

Madder

Chief Keef

Throw your sets up
You put the wrong set up
Then I blow your head up
Fat blunts stuffed crust
Yeah fast truck
Yeah I'm about that cabbage
But I'm still a savage
Choppa giving out jobs
Nigga go and sign up
Smoke cake up in yo shit
Nigga put them pies up
Sosa walk up in the building
And these hoes rise up
And I'm getting all this money
To make these niggas madder

I don't give a rats ass
Leave your bitch and boyfriend
You get your dumb ass blasted
You threw the wrong set up
I ain't talking bullet holes
But my car will wet up
With a bunch of bullet holes
Get your shit wet up
Knock the hair off your head
Nigga fuck your touch luck
We rolling down your block
Had to give you a heads up
You know I ain't talking full
When I say I'm fed up
I used to be the little homie
Now I'm giving lectures
Hey Sosa what you want in this?
The cake
Girl you can call me sonami
The quake
Girl I know you use your ponami
For bait
Don't know if I want the box or the top
I gotta debate yeah

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I gotta count the Benjis
The law was out to get me
But me and my lawyer
We ain't trippin'
We beat the case
And walk off skippin'
Hey boy why yo weed so low
I can't hear it
My weed so loud
Turn it up yeah I hear it
That's ? speakers
And I can't hear a peep
The way I eat these b's up
It could be a secret

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