

Chief Keef, Flattered

Aye, aye
.. with those lights man
Bang, bang, bang
Twenty of them things
Bring those racks up
I made racks for all them things
Yeah ain't no more Act' man
It's some PTs and bricks, ain't no more Act'
.. you know ..
You know I want .. right?

Cause you're the most intensive pay the trapper
Why you always shittin'? I'm a crapper
Fishy ass niggas, ya'll some crappers
Smack the bitch head cause she's a grabber
See Sosa the most underrated rapper
I'm laughin' to the bank, I'm a laugher
Me and .. had conversations full of laughter
You got five million dollars for me then I'm flattered

Walked up in the court, I'm reekin'
Yeah I'm reekin' now I'm blinkin'
Smell like a pound of skunk, you smell like a pound of peaches
I remember trappin', ridin' round in the Regal
Now I pull up in that i8, look like some Adidas
Stripes on my shit so you know you can't beat me
Fredo in the cut like the sore on my fuckin' knee and
Ridin' fast while I'm eatin', my car look like neon
You know I got D-Money, I'm flexin' like I'm Deion
Your weed stepped on, guess what? My shit peed on
I'm hot up in this bitch, someone get some fuckin' Freon
For my air conditionin', it feel like I cut the heat on
You wake up turn your swags on, I wake up turn my heat on
You a lame ass duck nigga, nigga you a peon
I'm coolin' at Leon's my independent kingdom
I pulled up to Harold's, eight piece with some lemon
Pepper .. shit, R. Kelly TP3 on

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Everybody loves Raymond don't they
These hoes'll eat my babies, won't they
Hundred shots for eighty homies
But I'm so well gettin' money
Wanna go and get some cheese
Hurry up, I'm really hungry
Try me we can bill your homies
Knock 'em down, rebuild your homies
Oh, damn, come
Burglary, we steal your homies
Oh, damn, whore
Potato shit, we peel your homie
My homies come and kill your homies
I'm paralyzed don't feel your homie
Damn, vroom
Pull up then four wheel your homie
All these niggas really phony

I got bread, I keep it long
Slice it like a pizza homie
Clear diamonds, VG on me
Boy don't go Luigi on me
Don't get caught what's in my tummy
Hi-Tech what's in my tummy
Bronx tale, nigga you know I keep it sunny
Coffee cake, nigga I got fajita on me
I'm gone Reese's Pieces on you
Where your heater? Keep it on you
Only time you going bald is at the barber shop like Eva's

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