

Chief Keef, Flat Line

Young Chop on the beat
Shout to 3Hunna Sosa baby Lou what it do baby
GBE baby

Run up on me you get flat lined
I'm buying AK's and Mags now
I said bitch look at my background, she wanna let me smash now
Fuck nigga we ain't feeling yall, unless we pull up in that foreign
Bitch I'm balling like I'm a Jordan
I said we full of ignorance

Bitch my ice shine so bright, bitch you need me in your life
I'm 3Z row twice, O-Block bitch for life (o-block)
Said she like me cuz my name Ray (Sosa)
And I said money ain't a damn thing, I spend it on the same thing
Same Gucci belts with same jeans (Gucci [x2])
I'm smoking, I'm in god's turf
Start shooting that's fireworks
Wrist black, that's oil work, Dirty money that's hard work

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20 Thousand O, hundreds coming through a check [x3]
Got a hunnit in the I don't leave opponents wet
Got on shit that ain't out yet, I'm too cool, they reject
Use your brain and could eject, Bend it up, pockets erect
Throw a bands in my settum
Flies, fuck like a jet,
Got a bitch from the Jets, pussy tight and it's wet
We young rich and ignorant
Purple mixed up in the rex
My life's a movie so intense, a decade for the rims
No tents, superman flo can't
Goldie bitch, I po pimp
Mack a bitch, then crack her shit
She pop her gums, and smack her lips
I spin in cash and stack up chips
Get wasted and fuck new chicks
M.O.B. until I RIP, poor script

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