

**TT**

**Chief Keef**

Skrrt, skrrt  
I'm T'd (Sk-sk-skrrt)  
I'm T'd (ay, ay)  
I'm turnt up (Duh-luh-duh), ay

I'm TT, aye  
I'm TT, aye  
I'm TT, aye  
I'm TT, aye  
I'm getting tree tree, getting head by Keke  
Nini with me, and she sitting pretty  
And she sing like Whitney, and Britney  
And Gaga, like grrah grrah  
'Til I die, high like Bob Marley  
They like Sosa why you flexing, why not?

You don't want no smoke, bro  
I'm tryna tell you what you don't know, bro  
I pulled out .40 then bro broke  
He took off running for the popo  
My niggas gon' get you, .50 shooting like whistles  
All I gotta do is whisper, karma gon' get ya  
Bullets gon' hit ya, banana split ya  
You want attention, it's gon' get ya  
I give Tadoe the 4-0, boy  
Nina turnt up, let her blow boy  
Effing Keisha, I'ma .223 ya  
I'm too turnt, bitch I'm too TT, yah

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