

# Chief Keef, 3rd Person

I got itchy palms  
I just left Saint Laurent  
Runnin' up the guap  
What I am I am, what I'm not I'm not  
Life is fabulous  
It's the crack of dawn  
Niggas act real low  
I put that shit on fours  
It's tension, let me know (Let me know)  
I keep shit a C-note (A C-note)  
Fuck shit keep me broke (Keep me broke)  
My clip hold three-oh (Hold three-oh)  
Baby, suck it for me slow (For me slow)  
You tired, then let me know (Let me know, bitch)  
I can send you home (Home)  
That Uber won't be long (Won't be long, skrrt)  
She wanna sniff a slope  
She walk around with coke  
Had F's on my report card, now I got F's on my coat  
Walked in there, bought a boat  
I need helicopter, I got hella choppers, yeah  
Scoops is telescopic, bounce around like grasshoppers, uh  
I ain't got no choice but do this shit for my dead partners, uh  
Oh, you want some beef? Well, welcome to the Red Robins, uh  
I just left Minnesota, I BBC'd my jacket  
Shawty bouncin' that ass, I think she want me to smack it  
That H3, niggas ain't fuckin' 'round with these faggies  
I don't want the ho again, nigga, I already done had it  
Man, these lil' niggas crab, call 'em red lobster  
Thought you was playin' with the gang, aw yeah, partner  
In Marina del Ray with a bitch named Lana  
Flipped a switch on a bitch, and I DameDot 'em  
Fuck Chief Keef, he a ho (Fuck Chief Keef)  
That nigga don't got no poles  
He don't live that shit he talk (Nah)  
Fuck GBE, they soft (Fuck GBE)  
This a gang of dons, we got a gang of guns  
I don't give guns to my son, my daddy gave me one  
Fuck Chief Keef, he ain't havin'  
Them niggas are not savage, yeah  
Come meet my automatic, uh, yeah, uh, yeah  
God said let thy have it, uh  
Gang slip, sign right up  
We can get right up  
Split your shit right up, uh, uh, uh  
Then we split right up