

Pharrell

Chief Keef

(JT, you a fool for this one, nigga)
Big bounce, on my cardio
Pumpin' gas, no narco
I be runnin' fast like Mario
Countin' up blue bands
Block hot, need some fuckin' fan
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, uh, yeah, trap, go get a bag, ayy
Yeah, foe'nem outside wavin' racks
Yeah, pull up on time, they droppin' flags
Yeah, if we one down, we bouncin' back
Yeah, she pull up to the trap to bounce it back
I pull up to the spot to count the cash
They come through the front, we out the back
This blunt I'm smokin' cost an ounce of crack
Yeah, I took three puffs, I damn near crashed
Yeah, she asked me did I love her, I damn near laughed
Yeah, it's somethin' 'bout some money, I damn near trap
Yeah, the stove on me, I damn near fire
Yeah, call the plug, jugg, then I fly
(JT, you a fool for this one, nigga)
Yeah, call my bitch up, she down to fire
Told her I call 'em 155
Up in this plane, bitch, I'm really high
Yeah, up to Ha Ha Davis, they's finna die
Yeah, shawty gave me brain, it's just DeVry
Yeah, yeah, wave the sticks around like we tryna kill a fly
Yeah, the school I attended was Real Nigga High
Yeah, you can let me down, I'm still gon' be high
(JT, you a fool for this one, nigga)
Yeah, put the spikes on the road, I'm still gon' get by
I would jump off a plane just to chill in the sky
Face-to-face with the clouds, lookin' at them in the eye
Yeah, boy you know your jewelry buy one, get one free
Yeah, I might look like one, but I'm no fuckin' dummy
Ayy, yeah, can't make your hood dance like the girl off Honey
Yeah, they goddamn spark it, he thought it was funny
One down, finesse junkie
Yeah, uh
Now I got diamonds in my ear
Who that nigga is? I got no idea
Shh... if I kill (Glatt), they gon' know how I feel
One minute around me, you gon' know I'm real
Yeah, I had to run up that sack
They know it's in my hat, yeah
Hopped out the back of the 'Bach
Uh, we'll get you back
We'll take that and your stacks
She love when I pull her tracks
Like son, I pull in the bank
No Facebook, I got status, yeah
Fresh like I got a stylist, backyard like an island
Fill the car by the gallon, baby built like a stallion
5-7 sing like Bryson, wrist sprung, had to ice it
Fresh on the plane, landin' in Bali, ayy, yeah
Smooth came with an alley, run it up, this been a rally
Call the rodeo, we skelly, true, yeah

With the dope all in his skully
This Louis used to be a Pelle
This peanut butter uses jelly
Yeah, in a blue room like Belly
Man I got into it with my celly
All of this shit real deli
All the anti niggas need to end me
Ayy Remy, send 'em some panties
You a bitch, nasty, you shanty, yeah
Up the nina, nick nanny
Put a bullet up in your fanny
In a space suit like Sandy, yeah, glatt
Just take off like NASA
I'm a boss, feelin' like a pastor
I'm smokin' musk like I'm Elon, yeah
Light 'em up like neon
What the fuck these niggas be on?
This shit is be-beyond
This shit is beyond me
Jumpin' like a bee on me
Cops used to be on me, yeah
Now I got 'em out my way
Now I'm seein' this money
'Member, used to make 500, yeah
Then I made a thousand
I'm seein' every dollar of my money
Everything you doin', I've done it, yeah
Used to go to school and do school
Big balls in that bitch's stomach
Opps used to be roughin'
We already knew they wasn't on nothin'
Gotta set it off, fuck runnin'
I used to walk around by myself
I'll hit you myself, lil' ass boy, I'm takin' my belt
Oh you wanna be a gangsta, need my help, ayy, yeah
Wanna be built, need my step
That's my youngin, throw up my set
Put them jeans ball in my head, yeah
Make the drummer ra-tat-tat
And throw temper tantrums like a brat
Bitch, I'm super up like a stat, yeah
Swing the K at 'em like a bat
Bitch, we rollin' like a frat
Bitch, we slidin' like a snow sled
Granny say boy, go 'head
Just don't touch her forehead
Louis on my forehead
Goin' in for the finger roll
And-1, Jimmy Buckets
Bitch say she a Glo-head, yeah
She know I be on Rodeo
I catch the shit like Odell
Name rings like door bells, yeah
With my dawg, Taco Bells
Stood down like floor nails
I was in her DMs, for real
She like Pharrell, I'm like for real
You over there, baby, come here
The dope got me lookin' Chinese
With twins, I ain't talkin' Siamese
Number one like Kyrie
Face somethin' like an ID, yeah
They love, don't try me

Lil' nigga, come find me
My hand up, come find me, yeah
Send shells at your hiney
She got lifts like Kylie
She sing on me like Miley, yeah
And I come and sing like Isley
Baby think she a hypebeast
And she say she like me
And she say she a Pisces
Juiced up like an ICEE