

Hardly

Chief Keef

Hold that thought, let me think
Pour a cup, let me drink
Girl you got an apple, let me touch
The police comin', let me tuck
Eyes red, my cash blue
45 black, my tattoos
Take 50 racks to Barney's
I love these bitches, hardly

To my fallen soldiers, know they restin' up
They know everyday that I'm blessed as fuck
Carbon fire hydrant, he a' wet you up
You lackin' no cheetahs we a' catchin' up
You know I get that cheese, nigga Parmesan
Dinner is ready, nigga come get some
Ain't no one-on-ones, nigga one is one
Don't make me lace up and play run and gun
I'm in these streets, I'm walkin' like
I'm in this foreign, I roll a bike
My hair not down, I run it up
Only thing I can give is zero fucks

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Feelin' hardly in them hundred car seats
Treat a tour bus like a fuckin' RV
Pardon we, we finna crash a party
Made a Benjamin, Picasso is a fuckin' art piece
Take the gang, hit the road
What we live by, is a code
I'm on an ocean, I rode the bus
There's certain shit I can't discuss
My dawgs slow, it loves licks
Go send your shots, it's nun' but bricks
I'm too authentic, you counterfeit
Choppers start glitchin' when it's tampered with
Smoked gelato, a pound of it
Two bitches, sandwich it
16 lines of the Tech, Fanta it
Peep the finish line, rental it
I fucked so many crazy hoes, I'm out my mind
And you can smack me, if I was lyin'
I peep who with me, I peep who lyin'
Who tryna' stop me, I said who tryn'

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