

# Telling It All

Chief Keef

Running to the cheese lil' nigga I ain't fuckin' round  
Them hit-men with me lil' nigga they will hunt you down  
Sosa was never 'bout that life how the fuck you sound  
Put the red dot on your nose you's a fuckin' close

I'm in the foreign ass truck at the stoplight  
We leave your ass left if you not right  
I'm in traffic, pull up and steal your spotlight  
Red insides, white out, that's a stop sign  
And the truck look like a dump cause its sitting tall  
Break his ankles, take the shot, ball nigga ball  
Gucci jackets both pockets filled with it all  
And these diamonds and my jewelry telling it all

I hit Gucci just to stunt  
I just poured me up a cup  
I've been in it since a pup  
I'm gonna get it wish me luck  
We in that tinted car you fucked  
Nah in Tunechis voice you trucked  
Rolling dope up like a cluck  
So much dope it got me stuck  
I swear I be high as fuck  
In the mall just buying stuff  
Ring me up I'm cashin out  
Ain't with all that trying stuff  
And I got that iron tucked  
I just started charging up  
Ain't with all the fussin' stuff  
In that vrrrrm cutting up

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I'm in the diamond, district kicking big shit  
Bank roll, on me, popping big shit  
Me and the crew, in your city we got big sticks  
Big TV, middle toilet I take big shits  
I had your bitch, in my office now she dismissed  
No attention, especially when she throwing big fits  
Forty pointers, and a watch that's that big shit  
A couple shows, my pockets fatter than a big bitch  
Whole pint, now I gotta take a big piss  
Triple A, I always got a-fucking-ssistance  
Peter Parker, I always knew I had a sixth sense  
And the opps, is always on my fucking hit-list

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