

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