

Chief Keef, Fast

If you's ain't nothing but a ho ass nigga (Hoe)
And it ain't even on the low (No)
Every young nigga dream is to have figures (Beep)
It's a young niggas dream to have dough (Beep)
Told shawty she can come out, fuck with me (Slide)
She just gotta keep it on the low (Low)
We ain't tryna fuckin' Twitter beef with you (Twitter beef)
We tryna keep it on the floor (On the floor)
I got too many problems, I ain't worried about a peon
Oh, you having choppers? Nigga, pull up, let me see one
Somethin' with your name, I'll pull up, let you keep one
Oh, you wanna be a lame? Man, I'ma let you be one

Something 'bout the game, it fuck with your brain
When you go out how you came, you know all that slang
Everywhere I go they say I smell like pack
Rollie diamonds fat
Four door 'Cat, two door, fast
Count the guap fast, take the roof off fast
It moves so fast
I told her, "You a pro pro, you do it so fast"
Got the Nickelodeon, we can have a blast
Hah, bang bang

Said she got cellulite (Oh, oh, oh, oh, wow)
She call me day and night (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, brrrt)
If I read it right (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
She said she wanna stay the night (Ayy, uh, uh, uh,)
Told that hoe stabilize (Ayy, uh, uh, uh, yeah)
I'm with my kids tonight (Uh, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, with my kids)
Told shawty get it right (ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, let's get it)
You on me like the FBI (Uh, uh, uh, oh yeah)
And if you had powers (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayyy, if you had powers)
What would you do? (What would you do?)
I'd be a teleport (Teleport)
Bringing in boat loads (Bang)
MJ jump shot, let the pole off (Swish, swish, swish)
Sounds like a rock band, when it go off (Bop, bop)
White linen collar shirt, but I don't golf (Nah)
Shit that you smoking, is when you turn your phone sound off
I fixed my heart, pieces had to tick
I just want the money, and that's it, ah
Bitches tryna drain me for my strength
I might give you some, and that's it
Big trees, no Christmas (Dope)
For the motherfuckin' Swish
Bah, bah, bah, that's the glizz
Make you get to jumping like a glitch
They gon' have to find you in a ditch
Thought we was eat-eat, that shit Popeye biscuit
Tools that we got shooting nails and drill bits
Ta-da, girl I got that dope you can't resist

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