

Cook

Chief Keef

Sosa baby, G.B.E baby

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In the AMG looking like I cook dope
Since I'm a fucking pimp Imma' need a good hoe
Catch your ass lacking give your ass some good smoke
The bitch up in this foreign will give your ass some good throat
The bitch up in the trap will give your ass a good pack
The shooter riding with me get your ass in a bag
Beef ain't really nothing, nah really it's a snack
Before I made it here I was running through the packs
Running through the racks up in Sax it's a fact
To ride presidential I done blacked out the 'lac
Put the rover up and I done backed out the back
Told 'em send the fiends to he back house for crack
I hop up out the whip look like I sell controlled substances
When she see the ice I bet I leave the bitch like ''oh shit! ''
Looking like the plug 'cause I'm really on my boss shit
Trapper on my lap just in case I have to bust shit

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Got a hundred bags served all dimes
Got a thousand more of those call the line
Snowman I want seventeen fives
What a dealership telling me lies
Told me that my channel was up in the front
But it's in the back bitches think it's summer
Slide the van doors beat a nigga drum
I promise you won't even see a nigga coming
'Cause I move like Obama, 'prolly fucked your mama
Saw a bad bitch walking, she want me to run up
She saw the falcon stripes down the middle of the foreign
Saw the fire out the pipes then I knew that bitch was going
Don't make me hit your college fuck your bitch up in your dorm
I don't even know her too many bitches in my phone
Let me cut this Marvin on that mean we can get it on
You know bitches love dope that's why they can't leave me 'lone

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