

## Running Late

Chief Keef

One for the money, two for the drugs  
Three for my pistol, four for the slug  
One, two, coming for you  
Three, four, knocking on your door  
Five, six, coming through your gate  
Seven, eight, we was running a little late

Nine, ten, I'm riding with extendeds  
Eleven, twelve, Forbes on my hit list  
Thirteen, fourteen, karats on my pinky  
Fifteen, sixteen, tattoos bitch I'm inky  
Seventeen, eighteen, chains got me iced out  
Nineteen, twenty fucking bands to get you sniped out  
Little case twenty-one bands will get you right out  
Free Cdai a .22 shotter on me right now  
Twenty-three's on the car twenty-four's on the truck  
Twenty-five times 2's in my motherfucking Glock  
I gottwenty-six pumps for a motherfucking thot  
I'm sending twenty-seven shots at a motherfucking opp

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Twenty-nine, Thirty, I was posted with them .30's  
Thirty-one, thirty-two, I'm so gone like a birdy  
Thirty-three, thirty-four, call me Sosa Paul Birdy  
Thirty-five, thirty-six, I got my ball all dirty  
Thirty-seven, thirty-eight, Tony Tiger bitch I'm great  
Thirty-nine, forty, I can sense these niggas fate  
Forty-one, forty-two, I wanted from them in the coupe  
I'm going 143 and 144 too  
Forty-five for my jacket, aw man!  
Forty-six in them and we giving out ten  
Forty-seven of them bands  
Big racks like I wear a 48 in pants  
BANG BANG

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