

# Shorties

Chief Keef

Them my shorties, them my shorties  
Them my shorties, them my shorties  
I get my shorties 40's  
They come through blowing, blowing, blowing  
They ain't missing  
They come through scoring, scoring, scoring  
Them my shorties, them my shorties  
These niggas shorties, these niggas shorties  
I get my shorties 40's  
They come through blowing, blowing, blowing  
When we pull up, hop out loud we blowing, blowing, blowing

Young Bino grab the strap, Flash grab the racks  
Ball drive the car, Tadoe grab the thots  
Tray Savage grab the mac, Cap grab the bag  
Throw back grab the front, this ain't what you want  
Them my shorties, ya we shooting guns  
Call Caper from the front he come through with the front  
Call Juice from Savage Squad he come through with the lumps  
Call Fredo out the cut he come through with the mops  
Very scary goosebumps, I come through with the skunk  
Blowing on the skunk, skunk reeking out my truck  
And I don't give a fuck, I got money not no luck  
I ain't never give no fuck I was always with the buck buck

Them my shorties, them my shorties  
Them my shorties, them my shorties  
I get my shorties 40's  
They come through blowing, blowing, blowing  
They ain't missing  
They come through scoring, scoring, scoring  
Them my shorties, them my shorties  
These niggas shorties, these niggas shorties  
I get my shorties 40's  
They come through blowing, blowing, blowing  
When we pull up, hop out loud we blowing, blowing, blowing

I smell like cat piss, your bitch already on my next list  
Come through with that gat bitch, we know drama young and reckless  
My niggas always wilding, I swear they over protective  
We don't know detective, we don't know who shoots the weapons  
Don't care about a lecture all I care about is money  
Don't give no fuck about court, don't give no fuck about running  
I'm somewhere counting money it's a money dance tsunami  
I'm somewhere eating pastrami with my shorties we be munching and mobbing

Them my shorties, them my shorties  
Them my shorties, them my shorties  
I get my shorties 40's  
They come through blowing, blowing, blowing  
They ain't missing  
They come through scoring, scoring, scoring  
Them my shorties, them my shorties  
These niggas shorties, these niggas shorties  
I get my shorties 40's  
They come through blowing, blowing, blowing  
When we pull up, hop out loud we blowing, blowing, blowing