

Letter

Chief Keef

'Member when my teacher told me I wasn't gon be shit
Now I can freak her, freak my teacher
'Cause I got the stacks, 'cause I got the racks
And I got dem guns dem, bitches gratata click-clack nigga, brat brat brat

Never tell me what the fuck I can't be
Should take a trip to fucking Beijing
Girl, that's red bottoms, niggas babies
Ima grown boy, boy you a baby
Even though I'm a baby
I get cakey, daily
Gotta gun and that's off safety
Mama always told me never let a nigga play me
Ima get my ass whooped and I couldn't take it

What's the situation is the situation paper
If it is shakeup, Ima earthquake up
Cooling with paper, ballin' is my major
Shit who wants some top, wait up baby I'll take that
Pull up on the motherfucking label, "where my cake at?"
'Fore I up this motherfucking chopper and spray it
Fuck Rehab, I get high for Bob Marley
007, bitch the skies falling
Bought me some rugers, I was tired of Glock 40s
Put it on Blood, bitch I'm guap shorty
Put it on cause, bitch I'm a hot shorty
Ima burn ya ass, on the spot shawty
Bananas in the summer
Chinchillas in the winter
Heard you was mad about your thot, nigga get her
Made it from the bottom to the top, niggas didn't
That's why my mansion 2 million, niggas bigger

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Heard fuck niggas was plotting on the low
From Chiraq I been spotting on the low
I know everything before the thot did know
I pull up on your block poppin' shit, Crisco
I am rich now, 'member when I was in the field
Running around the block, while niggas getting killed
Niggas sending shots, we gon send them back
Baby, I'm the driver, I ain't in the back
Pull up in a foreign, they like "who is that?"
On Tooka day, smoking Tooka pack
Pull off and I'm touring all the hoodlums man
Bitch, I'm Yung Joc, I'll do ya bad
Cool kid on the gun and it will cool ya ass
Do this rap shit for fun, let it fool ya ass

Fredo coming out the cut, he gon do ya ass
Tadoe slow ass, he shot him more times