

Roadrunner

Chief Keef

Fuck boy said he want beef, slide
His ass gon' be traumatized
I'ma be feelin' sorry mama wise
'Cause I can't trust niggas, I got a lot of eyes

Gun go bang-bang, money machine go beep
Car go skr-skr, cock go skeet-skeet
Credit card go swipe-swipe, watch my watch bling-bling
On that road runner shit, meep-meep

You ain't smoking dope, your weed got plenty seeds in it
I'm rolling around the town with this and glizzy meetin'
Glo Gang, bitch, you know that we got plenty weed men
Fifteen thots in this car like I got plenty seats in

Fourteen hunnid for this belt, fuck with no more damn Fendi bea
tin's
And I don't have any reasons
Seventeen shots in this.45, fifty in the Glock, hundred in the
chop
Let's see how many kills we can get, Black Ops

Bitch, I'm so dope that I'm gon' kill that shit, crack rock
Niggas stay sneak dissing, we gon' start throwing bullets like
rocks
It ain't shit but when I ain't have shit, couple grand on some
kicks
Never touched fifty-thousand dollars before, bitch
That's why I'm playing with it, aye, bang

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