

Get Your Mind Right

Chief Keef

It's not a trick question, yeah I'm smoking dope
Walk through the door, get your camera phones
Come through, mechanic shit, get your hammers on
If you want a peace treat, call my cellular phone
It's not a trick question, I don't fuck with opps
I don't rock with cops, I send a bunch of shots
Some cops be cool because they give me passes
Doing 1-10 in my car, they like "this nigga savage"
I got the Glock, Tony, Sosa I'm Sammy
I'ma dog and a lion bitch, I ain't Bambi
Catch the bag like Randy, long as this money in it
She told me that her pussy tight, I fit my Johnny it
Fuck that bitch then I'm dipping, yeah I'm really pimping
I'ma Kobe Bryant, you's a Scottie Pippen
I got my semi in it, the club in Philly with it
Then I leave Philly with a bunch of silly bitches
Tricks are for kids, you need a Doctor Kid
Cause when I'm done stitching your ass, don't let your mama see it
In my 4K TV house, it's a bunch of sheets
Come in here tryna hit a lick, commercial get a bunch of beats
I'm cooling with the stars in the sky
Don't be fucking with my dogs cause they bite
I hop out looking like some raw in the pipe
Like it's Memorials Day, got on all white
I had a dream like Doctor King
What can you bring to the table? I got lots of things
I got Tommies, I got mobster things
Come through like a janitor, we moping things
Forensics come check it out, come in here won't make it out
Like new clothes, I lay it out, boy fuck around, get aired out
You play the shit off, I play it out
You mumble the shit, nigga say it out
Shoot your ass like a lil mud dog
What the fuck you eating, nigga? Spit it out
Pull up in a Hummer, looking for some mamas
Know I ain't gon' fuck her, cause he looks like his mother
His baby mama comma, cumming on my Johnson
Cause I be doing numbers, cause I be getting money
It's not a trick question, what's your machine?
I treat your block like a classroom, I'm serving it
Put your face on Sarans, bitch I'm doubling it
Told you my pistol was celibate, don't fuck with it
I'm like a husky, you're like a puppy
I'm sipping muddy all day and night, I'm Kid Cudi
She got a buddy, and she tryna fuck me
Take that baby home with his pacifier then suck me
I got a blue pipe, it glow like blue lights
Make your face camouflage, you got [?] right?
This dope I'm smoking on, it smoke like [?] right?
You get it, that's a dope line in Chicago, all white
Got a bitch named Moussi, she give me coochie
This that Gucci, no this ain't no Coogi
Free Gucci, get here with the Uzi
Free T-Slick, he come through with the toolie
Push your hairline, barber shop
I got a Jordan shot, you shoot like Chris Bosh
I was smoking, I was leaning, leaning hard

I be leaning like I'm standing on the balcony
Bang