

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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