

# Trojan

Chief Keef

Bands all fill my pockets, bitch I'm stuck in my glory  
Copped a Porsche Cayenne and then I stuck it on forges  
Sipping all this drink like we just got it imported  
Smoking on your rent and bitch I'm sipping your mortgage

What it is  
Don't play with me, play with your kids (aye)  
Accelerate, my shit wiggle like a little fish  
Let em hate, stop acting like a little bitch (aye)  
The shit we tote play longer tape on Datpiff

Sosa, niggas hoes, give em ass shots  
In the field posted on the bad block (aye)  
In the spot, we got mad Glockes (aye)  
Niggas softer than a mascot (aye)

Hit the lean than I snoozed off (aye)  
Red beam your nose, call you Rudolph (aye)  
Don't make us push your cushion, you're too soft (aye)  
Your bitch got up on my stage and got boo'd off

You know you ain't trapping hard as me lil nigga (aye)  
You know I am who you wanna be lil nigga (aye)  
I'm rolling hard up with my teeth lil nigga  
Dirty-thirty clean shit up like beach lil nigga

Niggas out here faking (aye)  
And I just want the cake bitch and  
My daughter want a bracelet (aye) so I just got to face it (aye)  
Roll up a blunt and then I don't eat  
That is for the moment  
For the money, I'll postpone it  
We warriors, no trojan

My ice like police, it'll freeze a nigga  
Got me cole like Keisha, nigga  
Now I'm colder than a pizza nigga  
Fresher than a kid on Easter nigga  
My bitch be mad I can't reach her nigga  
With a bitch more yellow than Lisa nigga  
In the trap lil boy I'm your teacher  
Then smoke a pound for no reason  
Starring like she ain't never seen a star  
700 horse, you ever seen this car  
Fuck A's and B's, we wanted A's and R's  
Never let a ride hoe paper dawg  
Grand hustle, we on our paper trail  
In lower Kane Leaving tire trails  
Please don't make us start burning shit cause we love how that fire smells

Glory boys they up to something  
You already know we bumming  
Checks keep coming, steady thumbing  
My niggas ain't for nothing

Tripping over designer, I'm so clumsy  
Going off the wall like Humpty Dumpty

They tryna give me life they gotta chase me  
If you want me to show up you gotta pay me  
Remember when I couldn't even afford a Tracy  
Now every fucking blunt be a Tray, see  
Put the Glock in the middle your eyes and your McGrady  
And after you go through them you gotta face me

Niggas out here faking  
And I just want the cake bitch and  
My daughter want a bracelet (aye) so I just got to face it (aye)  
Roll up a blunt and then I don't eat  
That is for the moment  
For the money I'll postpone it  
We warriors, no trojan (aye)