Chief Keef, Arts & Crafts

That nigga be flexin', L's Lil' nigga want money on the cab, uh Bitch, just put it on a tab Tripping off the bankroll like I'm Fab, uh High as hell, I think I did a dab, uh Ain't no Uber in your city, bitch, we'll call a cab Foenem catch a body and laugh, uh Don't make 'em draw on you like arts and crafts Stomp a nigga out, uh Deep, I be in the loud, uh My money bolder 'til it style These hoes be wild foul We got the cannon, Wild 'N out, uh I made my grandma my proud I got my grandma style I spent your pendant on her couch Pull me over for what? I'm just busy flexing in this fur, nigga, what? I'm not committin' no crime Officer, I was not, a nigga lyin' Them your signs? Ayy, nigga, throw your fucking signs up in the sky Bird 'cause I'm fly Back, back to back, back to back, it's a line