

# Chill

Young Dolph

Let the band play  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Alright

Love can get you killed (Ayy)  
Hustlin' can get you mills (Ayy)  
Hate, I can't feel (Ayy)  
Franklin on my bills (Ayy)  
Pints come with seals (Ayy)  
Bitches love pills (Ayy)  
You call me too many times back-to-back, bitch, chill  
(Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up)

Her head super sloppy (Damn)  
My wrist super rocky (Damn)  
Pull up like, "What's poppin'?" (Damn)  
Yes, I teach slidin' (Damn)  
And the trunk knockin' (Damn)  
Coffee cup, no coffee (Damn)  
They want me in a coffin (Damn)  
But I just keep on ballin' (Damn)  
I just keep on ballin' (Damn)  
I just keep on ballin' (Damn)  
They watch me and they copy (Damn)  
Nine-eleven topless (Damn)  
Always shoppin' (Damn)  
Told her bring it back, replay like a disc jockey  
(Bring it back)

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Hold up, bitch, wait (Damn)  
A pimp eatin steak (Damn)  
First of all, don't blow up my phone  
Bitch, you outta place (Damn)  
Never chased a bitch  
Too busy makin' deposits at Chase (Damn)  
Light my blunt and skate (Skrirt)  
Never asked for nothin'  
Where I'm from, we liked to take (Damn)  
Ridin' the coupe down Alison  
Made a left on Airways (Damn)  
Pulled up at the Dixie Queen  
And got a milkshake (Damn)  
Dolph, remember you used to serve me back in the day? (Damn)  
You used to fuck with my cousin Tiffany from The Haven (Damn)  
Big booty Tiffany, bruh, you moved her to Collierville (Damn)  
She said she used to get three boxes a week just where she lived (Damn)  
Ay, gimme my food, nigga, I'm gone (I'm gone, bruh)

Fuck wrong with this nigga? He trippin' (Damn)  
He called this stupid ass bitch my ho, been out here tellin' my business (Damn)  
Nigga, you dumb as hell, what you mean?  
Did you love her? Nah  
Did you fuck her (Nah)  
You made six hundred bands just off that bitch in one summer  
Damn, you right, hell yeah I love her, ha, hey  
I'll fuck around and call Tiffany, give her a hundred (A hundo)  
Just because I'm that real, nigga, it ain't nothin' (Nothin')  
At least she ain't tell a fuck nigga that she was fuckin' (Ha)  
Luckily, the man upstairs, yeah, he really love me (On God)  
Yeah, I'ma keep it real, that shit coulda got ugly (On God)  
But it didn't, bitch, so I'm in the hood stuntin' (Ayy)

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