

Chief Keef, GLOGANG

G-L-O-G-A-N-G

Money, we get plenty
Thots, we get plenty
Niggas can't come near we
Cause niggas out here snakes
Niggas act like they your friend, they fake
They want the food up on your plate
They want your shoes, they want your skates

I'm bout my money, all of that
Salute, I'm captain
Know she fuck me cause my money blame it on the cognac
Comin' through, Andy hit me like, ring ring, we got some racks
That's a lot of money on the table, you know we gotta get that
Bad bitch, gotta hit that
I'm flier than a pelican man
Lean back with the tool Fat Joe
Walking around with my Elephant Man
Diamonds on me, they elegant man
Tryna take my shit, I'm tellin' you man
I'm gon' blow my gun, bang bang bang
I ain't feelin' you man
Diamonds in my chain, bling bling bling
Yours look shittier man
Bitches call my phone, ring ring ring
You think yours looks prettier man
Finna smoke some loud, I swear I can't hear you man
I be ballin' out, I think I'm Kobe Durant

Got more pints than a blood drive
Pouring fourths, this is mud life
Up in PJs, that's how we fly
They see im rich and they ask me why
Sosa and Sachi, we gonna catch this hommi
G-L-O Gang, we about to catch this body
Cut the tennis ball, hide the crack in it
People thought I'm actin'
Young Sachi trappin'
You know I'm sosa strappin'
Chicago to Manhattan
And you know my boys that always be clappin'
Bang bang, now 300
Andy Milonakis, bitch you don't want it, bitch