

Chief Keef, Dope Smokes

Look how my ice hitting off of my wife beater
Hop out on you stunting in a white creature
Sixteen ounces in a two liter
M16 in a two seater
In Barney's getting designer by the boat load
Don't stress over me baby girl smoke dope
And the only thing I'm dodging is popo's
And I'm in love with that dope smoke

I love running through the bands
You ain't Glo then we giving niggas tans
You wanna flow I can give a nigga a hand
How these shells fly I'm giving niggas fans
Up in Hermes hand the clerk big bands
Big choppa on me because I got big hands
Big racks on me like I'm wearing big pants
If my car go vroom, leave my shit mad
I ain't Jesus you gone fuck around with my feast
And your beauty queen fuck around with a beast
Automatic on me fuck around with a squeeze
110, 55 do that shit with ease

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Throwing money from the top, it's falling on the floor
I'm gone send some shots, that's all a nigga know
And how many I squeeze its off how far a nigga go
Running through these pounds to show how much a nigga smoke
I ain't even got to say it you know where a nigga from
You can have a .30 on you we taking niggas guns
When I was up in school I was taking niggas lunch
And this ice on me dedicated to a gun
They say I do the most
I be like on folks
Now lets have a fucking toast
Because I made it through the smoke

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