

Beans & Magazines

Chief Keef

Throw you some shells
I got the arm
Unleash the beast
I got in my truck
Hop in my American whip
Hop out the foreign
'Fore you call the police
I'm already gone

Pop out the missile
Hop out a bitch
Was broke, but now man I'm rich
Trynna catch me a fish
Looking like I hit a lick
So much horse and kick
This bitch like a Ferrari
Boy we ain't faking no foul
I was like 8 a gun
Pour ace up but I'm the one
Wanna take KayKay to the lunch
I tell her to get what she want
We staking out on a beef
We coming out like a league
We coming outta the tree
I'm coming outta the V
Told her to fasten her seat belt
Hand me a light' let's get ready to ride
All this ice imma catch frost bite
If you sneak diss you can catch me outside
If you sneak diss then you know it's on sight
Girl we ain't a couple you can't hold my hand
And these dirty ass niggas can't hold my bands
Too many blunts, my eyes bloodshot red
Started hearing voices in my head

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Yeah nigga, foe 'nem, bought them
Ohh got me like I
Got me a wrist
Rocky pockets
Stocky
And we got
Beans and magazines

See me in the wilderness and I'm coming out with Scars
Water well it might be a shark
Baby what caught your eye it might be my ring
And you know this the 50 feet, step in this ring
I'm flexing like I'm stone cold Steve Austin, she wanna ride me like yeehaw

I'm bout my bread, pita
Wanna relax with the seat back
Tint so dark you can't see past
Just had a talk with my ego
Got more more shells than the whole depot

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