

Ticket

Chief Keef

These niggas ain't official (nah!)
Real nigga ain't in him (hannn!)
Dope all in the spine (dope!)
Probably why I can't feel 'em
Too much to lose (skrt!)
Probably why I ain't get em'
Gotta ball out for my dead homies
Probably why I ain't with em'
Ridin' around in this Fisker
10 hunnid for this Fisher
Thousand dollars for these louies (beep, beep)
These here are official
Ball, ball, ball foul give me a whistle
Hoppin out with that style, these here a ticket

Walkin' through the mall, and I'm smellin' like dope
Shoppin' in Gucci, they let me pour drink up
This convo, ain't a ticket? Then I got's to hangup
Cause I love that blue cheese, like everybody loves Raymond
Come up in strip club, you fuck around get rained up
Go up in my hood, you fuck around get banged on
Loud pipes when, I pull off you can hear it when I swang em'
I'm in this bitch with a black hoodie, black gucci's; Trayvon

I parked in a no park and got me a ticket
Told the lord to excuse me for my sinning
Man I swear these bitches out here trippin'
If I was still in school, I'd have knots all in my dickies
(Let's get it)

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Free Slick, niggas keep talkin' that G shit
Niggas keep talkin' that sweet shit
Niggas ain't talkin' that street shit
Bitch my pockets on deep dish
You don't hustle, you don't eat shit
Ride pass you like I don't see shit
I let it seek me, ion seek it

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Gucci! Louis! BANG