

# Chief Keef, Funny

Walked in the spot, smellin' like ganja  
Walked in the spot, smellin' like money  
Walked out the spot, hop in my car, skooskoo riding  
Pull up on my plug, beep beep, I'm back in traffic  
Hopped in my car, straight hotboxing  
Bitch's mouth dropped when she see the top dropping  
And my mouth drop when I see a lot of money  
Funny, swear that this shit ain't funny

I just get the money then I'm goin' out in public, stuntin'  
Shoulda never gave a young nigga money  
Fresh as fuck, lookin' like I'm goin' on a luncheon  
Now I got a belly of a beast, I be munchin'  
Beauty of the beast, diamonds dancin'  
With G-L-O-G-A-N-G, ridin' Asanti's  
But don't make my pistol sing like Ashanti  
I beat that mothafucka, Tina Turner  
Cops on us, nigga turned  
I'm runnin', I ain't gettin' searched  
Get away, I be first  
I'm in this shit til the dirt

Throw that money to me and I'm a catch it  
Gang banging throwin' sets, bitch  
Chain hangin' on my neck, bitch  
Wrist hurt, my watch be doin' damage  
I stay smokin' on that cat piss  
You still be smokin' on that cat shit  
Choppin' up this shit like I'm from Texas  
New car, I just got it  
I heard you be on that flex shit  
Put this pistol to your biceps bitch  
Bought a pound and smoked the ganja that quick  
In my car bitch, I'm Sosa so I like fast shit  
Walked up in the spot, smelled wet shit  
So I'm like, "Who the fuck is smokin' that shit?"  
Walked up out the spot with every damn bitch  
But I'm in a two-seater, all of 'em can't fit