

Chief Keef, Dismiss

Sat his ass down in my office then dismissed him
He say he wanna smoke, I wanna fuck his sister
She think cause I'ma Leo that I'ma kiss her
Told the bitch kiss my dick then I had to dismiss her
Boy, you unofficial, I be smoking loud, you smoking whisper
Wanna get yo sister rolled up, she thought I was a physical
Sosa why you always shitting, I'm official, it's the tissue
Call the plug man up for the dope to dismiss her

Bitch say she gotta issue and she think that I'ma listen
My wrist look like I'm whipping in the kitchen with the chickens
Put the pounds in the trap back and Olinda do the dishes
I got straight hot shit, a nigga come up in the kitchen
My sister gonna be a lawyer so her ass gone go to college
Just in case I get in trouble, run into some fucking problems
Riding in the passenger seat is a rocket launcher
I'ma serve a nigga up, Benihana right in front
I'm cooling, counting money, getting top, smoking Aiki
I pull up, get the money yeah bitch more than likely
The bitch hit me say she got her friends and they dikey
I'm like a new toy, these hoes wanna try me
Pull up, riding fast now I'm riding from the Aiki
Always talkin' 'bout pull up cause I pull up daily
Come get yo bitch, come get yo sister cause they hot like Sosa [?]
I'ma take this shit back bitch call me Sosa Baby
What's up in the chopper, bitch it's Jojo and K-Ci
Cause it sing like an opera, 20 shots leave me 8
Since I got these bitches, I swear I be going crazy
Bitch I'm grown as fuck I act like I was born in the 80s
I got shooters in LA, I got some up in the Little Haiti
We got choppers like Nigeria, choppers like Jamaica
I'm a dread shaker, you'd think Sosa from Jamaica
Let me roll up this tooka cause I been tripping lately

Sent some niggas down yo chimney like Santa Claus with gifts
When it comes to the chopper bitch all about the gift
Light shit up like Christmas, what the fuck is on yo wishlist
Gloing be the money, downfall be the bitches
I'ma crazy, fuck with Buddha, you a Jew that's religion
Belmains when I'm on some baller shit, I'm true to my religion
Nigga explaining the story he say that bitch ain't try to kiss me
I'm like that bitch did kiss you, why the fuck you got the hickey
I'm counting on the fatty and I'm smoking on the pissy
Have my i8 sports car fucking on yo henny
Smoking Christmas trees, bitch had thought it was a fucking 5th
I'm doing 12 o'clock on Benji's if I'm slidin' up to Philly
You ain't know her, man she is a stunt 4-wheeler
Hop out my car look how I'm stunting on a nigga
I'm count this money, can't be counting no niggas
Look at all this money, you just pouting lil nigga