

Please

Chief Keef

S-O-R-R-Y, the number 4, or F-O-R, W-E-I-G-H-T bitch

Double cup me please
Your bitch hit me like "fuck me please"
She say she love me, she like "love me please"
My response was "suck me please"
Please, please, give me a lighter please
I just rolled a blunt, give me a fire please
Please, please, run up on me
I got 50 in the thing, won't hesitate to let it speak

Choppa presidential, come through, give a speech
Gang on my fuckin' back, runnin' hurt my feet
Where the restroom, cause my chain gotta pee
Call my Sosa Wonder I'm gettin' money and I ain't gotta see
Still locked out, I ain't gotta leave
Bitch came gave me top now she gotta leave
My gun got no limit like I'm Master P
When you callin' my phone speakin' crazy cops tappin' me
Gotta be lowkey, cause the cops after me
Smokin' on the loudest weed, K-9 dogs after me
You say you gon' be at the top, ha, long after me
I'm Sorry 4 The Weight, I was somewhere chiefin' keef

This be that Sorry 4 The Weight
This be that sorry for my cake, He came threw sprayin'
This be that sorry for the day
Like I'm late, sorry for the delay
I'm smokin' tooka all to the face
You smokin' fooka, that shit so fake
You drinkin' fooka, that shit so fake
Drinkin' Quali, that be bad for your brain
Sneak dissin', that be bad for your health
Gettin' money, yeah thats rad for your health
I come through super ridin' cool with the whip
And I ain't bool wit y'all, I'm bool wit myself