

Pay Day

Chief Keef

Almighty Glo nigga
Gang gang
You know how we bummin', man
You know how we rockin' and rollin', man
You know how we bleed man

Pour the lean, I go to sleep
Poppin out, they notice me
In a spot that's all OG
Trap doin' ten bowls a week
(Fourty Gs a day, that's me, you get ten shows a week)
(I slide through, ten Glocks)
(I pour up pints and smoking Ps)
Out the 448 ridin' straight A
I go more nuts than a pay day
(But I go more nuts than a nutty bar)
(I pop out, and make it rain like it's pay day)

We got the pounds, you wanna move some?
We got the rounds, you wanna shoot some?
Who wants some, who wants some?
Who want some, who want some?
We got the racks, you wanna hold some?
We got the pack, you wanna blow some?
Who wants some, who wants some?
Who want some, who gon' do some?

Gambino aka Meatroll
Mr. check the peephole with like three poles
(It's Chief Lo aka the janitor)
(Mr. Ring your bell then replenish ya)
{When I pour up, it's no plastic}
{Straight drop, yeah it's all [?]}
{Inside my car, look like all [?]}
{Off a pill and I might crash it}
On my way to hit your block, but I might pass it
Spin back, turn your pack Jurassic
(And we we spin back, niggas turn elastic)
(Pop out, buck buck, see who run the fastest)

Goddamn shells sticky, have some pounds
No introductions man, they know who I am
In LA ridin' around with my lambs
300 bitch, you know we got 300 shells
Pop pop, reload, then cock
You done started something
Watch where you don't watch
You ain't gon' fry nothing'
I can tell by how you hold a pot
You don't sell dope
I can tell by how you move the rocks
Make love to the cash, I'm so romantic
Diamonds in my watch, looking Titanic
House looking gigantic
You best come tryna start shit at my mansion
I ain't got security, I got a hundred poles
Like I got a hundred hands, you running like a runny nose

I got a hundreds bands on me and a hundred shots
You think DJ makes a lot with [?]
I don't want that cup, that shit watered down
I don't want that Sprite, that shit flat as hell
Tell that pussy hit my phone, he want a pack to sell
I tell his ass "come get it", then I crack his shells
I'm smoking on the Tooka, you was smoking Fookah
You wanna disturb my peace, you are no Luda
Did I hear about ya, you are no rumor
You ain't sending shots, you are no scoomer
You ain't ballin' nigga, you're no shooter
You can't maneuver me, you are no move
You can't teach me shit, you're no tutor
The belly of the beast erupt, you're no [?]