

Trap

Chief Keef & Shawty Lo

Burr on me, and no it ain't beer
Niggas like "Sosa, what's to you?"
I'm busy working in the stu
It's the new trap, so free Gu'
It's me and Scoo, and Glo
And Black Migo
Phew, Bang
Fifty O's
They like "Sosa, what's to you?"
Baby, I'm busy in the stu
Free Gu'
It's me and Scoo, and Glo
And Black Migo
Even though I'm Interscope, still have niggas at your door
Disrespect Chief Sosa, you gotta go
Like all hell Almighty, there he go
If you got the chain, get that repoed
Tryna compare me like compare a ning ding to a 4-O
When I come through your block, bitch, I got ning ding and the 4-O
Now all your hear is sirens, but bitch I ain't scared of no fucking po-po
(?)
Couple ten in my pocket, codeine four and two liter
Acting like you on that hot shit, boy, you don't want fever
How you wanna beef if vegetarians don't eat it?
I got ten iPhones 5S's, I don't need it
Ten Ks, ten FNs and ten Tecs, I don't need it
I'm busy hearing Bang full, baby girl, and the rest don't need it
Taking niggas out like a referee
Aye, I got pounds all up in the pantry
Got bitches in the living rooms, dancing
I got niggas with choppas and hands's
Fuck with King Sosa, they chopping your family
I just bought ten mansions
Ten pounds, ten Macs, ten nines for ten bands's
Bitch, I need 'bout ten Grammy's
Or I'ma get to (?)
Smoking on dope with the bros, in the studio
Almighty Sosa, Chief Sosa, Almighty Hoolio
King El Chapo Sosa, Almighty Coolio

Bitch better be sucking dick then king, almighty studio
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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