

Chief Keef, Dipset

Get your lips straight, bitch, Dipset
We gone aim this fucking clip at you (bang)
We gone blow this fucking clip (bang bang)
At your shoulders and your hip (doo doo)
Dipset, Dipset
Bitch, Dipset
Goin' crazy, Dipset
Killa season, Dipset

Put them Killa Cam's on them, I'm flexing real hard
Put them bandanas on them, guess I think I'm Juelz
Where my jewels? bitch they shining, look at all these diamonds
Bitch I got it off of grinding
Shaun white, Snowboarding
Oh boy
I'ma old boy
Matter of fact, bitch I'ma Glo boy
You ain't making no noise
Pull on your block, gratata, this a [?] boy

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I'm at it again, got a necklace again
Got weapons again, and we blast them again
He did it again, oh shit he ducked them again
He shitted again, pulled up in Beamers and Bentleys
Oh yes, wait a minute Mr. Postman
I got some guns, go and send them to Glo nem
Cause I can't trust foe nem
They think I'm flexing, I'ma have to show them
I need a McLaren sitting on 4's
I need [?] and Lambos
Niggas sneak dissing on the Glo
I tell my nina "get them girl" like Cam do