

# Sneeze

## Chief Keef

(Zaytoven)

Yah, yah, yah, yah (Yeah)

Yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh (Yeah)

Yah, yah (Yeah)

Sosa, baby (Sosa)

GBE, baby (Bang, Bang)

Chocolate chopper for him, he think it's vanilla  
Thirty shot, four five, in my Louis sweater  
Cooler than a fan, this bitch think that I'm sweat her  
Chief Sosa, I look up to you, pussy boy, you better  
If you ain't smoking OG, I don't want your weed  
Like a thotty on her period, I make a nigga bleed  
Do this shit for Cap' and Blood, throwing C's, throwing B's  
Have this Glock up and bless you, like he care about your sneeze

Lift this chopper like some weights, I ain't bench pressing  
Got FNH up in the club and I got Smith & Wesson  
But I don't really like Smith & Wesson, got Glock, boy  
If he decide to knock you down, you's a opp, boy  
Pulled up in that ugly thing, it got teeth on it  
They like "What the fuck's a feature, ain't got Keef on it"  
This bitch wanna roll some weed and put some keef on it  
At the top hanging off the clouds, yeah my sleeves on it  
If you looking for me, I'm probably in New Orleans  
With them 504 boys, no Levis jeans  
Come through with four fifties, nigga flee the scene  
Bitch a two-two-three chopper, that's what Keef'll bring

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Up this Glock and sneeze, catch you, ha-choo  
Come through and knock down your partner, I mean to pop you  
Like we was shooting some craps, I mean to spot you  
You's a goofy to the audience, no need to clap you  
I got plenty B-roll, like a camera man  
Diddy Boppin' in the party, that's Keef Hammer Dance  
You can put me at the back and I'm still gon' win  
Stomping on the heads on my mufuckin' mini-man  
Brown brick mansion, looking like some Wheats, nigga  
Six car garage, well I got three in them  
Gotta go super far for the other three  
Pull off and my shit sounding ugly

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