

[Caper Boy:]

Aye wop go grab that tech man
Tray Savage load that FN up
Lil Boss load that shit up man
Y'all know we smoke out the 448
Pouring out the pints
Aye ball bring that money counter out boy
You know what the fuck time it is man

[Chief Keef:]

Splashing on these bitches yea that's that sea salt
All the horses in this foreign I'm like yeehaw
You know we got that defense let's play b-ball
I think I'm going Ray Charles I can't see y'all
Throw theses on how bitch these the new cappers
This our shit nigga ain't no new trappers
Going forward in this foreign like I can't move backwards
You on the fuck shit and take that button it a tap ya
I'm with a white bitch she a coke head
My mentality is get more bread
I'm in a fast car like it's a snow sled
Stick sticking out like it's a forehead

No Instagram it can go live
I don't fuck with niggas that play both sides
I keep smelt the dope when we drove past
Stopped to get some backwoods and some more gas
Bitch I'm fresher than a fucking Hebrew
If you owe me I see you
Walk in Valentino get a tee or two
Yellow black whip that's that pickachu

[Ball out:]

Ran off on the plug in 09'
Just fucked a model wife with a bow tie
I'm with blood now might as well call 'em slime
All I see is money I think I'm going blind
Hater blockers on my face I call them the specs
Hit neimans we just ran through a check
Grab some Fn"ins we just ran through the techs
I just fucked her from the back on a fucking jet

[Chief Keef:]

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[Caper Boy:]

Ball bring that money counter out boy
Y'all know what time it is
All we wanna see is red and blue nigga
Or I should say red and green nigga

Blood and money nigga
Uhuh

[Fredo Santana:]

Rob a fuck nigga take his whole shit
Ran off with your pack you a whole bitch
Bitches in the trap I make them hoes strip
Them hoes don't wanna fuck I make them hoes dip
I been getting money since like 06'
Phone booming I just moved a whole brick
Got 100 shot I shoot at your whole clique
Got 100 shot I shoot up your whole whip
Phone ringing damn all this money coming in
Remember being on the block selling 3 for 10
Try to rob shit I put one up in yo wig
I don't carry 38. all I told is cigs
Let this beef get serious I smoke your kids
These niggas ain't did what I did
Remember running from the cops had to hop the fence
And you can't hang around if you ain't popping shit

[Chief Keef:]

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[Tadoe:]

Boy I'm on that savage shit
Stop that rapping shit
I'll hit your block up then chops automatic spit
Nigga we gon blast off
Fuck it mask on
Nigga said the with it, boy stop it they look mad soft
In the trap get bags off
We got mad soft
Bitch you ain't off molly nigga, that's some bath salt
Try to rob huh back off
Get you mad offed
Bitch I get that guap like a cash crow

[Chief Keef:]

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