

Gated

Chief Keef

Yeah Sosa

Sosa and Soulja, Sosa and Soulja, Sosa and Soulja

Sosa and Soulja, Sosa and Soulja, Bah

Yeah, Sosa, Soulja

Sosa and Soulja, Sosa and Soulja, Sosa and Soulja

Sosa and Soulja (Turbo, Draco)

Sosa and Soulja, Sosa and Soulja

Court in Miami, they pay casement

FN with me, like my lady

He playin' crazy, niggas been flodgin' lately

Woke up my baby, my spot gated

Been had the Beamers, got a Mercedes

Rockin' the latest, bitch I'm the greatest

Bitch I'm greedy, ayy, she Ace of Spade it, yeah

Never debate it, ayy, we get to sprayin'

It's 11AM, a nigga still up

Runnin' it up, ain't been to sleep once

I get it done, let's have some fun

Shootout your dread, now it's a bun

Boy when we come, you better run

What is to you, I am the one

Light up a spark, 'bout to walk in the park

RIP Dart, rip you apart

She don't like when it fart, I told her I do

Smokin' the goo, top of the coupe

Won't stop at you, actin' a fool

I see you fu', catch you with two

I got me a cup, but I don't sip deuce

Step down on the kush, I might get a Dually

I'm up with tooly, these niggas fooly

Dick in her booty, my pants is Tsubi

Boy's watch is foolish, bitch work at Hooters

They said I couldn't do it, tell 'em I do this

They boy alley-oop me, I shine like a ruby

More clips than a movie, I need a movie

I'm in the club makin' a movie

Thanks to my jeweler, ice like it's stupid

Try not to love me, she dodgin' a bullet

My ice have you woozy, like you off hookah

I didn't pay my shooter, I try not to snooze

When I say 'choo, fifty times two

Took her some' new, I'm wearin' some' new

She skatin' the coupe, okay new new

Come play the flute, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

I'm in the mood, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

How can I lose? yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Eat ramen noodles, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Count me some loot, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Hop in the booth, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Your shit stupid, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Might hallelujah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Gettin' the pad, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Gettin' the bag, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

I love to swag, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Don't mean to brag, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Pants is tight, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Still tote FN, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
I ain't your friend, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah, ayy
You ain't my mans, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Pants cost a grand, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Paid her with a gram, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
'Bout to buy me some land, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
As soon as I land, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Think he breakin' in, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Get hit with the fan, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Ain't talkin' the fan, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Eagle ball at your mans, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
The hawk finna land, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Fall off of the Benz, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Ain't shakin' no hands, no no no no no
I'm really the man, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
I should have friends, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Just to get pants, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Louis my lens, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
We get them hands, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
I was 15 years old, with a four-four, kick in the door
I put that on foes, oh who we go, I'm trained to blow
I'm from the go, pop zip and reload, gang we an O
Pimpin' the bowl, yeah, J at the door, bring the K to the door
13 years old, hand-me-down clothes, couldn't fold under Bo
7 years old, runnin' through the O, pickin' my nose
Jumped in the front of, knife of my mama, she was fightin' some ho
Yeah I got cut, fuck nigga what? Right in the throat
Want me to fraud, she came back home, with twenty rich bags cuttin' the gras
s, snakes and some ass, life it was fast
Wake up and stretch, mixed call from my ex, she talkin' 'bout sex
I got a check, check on the check, where is it at? ayy

I'm with the gang, we shoot F&N's
I catch you lackin', one in his chin
Hollow tips, he won't walk again
Leave him handicapped, he gon' crawl again
Try to take somethin', you gon' take a hollow
Got a bad bitch and you know she swallow
Got a Huracán and a Murciélago
Hop up in the Demon, finna start auto
Half a million dollars, in Wells Fargo
Nigga know I'm poppin', like a bottle
Stacks On Deck Gang, Glory Gang
Money Gang, that's my gang
Yeah, trap one, trap two, uh
Trap three, nigga one more time
One AK, one of a kind
1-800 hot shit, nigga bullets flyin'
Yeah, we trap shit, nigga hit my line
Catch me in that foreign and a nigga flyin'
Diamonds on my chain make a nigga blind
Grab your bitch, hit her from behind
Ayy, I said Sosa and Soulja (Turbo)
Put the red bricks in a Rover, ayy
Said I pull up and stunt
Pull up and dump, bricks in the truck
Call up Pablo Escobar, ayy
Me and Sosa ridin' in a foreign car, ayy
Drive the Lamborghini like a stolen car, ayy
Rollin' up gas out the cookie jar
Flexin' late, whip Mercedes, like a baby
Trap go crazy, she want to be my lady
Fuck you, pay me, nigga fuck you, pay me

Ayy, I whip it up like babies
Trap go crazy, he been flexin' lately
They ain't gated, mansion gated
Yeah, fuck you, pay me, nigga fuck you, pay me (Yeah)