

Hot

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 (dope)
Hop up out the car and you can smell my whip
I don't fuck with coochie if you can smell the shit
I don't want the coochie if she sell the shit
She say she ain't a thot, she tellin' fairy tails and shit
I pull up on your block and I hear yells and shit
See, I got verses, but bitch I don't got 'em for the low
She said she love me, but baby ain't retarded though
I just hit the earth, drop in my veins to let you know
I just rolled 3 grams in that thing from Texaco
When I pull up, you know I be TNT (Too Turnt)
Hop out and I be chiefing keef

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