

# Chief Keef, Guess What Boy

Oh you want that bitch?  
You can't have that bitch  
She got habits man  
She been around rich nigga too long  
Sosa!

Why hoes be callin' my phone?  
Cause hoes just wanna have fun  
I be ridin' round with the chrome  
Try me then I put one in yo dome  
I pump it like  
Guess what boy  
I got one up in the head, guess what boy

You's a little ass boy, little ass shoes  
Little ass house, little ass jewels  
Little ass you, little ass tool  
Little ass bullets, little ass shooter  
I pull up with the stick, then I play some pool  
I just got a pool, your ho invited too  
I don't how I'm afford that, I know I'm so cool  
I ain't go to school, I ain't know the rules  
Pull up on me try to score, gonna front your move  
Better be a badass cutie, I'm on you like a s'more  
Ridin' with my nina, I ain't go to war  
And I got a subpoena, I ain't go to court

Pull up on your ass and get you boy  
Walkin' out the bank I laugh funny boy  
When I pull up it's a tragic boy  
It's a silencer and a gun  
That's me pullin' off in traffic boy  
Bling, bling, that's the magic in my necklace boy  
Bang, bang, that's the crank up in my ratchet boy  
Ding, ding, that's your thot up in my mansion door  
Ping, ping, that's the money callin' me boy  
Beep, beep, that's me pullin' off with 10 boy  
Skeet, skeet, cause that bitch top terrific boy  
Eat, eat, when they see how I'm livin' boy