

# Chief Keef, Call'n

Zaytoven!  
(Pour drank on the carpet)  
Sosa baby, GBE baby  
(The haters, they talk shit)  
Bitch, yeah, yeah  
(Got your hoe free from an auction)

Had to take one second  
To think about all these motherfucking blessings  
Yeah, I got a license but I'm driving real reckless  
Designer done turned to a fetish  
She gon' eat the hot dog cause I get the relish  
Come and get this work cause you know I gotta settle it  
Before I get the coupe, yeah, you know I gotta test it  
Cause I cut into this hundred thousand and invest it

At the strip club, throwing money like it's nothing  
Smoke that bitch up now the police fussing  
Make the po' man nigga know that we coming  
Shorty on X, don't tell me if you see something  
L what I'm smoking, smelling like I'm eating onions  
Remember growing up like I gotta be something  
All this fucking cake like I gotta eat something  
And I'm tryna quit but the drank keep callin'

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Pour drank on the carpet  
We on our guap shit  
The haters, they talk shit  
But later, they walking  
Got your hoe free from an auction  
She steady talking  
I be steady flossing  
Organizing boss shit  
(Bang, bang-bang)

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And I'm tryna quit but the drank keep callin'  
Drank keep callin', drank keep callin'