

# Chief Keef, Blurry

Ask grandma for fifty, grandma she gave me a hundred  
I ran off with the money, then brought back some money  
Smoking green dope shit reekin like fried onions  
I take any money, hoes, money, hoes, money  
I be trapping, I ain't lacking, nigga I ain't worried  
I will let my Glock blow, nigga I ain't scared  
I'm a warrior with a thirty, nigga I ain't Curry  
Check out my watch nigga my diamonds nigga, they ain't blurry

I was in Wokcano's eating on some curry  
But wanting to hit thirty-four bitch that's Eddy Curry  
I'm still smoking loud even though you hear me  
Bitch I'm in the field White Sox Paul Konerko  
Get my hittas on you, Ronald Belasario  
To that bitch that gave me head last night nerdy ho  
Throwing money in the club I'm a pitcher run your's up  
And I swear my watch a thot, it is a lil flirty ho  
Pull up doing hits, eating on some cereal  
White chocolate, white milk, red cheerios  
Shoot the red guts out a nigga .. material  
Bitch I'm trapping in my trap dancing like Lil TerRio

White 'vette, pull up red interior  
Engine too damn loud, I'm not hearing ya  
Four nickel on my hip, I'm not fearing ya  
Hollows hit your face it's bacteria

Bitch I'm trapping out the hemi-a  
Bitch I'm trapping with the semi tucked  
Got a thousand for a hundred pack then pick it up

Nigga said can he be Glo I'm not feeling ya  
Bitch I'm in the trap I'm counting all these silly bucks  
Dirty money, but it came in clean as fuck  
All this jewelry on got me blinging up  
Nigga want war, tell him set it up