

Hadouken

Chief Keef

Ayy, ayy
Nah for real, y'all know I've been doing that shit
I've been a legend man, I've been having them balls man
Y'all just gotta listen man
I ain't talkin' fast you just listenin' slow stupid, ayy

Sosa where the Hawk go, did you trade it in? (No!)
Hell no, I spent another 40k on the Beam
I don't play but when I play, bitch I play to win (Ha?)
All this money comin' in, it'll make you grin
And in stash it's a FN gotta make it in (Bang)
Pussy said he want smoke better take it in (Bang)
You in them Chiraq streets, better take it easy
I can never wear your chain boy it's too cheesy
Told my bitch I ain't with no bitch and said she don't believe me
But she believe me if I paid a band for a Beanie
I had 5-10 bands in my True Jeanies (True, True)
Where that shit come from? Man I had a genie
I had all that, trynna make a shout out at my granny
And my wrist cost a baby I'ma need a nanny
You the type of nigga link up with a tranny
Bought a new set of 'nanas for the chimpanzees
Baby sosa bad ass was off six xannies
I don't want to fuck that bitch, she wearin' big panties
I can go and buy yo same watch for my granny
I do what I gotta do for my fuckin' family
Heat sensor on AR, call me Call Of Duty
He a streetfighter hit his ass with the Hadouken
Backdoored by a bitch, that shit too flukey
Gravitated off the ground, that's some super Tookie
Said you ain't got my money, you shittin' me Smokey?
Chief Sosa in your house that bitch gon' be smokin'
I got high off that bitch head, she tryna overdose me
Got a cuban on my throat so she gon' overthroat me
I just bought a taurus in case I got a horoscope
All this water on my body she gon' need a floatie (Bang)
Gotta close the backdoor 'cause they gon' leave it open
Nigga I can kill this shit by just breathin' on it

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh

You's a fucking cheerleader, nigga bring it on
I put stars in the ceiling of my Lambo
Folks 'nem'll leave you duckin' like a limbo (Ay, Ay)
Like Machine Gun, I feel like Rambo
And it take close to 50. cal ammo
Man my shorty get surgical like training day
Dirty ass BM throw my chain away
I don't care hoe, I woke up feelin' great today (Fuck it)
Wide body demon hawk, gonna make a play (True)
Seen my cousin and I gave that lil nigga my chain
Told them when they city hot nigga make it rain (Rain)
Sosa brushin' out his beard call them Abraham
When the city got cold, Chief Sosa made it flame (Haa)
Sosa ridin' with that stuff, I ain't talkin' Tameka sister (Word)
Shawty freak ass, trynna suck me while these people lookin'
I can have my eyes closed and still can see you lookin'

We was in the streets figthin', ridin' with Hadoukens

Hadouken (ugh, ugh, ugh), Hadouken (ugh, ugh), Hadouken (ugh)

Pulled up in spaceship, bitch get a glimpse
I smell fishy shit, you fuck with scrips
I up the chopstick, you did a flip
Tryna shoot the most bird, I call it clip
Ain't no other way to go, but up up the riff
Steady sendin' death threats, well, now you stick
Let my wrist stomp, they like "yep, it's a limb"
My cuban link cost 10 thousand grills
Baby Sosa prolly sold your 10 thousand grams
On the asphalt, that's yo shit on the ground
Go go go, if you a threat, you get put down
Ay I gotta glo and get that money man, who dem?
Police ridin' up this street, we parkin' with heats, scoot down
Pulled up in that Urus, kitted up, she like 'oh damn'
LA Lakers front row seats, Lebron with them
The boys in this bitch with me too it's goin' g'down

Hadouken, Hadouken, Hadouken