

## How It Go

Chief Keef

You know how it go, baby you know how it go  
I'm doing shows on the road  
Getting dough girl you know how it go  
Fucking hoes girl you know how it go  
Counting rolls girl you know how it go  
I got my pole girl you know how it go  
I can't trust a soul girl you know how it go

I be counting stacks smoking Thrax on the road  
After she give me neck break the back on ya ho  
I ain't with that cappin' put a cap in yo skull  
I know it's usually Tray Savage but I got this Mac to your skull  
Give my 30 to Tadoe  
Bullets fly like birdies so lay low  
Like French niggas actin' so it's me and bankroll  
I am pistol packing and I know, they don't need to say so  
Smoking loud pack for my problems  
But I got a mac that a solve them  
I tote 30's no revolvers  
Aim at ya medulla like, "Now what?"  
Kush got me brain damaged smoking all this sour  
And I got my cowboys, for all these cowards  
He say he a clout boy? then fuck it clap them  
Fucking with my racks boy, buck shots gon' find him  
He say he a clout boy then fucking cloud them  
Fucking with my racks boy buck shots gon' find him

I ain't with the actin' but I got stand in clips  
Flexing like you bout it but your chest can get ripped  
He think he Titanic put a gat to your ship  
Pistol got me vibrating fuck a nigga in here  
Only thing I know I ain't scared lions or big bears  
Only thing I know better stop worrying bout mine and get theirs  
But that's how it go when you at the top looking at the  
Bottom of the world like, "Damn I used to be there."  
I ain't with that opp shit or that cop shit  
But I am with Glo Gang we get the gwap quick  
All these niggas up in they feelings  
Smoking loud pack I can't hear my feelings  
All a nigga want is some billions  
But I'm smoking loud pack while I spend my millions  
No MC Hammer bitch I'm Sosa Jigga  
No I don't know nothing no I didn't did it  
No MC Hammer bitch I'm Sosa Jigga  
No I don't know nothing no I didn't did it