

DOJA

Chief Keef

Ay (Phew)
[?] gang (Trap-a-Holics, bitch)
Go, go (Phew)
Go (Phew)
(Damn, son! Where'd you find this?)

Chief Sosa, I smoke doja (Phew)
I'm in the Rolls with your bitch bent over (Phew)
In the Rover with the soldiers (Phew)
And we got the fucking poles move over (Phew)

Got the toaster and the holster (Phew)
I got angels hovering over my shoulders (Phew)
Twin glicks, nigga. I call 'em "Olsens" (Phew)
I'm so drippy, nigga, I'ma need a coaster (Phew)

Hop off the jet and get straight to the bag
Fuck the lil' niggas, we bigger than that (Phew)
We hit the club and we enter the back
Behind me, lil' bro got a stick in his bag (Phew)
Ricky ran off and got hit in the back
Pull up on that ho and put dick in her back (Phew)

Ay, nah, hold up, hold up, hold up, Trap. Hold up, Pharris
Yeah, see, nah, this that motherfucker Sosa just sent me to lis
ten to right quick
You know what I'm saying? We can't give 'em too much
Man, this that "Dirty Nachos" shit, man
Shit already coming in hot, shit already spicy
Man, let's keep that motherfucker rolling, man
Main course on the way