

# 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, 'proully 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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