

Chief Keef, Come On Now

Parked the foreign in a handicap
Get a ticket, pay that shit
Spend that money
Make that shit
I was in Broward county
Leg that shit
What's the tab
Chase, I feel like fear
Make her feelings rev
Make her catch a cab
Imma go my path
Imma roll my half
I don't like to kick it
Nigga come on now

I don't like to kick it
In my pockets bitches
I spend her no ..
And my chips got riches
Speedin' over bridges
Need that crispy chicken
For my ugly days
I do .. spendin'
For I don't feel like did Diddy gettin' kitty in your city
Foenem got my 50 if you got a problem with me
All this power feel like 50 you want me nigga come and get me
You can call me Sosa Cannon Lion got them drummers with me
Filet mignon
Cheese, nachos
I need combos
Too much, I know
100s, 50s
Gimme
You hear me
You so silly
Run up the millis

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Fucking with me
They gon bring them ..
Hollow tips, cracking all your chips
All my dogs fighting like I'm Michael Vick
Got a condo in Atlanta, where I fuck my bitch
Fuck my bitch
Where I fuck your bitch
Thirty six diamonds shine like MJ's pants
And my gang be off the wall but I don't wear no vans
Get your mans 'fore I cut off his hands
I got hoes in every city
Gotta wool for every season

I leave all my bitches fiending
Cause I leave that pussy leaking
Got a big Bentley and a G Wagon fuck your Jeep
Bitch I'm finally rich like that nigga Chief Keef

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