

Hot Shit

Chief Keef

Mic check let a nigga flex
He get wet, he get that hot shit
I got my Bernie Mac, nigga who you with
I'm coolin' with the gang, and nigga we on that hot shit
I know I'm rich I still be doin' 6, everywhere, anywhere
You know I'ma rep my shit, bandana on the choppa
I Juelz my shit, I can cut my dreads off and I can sell my shit

Smokin on this loud, you can smell my shit
Hop out the car, you can smell my whip
I don't fuck with coochie if you can smell that shit
I don't want the coochie if she sell that shit
She said she ain't a thot, she tellin fairy tells and shit
I pull up on ya block and I hear yells and shit
See I got verses but bitch, I don't got em for the low
She said that she love me but baby I ain't retarded doe
I just hit the earth, drop in my veins to let you know
I just rolled three grams in that thang from Texaco
When I pull up you know I be TNT (Too Turnt)
Hop out and I be Chiefin' Keef

No more loco, Sachi solo
9 to 5 no, no, we T'd and we slow-mo
Actavis, I'm in love with 4 o-z
Leaned out is how I be
God damn it's hard to stand, and no I can not see
I'm about to hit a lick at Paradime
Trade in the script for a pair of dimes
I'm a star so you know I'm sonnin' bitches
They just mad that I'm having fun with this shit
They just mad that I'm buying lunches with it
Passport with 300 tickets
Bang Bang, 300 and shit