

Treasure Chest

Riff Raff

Cranberry red while I ride back to back
Half pint of cognac in my Gucci backpack

Nigga this ain't no game, we ain't playing Blackjack (Pow!)
Make me bend on your block, like I got a bad back (Ahhhh)

Mi-Mi-Might Move to Orlando like Shaq
Pulled up to outback in the matte black 'Lac (Skrrr!)

Roll the red carpet out, like Hollywood access (Bitch)
All this fucking ice, y'all should call me treasure chest

I might pour a six in my peach Sunkist
Strawberry wrist, Caticorn to Saks Fifth

Pull up to the Saks, and the kids go "that's him?"
They selling candy, I gave them all fifty, it's that simple
30 in the clip, 30 on the wrist (Bling)
Niggas loose lips sink Titanic ships (Skrrr)
She opened up her box, like I had a gift
They like, how these niggas cross you and you ain't mad at them?
Glock got no kickback, like a white man can't jump (Huh?)
You know I won't come, if my gang can't come (3D!)
Shawty know Chief Sosa kick it like Danielson
You wanna makeover, bitch I can buy you one (Ay)

Uh, Riff
F&N with fudge handle
Khaki color, with peach bandana
Moonwalk, like Tony Danza
Who's the boss? Dale Dan Tony
Ride through the night with a white pony (Woah, pint)
I sip syrup a lot in a white Sprite
Chief Keef likes to keep it real muddy
Double cup, pint sipping buddy
Karate chop on peanut butter
Work day, worst day, first day
Charlie chopper in a briefcase
Aquaberry blue Batman, catscan on the back of my right hand

Me and gang, four deep
NBA gang, floor seats
Flaming dope, blunt comes up
They threaten to call the police
Nigga, you don't know me
You know I get that dope cheese
Steady buying PT-T's, but that shit is O-E
We at yo' chin like a goatee
She thirsty to throw at me
They hate me, they so be
Time to count the checks, be lowkey
Please do not approach me
Trying to provoke me
Got a rifle in case they assault me