

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

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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

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