

Earned It

Chief Keef

I got all my motherfucking jewelry on
You can try to flex like your bitch ass want it
You don't want these bullets flying like some karma
You a motherfucking frog little Kermit
I'm a glo man I don't need a garment
And I'm hotter than a fucking furnace
Take a tooka blunt then I burned it
And I spend this money cause I earned it

[Verse 1: Chief Keef]

That bitch called me on the phone she ain't want shit
Told that bitch don't call my phone with all that nonsense
I be getting to that guap bitch I be guaping
Smoking on this blunt, this shit stunking
I mean skunky, I'm rolling with the funky
Cops pull me over they don't want shit
They just want to say they locked me up
Cause they know I got a lot of bucks
But I'm bonding right out I ain't broke
Niggas ain't getting no money it ain't a joke
You better get some money for your momma or your hopes
Boy yo ass better not be broke
I spent four bands on a coat (On a Moncler)
I spent a fucking band on some loafers
I spent that hunnid on my air force ones
To stomp a nigga in his air force ones
I don't need a jet I want Air Force One
I am fucking president and a sun
Sold a bitch for five thousand and left her one
And threw that fucking shit in the strip club
Niggas flexing this ain't what they want
I up this pump and fill a nigga up
Riding down my block no this ain't what they want
We up these pistols hit a nigga up

[Verse 2: Chief Keef]

Smoking dope like a chimney
Tec on my hip that means that its feeling me
These niggas ain't no kin to me no friend to me
These nigga fucking enemies
Hey the beat go off
I up it then my heat go off
I heard he do that sneaky talk
I heard he was a sneaky dawg
I up this fucking 4-0 then I speak it dawg
Me I take naps and you a sleepy dawg
Catch yo ass in the back shoot up your fe-fe dawg
223 is at your neck, breathing dawg?
Nigga don't even sneeze I get to squeezing dawg
My little bitch a vet she said she need a dawg
She know I get them checks and I don't speak at all
Some bitches bully me and Justin Bieber y'all
I'm in the kitchen cooking Justin Bieber y'all
I ain't got none of them shades I'm still not seeing y'all
Lil' bitch I'm glo I don't want to be with y'all
White air force ones cause that's how I'm feeling y'all

I'm from Chiraq where they be killing y'all
All these fuck niggas and their feeling hard
I'm laughing to the bank like ha-ha-ha-ha
And I got my Glock and this bitch click clack pow