

# Tree Tree

Chief Keef

Sosa baby, GBE, baby  
Blood Gang, baby  
5th Gang, baby, Sit Gang, baby, Get It Gang, baby  
Leanin' Gang, baby  
You know how I'm rockin', cut off stockings  
Keep kush in my pocket  
All designer, get ya grind up  
Got a Breitling for the muthafuckin' timer  
Yeah, bang, bang

All these bitches love Sosa, nigga, fuck yo 'Rari Rover  
And yo bitches came over, lil nigga, game over  
I don't fuck with po-poers, the po-poers are no-noer  
Shawty said she like my odor, bend it over, bend it over  
I got pounds of that kino and I'm a Fendi totter  
I ain't gotta beat my dogs, I'ma sick this 50 on 'em  
Choppa come through yeah, I went 50 on 'em  
Smokin' ganja yeah, I went tree tree on 'em

You can find me in the club with the snuff, fuck the buff  
Baby, this dick what you need, but I know it ain't enough  
I know you want money, but I can't baby, sorry  
I know better 'bout these bitches, baby I am from the projects  
Pull up cowabunga, pullin' off like gnarly  
Now I can fuck my forth grade teacher, Ms. Crowley  
Take two days to smoke a pound, I'm Sosa Marley  
And you can call me Sosa Ross, I'm Sosa-phisticated  
Man, I'm still fuck your earthquake  
I 'member doing drills up in broad day  
I got that world stop like Beyonce  
Now carry on, I'm gonna go my way

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I went tree tree on her  
Gettin' ne-ne from that lil bitch Keke on her  
He love Keke, but she is a thotty on him  
She just wanna have a party on her  
And she be goin' on and on and on and-  
Sayin' he a goofy, sayin' he ain't nothin'  
And I be like o-kay, o-kay, o-kay  
I'mma push him button, no it ain't no ridin'  
Call me Sosa Big Pun, call me Sosa Fat Joe  
Call my Ruger Remy Ma, call me Sosa Papoose  
Shootin' everythin' from A to Z, alphabet coupe

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