

## 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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