

Light Heist

Chief Keef

All right like a nightlight
So much cash that my pockets look pregnant
They all know I'm knocked up
Like a nightlight, stop at the stoplight
Drove off, ran the red light, there the cops is
Tryna put me into lock up
Remember having rocks in my timbos
Ran off with the coke money
Pull up, bounce out the all-white thing
That there is a snow bunny

The car all right like a nightlight
Ain't gon' stop at the stoplight
I sip Barney, you sip stop signs, yea that sounds about right
I wear astronaut clothes
Pull up, foreign be Kongos
Take 300 outta Wells Fargo
I'm waiving, no bar-codes
You see your reflection in my ice
I left you, boy you not bright
My bitch so bad that it's not nice
Say I ain't gettin top then it's bye-bye
You smoking on low, boy you not high
I keep spinach like Popeye
Brown bag full of cash, no white rice
All the cash out the bank, that's a light heist

Pull up, peeking out the car, no samples
Let the mac out the top, no sun roof
Throwing cash out the top, I'ma bank-teller
Ride the car like I rode the mongoose
Fill yo block up til it's no more
Hear the SoundClick, no Johnny Juliano
I'm on the high speed OJ and the bronco
Got the Yao Ming and Mutombo
I be with Smokey and the bandits
You a cat but you be with the rat pack
Running for the ball, intercept that
If I don't, that's where you get sacked at
Party too hot like crisco, pop pop
I got enough cream for the whole cafe no hard rock
Remember having rocks in my timbos
Ran off with the coke money
Pull up, bounce out the all-white thing
That there is a snow bunny
Pull up to the show get the 40 G's, do that in one hour
What the fuck do I hop in when I lean
That there is a snow plower

The car all right like a nightlight
Ain't gon' stop at the stoplight
I sip Barney, you sip stop signs, yea that sounds about right
I wear astronaut clothes
Pull up, foreign be kongos
Take 300 outta Wells Fargo
I'm waiving, no bar-codes
You see your reflection in my eyes

I left you, boy you not right
My bitch so bad that it's not nice
Say I get top then it's bye-bye
You smoking on low, boy you not high
I keep spinach like Popeye
Brown bag full of cash, no white rice
All the cash out the bank, that's a light heist