Neph Nem

Chief Keef

On Roc grave, on Cap head, So, foe
You be tweakin', foe, you know what to do with this **** though, Roc grave
Keep that though, foe, keep that so they know, on folks 'nem

Twenty pounds of gross in the trunk, I know you smell it on me (Woo, woo)
Ain't no crossin' Sosa, bitch, you know what happened to Tony (Woo, woo, woo)
Before I let a bitch play me, I'd rather play with Sony (Woo, woo)
I'm a Southside-ass nigga, catch me ridin' down Stony (Woo, woo)

I just, I just, I just, I just
I just, I just, I just, I just
I just, I just, I just, I just
I just, I just, I just
I just blew the top off it (Woo), hot dog on it (Woo)
White Rolls boys, does it look like God, don't it? (Woo, woo)
Porsche 918 (Woo), frog eyes on it (Woo)
Pay all cash, put my son life on it (Woo, woo)
Ran into a lick (Woo), put the squad on it (Woo)
I can get you gone with just one nod, homie (Woo, woo)
Shit been gettin' fishy (Woo), fishin' rod on me (Woo)
Bitch brought her friends and I put the squad on it (Woo, woo)
This ain't your regular truck (Woo), it's a mod on it (Woo)
Wide-body kit look like a dad bod on it (Woo, woo)
They like, "Chief So, your cup cost a BBL, don't it?" (Woo, woo)
Jewelry in the treasure box (Woo), call me Dragon Tales, homie (Woo)
That USPS, still check (Woo), I got mail, don't it? (Woo)
This money brand new, it got the smell on it (Woo, woo)
She told him she ain't hop on my dick (Woo), she fell on it (Woo)
Had to leave by eleven, this bitch act like 12, homie (Woo, woo)

I'm in that wide-body Rolls, me and Dank in it (Ayy)
We ain't got no plates, but this bitch got a Drac' in it (We gone)
We can smell a murder soon as we see that face, spin it
We got bond money, but we smokin' stank tinted (Skrrt)
All the opps know, got a hundred rings, we winnin' (What up?)
Call up Chief So, whenever he say it, we'll hit him
Pull up in that Lam', me and Lil Lam, it ain't rented
I can send a M in minute, just a signature
Pointin' right at him, it's him, four-nick, we gon' sentence him
Married to that block, we divorce him, we gon' finish him
Heat right on his top, we gon' scorch and spin back, watch him drench
Trained so many shooters, run up twenty sittin' back on the bench (Ayy, ayy)
If it's really beef, we don't tweet, we don't send 'em hints
If it's really smoke, we gon' blow, we gon' spin again
Bro went up the score and I ain't know, I know that's my twin
Put you in that trash can when we spin the bend (Ayy, ayy)

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