

Outerspace Glo

Chief Keef

Bang, bang, bang
Aye, aye aye, aye

My diamonds are floating
Look like slow motion
Boy you a strudel, pull up and toast you
Hit you in yo noodle, don't think I am boasting
You must not be eating if you think I am hungry
Slide down to Curry, got Pirelli on the tires
Try to slide down our block then you really gonna die
How I'm flexing on these niggas, yeah they really wanna cry
How I'm flexing on these niggas, yeah they really wanna die
Make me hit yo monkey ass with a arrow in the eye
Tryna run off on the plug, nigga fuck you think you Plies?
He got hit three times, I'm like aye homie, you ight?
Fuck I'm thinking, man I'm high as fuck, that boy can't reply
I took my AK, Lil Jon to the movie night
I call up Jon cause his ass be crunk like the movie Rize
I'm so glo'd, I'm so fucking glo'd I need a movie, right?
I call Quentin Terintino like aye name my movie like...

This that outer space glo, I wear outer space clothes
Tell me who really in, who yo hoe go out her way for
This that Saturn dope, I get Saturn hoes
When you get some money you should fuck some badder hoes

I'm sitting on Mars, smoking with Pluto
Yo hoe call my phone, she like aye papi chulo
I don't really want none cause she probably call me fu though
Let my four door catch you, he gone knockout yo two door
I'm like burr burr burr burr burr, free Wop
I'm like fugh fugh fugh fugh, free shots
I'm like hugh hugh hugh hugh, free Guwop
I'm like skrr skrr skrr skrr, free top
Give me a 50 cal. and I am gon' go ham
You gotta high point, what you think that shit ain't Gucci
Man, you's a dead boy, I bring with me the morgue
Naw, I ain't tryna race but I bring with me the tour
How I mix the drank up, I coulda been a scientist
If my momma ain't raise me, coulda been a lying bitch
Boy you not a scientist, boy yo ass scien-fishy
Shoulda sneak dissed yourself, why you out here buying bitches
In the mall with that chicken, I'm Balmaining in my religion
And my Balmains real, thousands on 'em, thousands in 'em
They be like Chief So he steady pounding on 'em, God forgive him
He got the devil hanging with him, that's why God not rocking with him
I treat my ten band four-wheeler like a Kawasaki
Take a step in my backyard, it's feeling like I'm in Hawaii
I'm smoking on this Tooka, that shit have me right
It got me looking alien, shrimp fried rice