

Chief Keef, Coolin

Coolin' with my youngins
Coolin' with my youngins
Still...

Coolin' with my youngins
I'm still coolin' with my
Still coolin' with my
Almighty, coolin' with my
Coolin' with my
Coolin' with my

I'm still coolin' with my youngins
It's still 300 on them motherfuckers
Still got 300 guns
I'm still coolin' with my youngins
They still beat like some drums
Still tote 30 poppers
Shooting every block up

I'm boolin' with my youngins
Bitch, coolin' with my youngins
Smoking tutu with my youngins
I still pull up in that Audi
You still pull up in that Honda
I'm still smoking marijuana
What the judge told me not to
Got a 100 thou in my pocket
50 in one and 50 in the other
They say that he gon' rob me
But Almighty know he wasn't
'Cause you know about us
We gon' cause a massacre
Got Glocks, FNs, and choppers
We gon' come through, damage ya

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All I hang with is killers
We don't snitch
We just come through killing niggas
We don't bitch
Smoking on this '93 fuel, bitch
Me and my youngins fuck you and your crew, bitch
Pistols aimed at you, bitch

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