

Yeah

Chief Keef

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Do I get money? Yeah
Do I fuck thoties? Yeah
Do I count money? Yeah
Do I fuck thoties? Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Do I drive cars? Yeah
Got clothes? Yeah
Got guap? Yeah
Got Rolls? Yeah

Is he a bitch nigga? Yeah
I'm a rich nigga, yeah
Imma get with you, yeah
Split a clip with you, yeah
I got Louietton, yeah
I got Gucci on, yeah
Stop watching Chief
So and cut a movie on, damn
Uppercut, hook, left, right
You ain't wrong, that's right
You got chess right?
Choppa beat you chest tight
You could see, right?
You could bleed, right?
You think you cold
I catch you choppa make you bleed ice

You think you got waves
Till' I surf on 'em
Police pull me over and I burped on 'em
I hear this like toys, throw that nerf on 'em
Walked up on his block and took his turf from him

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Yeah I got drank and I got loud
Yeah I tote my Glock and I lay it down
Yeah I paint pictures make me spray you down
Now that tone got you, let you make a sound
They lazy, I feel sorry for them niggas
I just went and got a rocket for them niggas
300 that's a lobby full of niggas
And ya'll a bunch of sloppy little niggas

Yeah I got pills
Yeah I got cash
Yeah I got swag

Richest from the racks
You know I got racks
It is in my pants
Scratch you off the list
You was in my top 10

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