

Grape Trees

Chief Keef

I pulled up to the party like damn
I'm a motherfuckin' player, what the fuck is a bride?
I'm a wolf, so I walk around and growl at the moon
(Glory Gang)
I don't be fuckin' with these bitches, rather hang with my guys
Your mama should've pushed your broke ass back inside of the womb
(Home of the Glory Gang)
Hoes always hatin' on me, what the fuck did I do?
I'm in a spaceship, watch me fly it over the moon
I ain't fuckin' with that nigga if he wear ugly shoes
Baby, you gon' be fucked up and you ain't gon' know what to do
I ain't fuckin' with that nigga if he wear ugly shoes
Grind, nigga, s-
Grind- grind, nigga, s-
(You think this ho care about what you doin' out here in these streets? All
this bitch care about is get her bills paid, nigga)
Grind, nigga, stay sleep
You ain't tryna get out the bed and grind, nigga, stay sleep
(Come out your pocket, nigga, break yourself like they used to say in the mo
vies, nigga)
Tune
(Bitch robbin' you without a gun)
Tune
(She in another nigga DM, she got forty other niggas in her phone on call, y
ou at the bottom of the totem pole)
Tune
(Sosa on the beat)

I'm a wolf, so I walk around and growl at the moon
Boy, you live with that bitch, she gon' get tired of you soon
Your mama should've pushed your broke ass back inside of the womb
I ain't never gettin' married, nigga, what is a groom?
I'm in a spaceship, watch me fly it over the moon
I don't know you, I can't pass my fuckin' blunt to you, fool
Baby mama wish I died, but baby, what if it's true?
Baby, you gon' be fucked up and you ain't gon' know what to do

No chains around my neck for four necks and a half
All this cash up in my pocket, man, I fucked up my math
I be sippin' clean drank like it fell in a bath
I be ballin' so damn hard, you'd think I play with the Cavs
This bitch laugh so motherfuckin' fake, I hate when she laugh
Man, these pussies don't want no beef, we turn they ass into calf
Nigga, you hated me back then and your ass hatin' me now
If you don't love me for real, stop throwin' that word around
Man, these hoes love gettin' around, they just love gettin' around
I be ballin' winter, summer, spring, all year round
We lookin' for love, baby, man, I hope my heart can get found
Nah, we ain't from the A, still'll hawk a nigga down
I pull up on the lot in a Lamb'
I pulled off the lot in a Cullinan
I pulled up to the party like damn
I ain't better, alright, bet, man, who better then?
I got so high, nigga turned to Method Man
Pull a million out, bitch, this ain't no settlement
Bro on go, he waitin' on me to tell him when
Go check in, we gon' get you settled in

I'm a motherfuckin' player, what the fuck is a bride?
I don't be fuckin' with these bitches, rather hang with my guys (Gang, gang)
Ridin' in the spaceship, I got my twin on the side (Skrtrt, skrtrt, skrtrt, skr
rt, skrtrt)
Smoked a blunt of that thing, don't talk to me when I'm fried
I ain't fuckin' with that nigga if he wear ugly shoes
I don't gotta choose a nigga, when they see me, they choose
Hoes always hatin' on me, what the fuck did I do?
Is you mad 'cause I look better and I'm fresher than you? (It's Sexyy)
Almighty and Big Sexyy slidin' in the spacecraft (Skrtrt)
Bitch, don't get an attitude 'cause you'll get your head cracked
None of you hoes can't fuck with me, they boring and they coochie wack
Northside bitch, in a foreign, but I like Hellcats (You know it)
No panties on when I rock that long sundress (No)
Titties sittin' pretty, I'm the real hood princess (Northside)
When I come around, all these niggas try to impress
I pull up in that new ball, AMG, or SS

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I pull up on the lot in a Lamb'
I pulled off the lot in a Cullinan
(Some of y'all niggas get caught up on these bitches)
I pulled up to the party like damn
I ain't better, alright, bet, man, who better then?
(You think this ho love you, nigga?)
I got so high, nigga turned to Method Man
(You a side piece, nigga, circus act, Looney Tune)
Pull a million out, bitch, this ain't no settlement
(You got that cape out the cleaners thinkin' you gon leap some buildings and
stop some bullets, nigga)
Bro on go, he waitin' on me to tell him when
Go check in, we gon' get you settled in
(You can't save this motherfuckin' ho, nigga)
I pull up on the lot in a Lamb'
I pulled up to the party like damn
(-y Gang)
I got so high, nigga turned to Method Man
(The Glory Gang)
Bro on go, he waitin' on me to tell him when
(Sosa on the beat)