

# Jesus

Chief Keef

Foenem Radio, bitch (Bang)

I done seen the same shit that I already seen  
I done got my hands dirty tryna keep 'em clean  
I seen money from rap and a triple beam  
New shit, got Glocks with triple beams  
I done seen more ass than a damn surgeon  
Put me in a time machine, let me reverse it  
Where I'm from, it get live, but we don't rehearse it  
Young nigga chasin' dreams, the streets not working  
Baby, leave that ass alone, everything not perfect  
You should never give up if everything's not working  
If you ever see me in Malibu, I'm not surfing  
I just had to switch locations, resurface  
Baby, leave that ass alone, everything's meant to be  
I got bags under my eyes, it don't mean I need sleep  
Yeah, I know I ain't slept, but it was just a POV  
Don't look up to me, go look up to G-O-D

Dark night, little Zamunda  
Fade to black  
Bitch nigga  
Black nigga  
Twenty-one darkness  
Twenty-one shadows  
In the oven  
Zyliss skillet  
Skillet lit  
Uzi burnt (Bang)  
Young limo tint (Bang)  
Foenem Radio, bitch (Bang)

Don't look up to Chief Sosa, look up to Jesus Christ  
All these two-liters, I need an endorsement with Sprite  
Bitch say she believe me, but she don't believe the hype  
Ex asked me, "How's life?" Told that bitch, "Nice"  
Grab the AK and show y'all I know my ABC  
Nigga said he did what? Man, that's make-believe  
Sippin' sizzurp like it grow on maple trees  
Turn your head into a baseball, major league  
Rollin' all this weed 'cause this shit grow on trees  
Spending all this cash like the money grow on trees  
Yeah, that bitch'll leave you, but your problems won't leave  
All this ice on, I'ma need a long-sleeve  
Letting off the hammer, damn near pulled a hamstring  
We pour pints to celebrate, not no damn champagne  
I'm a king, not a prince, I'm still sippin' purple rain  
We ain't mad 'bout a bitch, EA, it's in the game  
Chief So the first man, bitch, I'm still in the gang  
We'll color your ass red, don't be standing in the paint  
Nigga talkin' 'bout he a P, nigga, you put the P in prank  
Ridin' with the AR, we put the A and R in rank  
Say you signed for a Hank, nigga, I spend that shit on drank  
Pull up and make it crank with the ratchet and the clank  
I got money in the bank, I like Grant, Jackson, Frank  
Bill got a nigga served, they say this shit for Lil Saint

I'll still get him cut, try messing with the flame  
Fuck it, life not perfect, dump an eight out for the pain  
I was walking through the rain, blood diamonds in the face  
Like a slavemaster, all my niggas havin' whips and chains  
Car way faster, Hellcat, widebody frame  
Optimus Prime, blick transform a nigga brain  
I don't got no feelings when I'm fried off the drank  
Know I really love shorty, but I'm dealing with some things

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Young nigga burnt out, he'll crash for some fame  
Leave a bitch body orange like a fuckin' spray tan  
I don't know Miley Cyrus, I move molly sand tan  
Big Glock, Flintstone, motherfucker, bam, bam  
We don't got the same vision, I can't rock no Ray-Ban  
Silver crosses on the Rollie, this a Chrome Heart band  
Turbo Porsche 911 like the fuckin' fireman  
Yellow-red Trackhawk, I feel like I'm Iron Man

Right now, it's all about the windy city  
Chicago's hardest nigga in town  
My nigga Sosa  
We back reunited  
'Bout to shit on the whole world right now (Foenem Radio, bitch)  
He's 'bout to shit on all his haters with this new shit  
This new Almighty So 2 is gonna shit on everybody  
Shoot that motherfucker  
Hey, fuck you  
Go to the medics, go to the medics  
I got one down