up in the club
Standing all over the couches
And I do this shit for Blood
Henny all over the couches
If you talking bout that money, I swear I am bout it

All in, all in
If you tossing money I am all in
Heard you wanna laugh nigga ball then
I just left yo bitch and I got all in
All in, all in
Yo bitch on me cuz I keep balling
And I swear that this money keep calling
But as long as it keeps coming I am all in

I got all the hoes, I got all the hoes

I got all the rolls, I be on the road
I can count this money with my eyes closed
Ride by you, bye-bye ho!
Cuz im bout my rolls, bitch I'm bout my rolls
You ain't talking rolls then I gotta go
I thought you knew, baby I am bout my rolls

I'm bout my pesos, my rolls
You ain't talkin pesos I shoot you in ya nose
And ya mouth
Cuz you wasn't talking right
Better bring that money to the light
BITCH NIGGA
Cuz i'm a rich nigga
For a show I need 6 figures
You talking 30 bands, I'ma take it
But your show I might not make it
Hoes think I am Jamaican
Rastafari dreads they be shaking
Pull up on they block, niggas shaking
Click clack this ning ding finna get baking
Bitch, I eat bacon
But I don't fuck with big, see them then I shake it
They gon try to strip me naked
Take me to the cell I can take it
It ain't nothing, aye
Nigga try me then it's bussin
10-10, call a 10-10 code 10
Cuz that ning ding be my twin twin
That's the only friend I got
Other than guap
My momma told me trust no one
Snakes in the grass one of em gon bite

I got all the hoes, I got all the hoes
I got all the rolls, I be on the road
I can count this money with my eyes closed
Ride by you, bye-bye ho!
Cuz im bout my rolls, bitch I'm bout my rolls
You ain't talking rolls then I gotta go
I thought you knew, baby I am bout my rolls

I thought you mothafuckin knew
Pull up bitch i'm bout my rolls
You ain't talking rolls then we bout to blow
At your mothafuckin skull and your fucking nose
And your teeth nigga
We gonna make your dumbass bleed nigga
30 in this ning ding nigga
It's a drill bitch, ding ding nigga