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-O, 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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