

Knock It Off

Chief Keef

I had a 30 in my hollister
Now I go with gucci and I cop it all
Get out the way if you're not involved
Do me a favor knock it off
Bang. Bang bang

Don't approach me if it ain't bout money
Boy you know how I'm coming
No I can not pull up
She say I'm acting funny
Hop out get bags of money
Rock out like led zep-pelin
Thot like, "what? you won't do nothin'"
She let me fuck this morning
Went an picked up a bag
These niggas is stealin' swag
I can not fuck with you
If you don't fuck with gang
Roll up and blow ya brain
Roll up its to the brain
Your life spent on my chain
She unbutton these balmain
Its 30 [?] them guys with me
We bout it no master P
Smoking this celery
Counting a salary
You did not ride with me
Cause you were doubting me
You could have had your name on a big falcon tee

I'm swervin, I'm not suburban
We ain't worried, yeah we searchin
Don't get nervous, eat this bird shit
We at it early, mac burning

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You know I got them thousands
And they in my trousers
I'll buy a bag of weed
With your allowance
Buy some kicks it's gon round me
To the nearest thousands
Too much damn dino juice
I'm feeling lousy
You like to copy
I have the hobbies
Don't make me sign turbo
On your autopsy
You're with your posse
We got a shotty
I am with ISIS
You cannot stop me

With gang I blow dope with them
We be like on folks and them
Sippin all this lean baby
Can you tell me something
Am I slurrin'?
Am I slurrin'?
Bitches say I look better in person

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I'm riding with my soldiers
Fast roller coaster
If you don't understand me
Blah go the toaster
I'm hard on my motor
I am not a loafer
You don't want no cancer
I keep the toaster
You know I got the piece
And a pound of weed
This weed ain't got no seeds
Your bed ain't got no freak
I just po'd up four threes
You're runnin out of lean
I just wanna be on Forbes
I'm runnin out of dreams

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