

Part Ways

Chief Keef

Aye turn the music up for me Chris
GO! GO!

All red foreigners, all black choppa
Here I come, you ready or not
I keep big ole knots, I will pick your lock
Foenem be loading up smokin' on dope
Fore' they hit your block
Shoot them dice, hit your car
I need duct tape, bitch no scotch
All of these waves I'm feeling like Nas (aye)
Before we part ways I gotta flex up

Killin' that beat, what you can't see?
You know what it is, know what it may be
Should blame the drugs, but I blame me (aye, aye)
Look at my ring (aye, aye), what's my KD? (aye, aye)
Keepin' them squares outta the tent (aye, aye)
We spendin' new money (aye, aye) outta the rent (aye, aye)
Make 200 bands aye, outta some lent (aye, aye)
You talkin' real niggas aye, I'm up in the mix (aye, aye)
She heard my voice (aye, aye) it made her moist (aye, aye)
I'm up in the forest (aye, aye) trap with the boys (aye, aye)
You got no choice (aye, aye) bad bitch named Joyce (aye, aye)
Pickin' up coins (aye, aye) in the rolls royce (aye, aye) aye

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Last but not least, you tryna find me? (tryna find me)
You better off findin' Nemo aye
Jump in the Z (aye, aye) Her uber was twenty dollars
Aye, she live by me (aye, aye)
Bitch I'm John Madden aye, run it by me (aye, aye)
Ain't no rules (aye, aye) we up yo street (aye, aye)
Hoe get up off me (aye, aye) you missed yo beat (aye, aye)
Coughin' up trees (aye, aye) throwing up threes (aye, aye)
Sprayin' like febreze (aye, aye) yeah it can be that way
Aye

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