

Baseball Bat

Chief Keef

Maybe you feel a way baby, yeah
She want to give up neck, ayy
Do it dumb in the air like that, ayy, ayy
That girl spilled my cup, I got mad, yeah
In the air like a baseball bat (Yeah yeah)
Bitch my pockets been on fat (Yeah)
You ain't never been in no 'Lac (Yeah)
Baby I been getting guap
Right when I'm sippin' that Act
In the alley with two or three packs
Riding 'round, three or four straps
Baby come and fuck me perhaps
If you can't take it, start running laps
We shooting baseball caps
Ran off on the plug, ain't bring his eight-ball back

So damn high, I think I see God
Up with the squad, swing by the bars
The hearing is ours, I am the one
I feel like Chris Bosh, ducking the SWAT
Girl bye, I'm in the car
Call you Kanye, you wouldn't get far
Straight from the collage, connected, hotspot
Middle fingers to cops, and to my opps, oh
Off xanny, I'm the man
And you look so fan
7 in the woods, looking for a gram
Where were you? Play with me and my fam
Bitch I'm with the pup, ayy
Tryna call my bluff
I'm the motherfuckin GOAT, ayy
Tell a nigga like hold my nuts, yeah
Fuck nigga locked up
So I got to live it up
Baby doll want to fuck, yeah
But I cannot get it up, up
I'm doing this 'til I'm 70
So high, look high Japanese
Smoking up, loadin' up magazines
She like how it's real, I can't believe
Son say he want to come stay with me
He already know it's okay with me
Said she love me, told her don't play with me
Bitch I been learned my ABC's
What you want?
Oh you want to smoke some dope?
LA, come and ride my boat
FN inside my coat
Don't try to play no games
Get the fuck out my face
Bitch I'm in the game, EA
Know his mama love me baby
Hop out the car, bling blaow
I'm already cute, bitch how?
Oh you see me VV'd down
Throw the curve but wanna see me now
Two thirties aimed at the crowd

Watch your mouth
Really amped up like a cloud

Deep in the trenches, I ain't even think I was gonna make it this far
Track on seven of seven, no lights but I'm racin' this car
Shots fired, we gotta chase him down before he run too far
Ayy, lost Moms and I turned around and I lost my pops
Grab the MAC, gotta make this bitch go glah-ta-ta
If you down then gotta motivate you, go hard
All this money comin' in today
Ain't shit have to worry 'bout tomorrow
If you out in the streets with your team
Don't be dumb, just be a lil' smart
Still gotta watch my back
Know I be in Chiraq
Your dad be feedin' my jack
Young nigga, it's like that
Me and Tealy, SD
FN with the thirty
Junkie might come serve me
Big boss like Fredo
Up a chopper, go Tadoe
Spillin' sauce like queso
But we combat, fatal
Bitch get out my face though
She like damn it's an eight in the cup though
And this beat too tough though
Click clack, do you need a drumroll?

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Yeah ooh, too swagger for two shoes
Empty the corner flu, bossed up like I flew
In your Trues, bitch I'm with my crews
Every draco got a woo, play a bitch like it's a coup
Watchin' out for the feds, crackin' out shit like cans
Ain't tryna help me with a scam, nigga I ain't know your mans, hey
Oh you do it for the 'Gram? Cut your ass all in that cam, ayy
Shawty say she wanna come slide, it's 11 AM