

# Chief Keef, Chicago Zoo

I got apes in my crib like the Chicago Zoo  
Ya'll sneak a shot in, do what ya'll gone do  
Cause once we hear some shots we blow an Uzi with the 2's  
Fat ass .223 chopper, his kufi was shooting  
Was in my backyard, a long beach just like Snoop  
I can't count all this money, 3-2-3, 2-3-2  
I was selling snails while you niggas was in school  
Say hello to my little friend, he gone reply what it do  
I got lions, tigers, bears, jaguars, panthers, sheeps, and goose  
Hyenas and monkeys, monkey nuts up on my tool  
I got giraffes and elephants, you know what's in my room  
I got camels and baboons, they gone get the tool  
I got 30 shots in my trap like I'm on the block  
My trap on their heels, Jack and Jill get knocked  
Down to the ground, niggas stumblin' a lot  
Got my chopper in the jungle, they be rumblin' a lot  
When you play my shit they start a riot  
Start a fight, we start a fire  
Nina don't remember clowney, hop in my Audi, I'm outie  
Spendin' money like a Saudi  
In the Valley out in Cali  
No LA fitness, make you lose weight, bitch Bali  
On my dick, she lick it, she remind me of a mistress  
On my dick stay gettin' it, you will think I killed it  
Call me Weezy baby, car ain't got no ceilings  
The AR-15 start dancin' cause ya'll got no bang  
I'm coolin' in the water with the stingrays and sharks  
You think you are tequila these the shots on the rocks  
Rollin in that Nascar, pull up, hit the pitstop  
Bad bitch head high, now I'm gettin' neck top  
Run up in your party bitch, we rockin' it  
Police can't come through the door, cause I'm lockin' it  
Unless they got a warrant, they just talkin' shit  
Fed house still doors why ya'll talk this shit?  
You tryna catch a nigga slippin'  
Crusin' in a rental  
Make your bitch forget her business  
Like amnesia was the issue  
Bitch don't look at me when you sneeze  
Cause I probably ain't got the tissue  
Nigga lookin' at me like it's sweet  
Like I ain't got the pistol  
I do this bitch like the SWAT, nigga clear the spot  
You don't hear the shots, you need a cotton swab  
When the doctor bring your bitchass back  
We come through pop his ass  
Start runnin' from the cops  
Crossover, rocked his ass  
I'm coolin' in the 60's up in Slaughson  
And a broker in New York cause I'm a baller  
This ho gave me her number like I'm gone call her  
She was standin' up high but now she's fallin'  
I see you lookin' with your lookin' ass nigga  
You can't act like you ain't hate, you mad nigga  
You're a Ratatouille, you're a rat nigga  
I get blue cheese, I'm a black nigga  
I hit sacks and fucked up a sack  
Came out lookin' cool  
When I say okay Kool-Aid it really mean okay cool  
I know you smell me  
I'm bringing like, I'm ridin' round with food  
It's that loud pack, where the dog at? I got Snoop  
You can see the aftermath man, not done bustin' tools  
Nigga, you're a bunny rabbit, Slim Shady, what it do?

My money superstitious see it comin' out the room  
While they hate justify belief in supernatural coupes