

## Flees

Chief Keef

In a two seater, in the carpool  
Gold runners on, and they are new  
And gettin' money, what we up to  
You ain't with us, then it's fuck you  
Play chess in the streets, make your move  
My house in LA look like Cancun  
These hoes be takin' selfies in my bathroom  
Fo'nem watch the spot from the cam room  
We servin' that come back, front one more  
The juggs cannot stop me from countin' honchos  
You gotta re-up when you run low  
I'ma run it up and I'ma run for more  
These bitch see the steez when I bop out the car  
Met the bitch today but I'll get top by tomorrow  
You don't get it like the gang, no not like the scar  
I'm on planet Earth, I'm finna shoot back to Mars  
On Mars with a scope, finna shoot at the stars  
High as fuck, seein' Saturn have a shootout with Mars  
Your dime say she see me in two different cars  
I just hit Niemans and a few different malls  
Back to the wall, feet on the floor  
Pedal to the metal, whole bunch of gold  
Buy a lot of clothes, achieve a lot of goals  
Friends turn foe but I'm wavy like a float  
Syrup got me like a snail  
On the yacht, finna set sail  
Smokin' dope, finna inhale then exhale  
All this loud in my fuckin' lungs, man, I can't yell  
I can't even pronounce my foreign ass bail  
Bitch I'm smoking on dope, bitch, I eat boss-anova  
Bitch my pockets on boulders, we don't ride in no Rovers  
Bitch we ride I8s, bitch I'm high, outer space  
Ride foreigners, no plates, OG Kush, you can taste  
I smoke a zip every day, pour the 8 to the face  
Bitch we game paper chase, bitch you food, can't relate  
Might do a show in Japan, rockin' outfits from France  
Catch that pack when it land, watch me go count them bands

At the stoplight, two-seater, me and Yo  
Me and Sosa fucked up, nah, that ain't no  
Hit the club, bitches bustin' everywhere, yo-yo  
Do my thing, flee the scene, I'ma leave with po-po  
Snow bunny with me sniffin' Coca Cola co-co  
I used to be solo  
I steady send shots, miss and that's a low blow  
String on the TEC like the string on a yo-yo  
Run and I'ma blow though

Coolin' at the spot by the ocean  
Pickin' up a bitch off of Ocean Drive  
Pulled up to Wells Fargo  
Run out that bitch with the sack, hop in the car like bitch drive  
I can try to walk a straight line but I'm really high  
And I could've took a Greyhound but I'm really fly  
Oh yeah I'm fuckin' bitches, baby, I'm not in denial  
And the jury tryna steal me but I'm takin' it to trial