

Chief Keef, Tony Montana Flow

Bro
What up?
Where are you?
'Fuck you at?
You sound 'bout it as fuck
I'm 'bout to go home, I'm tryna, tryna go to you, can I?
I ain't even at the house right now
So when are you gonna be at your house?
I don't know, in a minute
Okay, I'm just going to go home, I guess

I just want the blue cheese and a thousand islands
Bitch, you want me to punch you, bitch, you wildin'-wildin'
Might not wanna come over here, 'cause bitch it's crowded crowded
Unless you Master P and bitch you 'bout it 'bout it
Shorty ass a squirter, that's a talent talent
King size beds was a palette-palette
Even in kinder garden, I wasn't tattletalin'
I ain't generous, I'm not Ellen-Allen
Life is sweet, nigga love watermelon
I got green and I'll put it on yo' melon
Bad ass lil' nigga on the corner sellin'
Young nigga hungry, got that mornin' belly
Nigga gettin' money no matter what you selling
Tell 'em you a pit, get some dog repellent
Shorty got some time from an informant telling
Baby bro like, "Give it to me, nigga, I'ma sell it"
Baby bro gotta take it over and be smarter with it
And I'm smoking on that musty call me arm pit, man
I be lettin' my chain and wrist talk to a bunch of bitches
You can get ya Gyro'd, nigga, no Tzatziki
At your head, no Medusa-dusa
You know I be with gorillas, nigga ucka-ucka
Even when I'm by myself, I'm a noodle knocker
Pulled up, shittin' on 'em, nigga dooka-dooka
I know I ain't gotta do it, but I'm a pistol toter
Just in case the opps see me and be like, "There go Sosa"
Got a warrant, the cops saw me, like, "Let's go, Sosa"
What the fuck you was just doin' up in Mexico Sosa?
Shorty said, "When the last time you been in Chicago Sosa?"
She like "When the fuck you gon' stop smokin' that Petrol Sosa?"
She like "You smokin' gas but first was that red stuff Sosa"
She like "You ridin' foreigners but first it was the metro Sosa"

You drunk? Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
I do
Bang, huh