

Binoculars

Chief Keef

I close the curtains in my car
My joint looks like an arm
So much toke you'd think I got a farm
But please do not try me I'm armed
I will do ya lots of harm
You better off fuckin' with armored trucks
'Cause we is gon' skyrocket ya
You will see it on binoculars

See I collect, royalties be in mine
High off the dope, I woke up, where am I?
Shoot a nigga down, splat
Where the Shamwow?
You already know the racks
I bought him out
When you talkin' Chief Keef
Do me a favor, watch your teeth
Goin' "skrrt, skrrt", pull up where you be
I'm under the influence, behind the wheel
Man I'm always high as fuck
I ain't got no chills
I close the curtains in my mind
I close the bitches like they're blinds
I close the windows when I smoke
Now you see me
Now you don't

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I close the curtains in my crib
Like everyone know where I live
But I'm so clouded
And I got an army
You sippin' red ruben
And I sip that Barney, bang
I hit the bank 'bout twenty times a day
The shit I'm sippin', it's dirty, it's wine, no way
The shit I'm smokin'
It ain't normal
Ain't talkin' 'bout the smell
Boy, I'm talkin' 'bout the form of it
You know I be smokin' that loud
You can smell it if your nose was stopped up
I try to drive the speed limit now
Just in case the police stop us

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