Funny

Chief Keef

[Hook]
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, hop out the trap please
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
Fallin', swear that this shit ain't funny

[Verse 1]
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' stuntin'
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' served
Get away, I be first
I'm in this shit til the dirt

[Hook]

[Verse 2]
Throw that money til it end, I'ma 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 flag 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

[Hook]

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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